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THE MASTERY OF LIFE

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BY

G. T. WRENCH, M.D.LOND.

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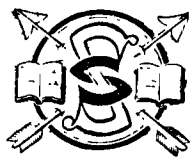

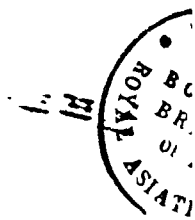

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PRELIMINARY QUOTATION

HOW difficult is it for man rightly to weigh that which he must sacrifice against that which is to be gained! How difficult to will the end and not to scorn the means! Many, indeed, confound the means and the end, rejoice over the former without keeping the latter in view. Every evil shall be healed on that spot, where it shows itself, and no one concerns himself about the place, where it really takes its origin, whence it works its effects. For this reason it is that it is so difficult to take counsel, especially with the masses, who in daily matters are practical enough, but seldom see further than the morrow.

Goethe's Elective Affinities, I.·6.

There is an art of life showing man's mastery over life and an anarchy showing man mastered, an art of life showing stability, shape, and form, an anarchy showing flux, shapelessness, and confusion. In the pyramid there is shape, and in a fallen pyramid a confusion of stones, which once had shape and purpose. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

IT IS TO SUCH

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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The Mastery of Life

CHAPTER I

EGYPT

A SEER, wishing to see the world's history, might well be supposed to choose as his starting-point the desert, and travel towards Cairo. The desert itself would be companion to his imaginative, expectant mood, and, indeed, more than companion, for the desert with its immensity might well claim a certain divinity of impression upon the traveller, so vast would it appear, so eloquent of uncultured nature, so emphatic in its assertion of man's own petty insignificance in its shapeless immensity. As he looks over the desert from the meagre height of his camel's back he sees vague forces at work attempting to shape something from its matter. As he watches, a sudden wind arises and lifts the sand some two hundred to three hundred feet in the air, producing the appearance of a pillar of smoke or some strange geyser-like outburst. For a moment it sways back and fro, then falls again upon the desert's face. For a moment from the dust a shape, a quality of art, of creation, was fashioned, to fall as quickly back to the illimitable monotony. Or again, the wind continues to blow, and draws with it over the desert's face a diaphanous veil of dust, palest of yellows with subtle ghosts of pink and lilac in its meshes, making the mystery of the desert's shapeless vastness yet more mysterious, drawing a veil of sleep upon what in its wonder and impersonal immensity is itself allied to

sleep. As the wind continues our traveller will once more see in it some quality of art. A restless artist indeed is the ardent wind of the desert, raising long rolling hills of sand scarcely more permanent than the long striding swell of the Atlantic, raising and shaping them but to disperse them once again into mounds and fantastic moulds and masses, and finally to strew them into the level surfaces of dust, to rest them awhile and then to build again.

If the wind is at rest, the traveller will find yet more subtle substance for his fancy, the substance of colour in the desert. For at midday, when the sun hangs in a cloudless sky, there is cast a magical spell of colour, of diaphanous pinks, faint yellows and silvers upon the desert, as if it were built in reality of tinted water vapours, of that softened effect of atmosphere one sometimes sees at home at sunset transcended with midday brilliancy. Here dream the spirits of the colours of the world, which elsewhere wake into vivid bloom. The light is entranced to a swoon of fairy colours, which brood over its immensity, dream hints of richer beauty, the colours that atmosphere imprisons with its transparent purity, loosed faintly by the myriad points of sand. Never will our traveller see anything that so stirs his imagination as this illusive desert. It is fashioned of the substance of visions, its delicate loveliness composed of shell tints gathered from the bosom of the ocean, the gleam of coral beneath green waters, the pink of a baby's nails. The jewel colours, the lights that gleam furtively from the opal or flash momentarily from the heart of the diamond, the twilight radiances that glimmer in the moonstone, the silver gloss and evanescent tints of the pearl, that delicate colour of perfection and dream of poets the amethyst, of all these is the desert, all with the most dreamlike softness. It is an iridescent gossamer web woven out of the invisible threads of light, delicate, yet sublime in its immensity. Far, far away it stretches in distances and spaces measureless to man, silent,

lifeless, featureless, infinite, as if it bore within itself the substance of the creation of beauty and infinity that only awaited the hand of Man. So the traveller in search of the meaning of life and the world will find his expectant mood answered by the unshaped, unformed treasures of the desert.

As he travels eastward towards Cairo or the ancient Memphis, his gaze will be arrested one day by strange objects on the far horizon. In the desert there is no water mist to obscure distances. The most distant is clearly seen, softened but not dimmed by the delicacy of colour. Where sand meets sky the colour is often of a faint yet deep violet, strangely like the cold violets of the north, yet so curiously infused with redder hues, and with a softness and depth so suggestive of layers, that the mind has no difficulty in distinguishing this warm yielding colour of heat from the harder and bluer violet of northern distances. Against this background the traveller will see a white or silver gleam, strangely contrasting with the penetrating distances of the atmospheric violet. From the changing being of the desert's face and from the spirit colours that vanish almost as the eye captures them, are outlined in the far distance clear and definite shapes gleaming with a steady silvery light. Definiteness is shaped from the indefinite, the fleeting colour is caught and held to steadiness. Some new power has encroached upon the desert and changed a transitoriness of wind and hour to a permanency that has remained unchanged for seven-and-forty centuries of time. Our traveller, or seer, we have supposed, is not learned as we are, and may mistake these distant points for hills. They have the same silvery gleam as some of the rock faces he has seen in the mountain ranges he has passed in his desert journey. Time, in these passing centuries, has changed the silvery gleams so little that they have the very permanency of the hills. Yet as he approaches he sees they are no range of mountains, but they have a quality

the mountains lack, a quality which to him, who is able to fashion with his hands, gives them superiority. They have shape and definite form. So, in his journey, he sees for the first time the pyramids of Egypt.

Gradually he nears the massive piles, and directs his steps to the three principal pyramids, the two greater pyramids, that of Kheops and that of Khefren, and the smaller one of Menkeure. Seeing them in the modern day they suffer from lack or imperfection of the outer encasements, a serious loss, for before the Arab spoliation the polished facing of the greater pyramid of Kheops was so wonderfully wrought that no joint or line of severance could be seen, and it appeared one slab from top to bottom.

Our traveller has at present no idea of size, these being the first of man's buildings he has seen. Nevertheless he is struck with wonder at the smooth perfection of the pyramid, at its solid shapeliness, at its suggestion of permanency.

"How different," he cries, "are these massive structures from the desert from which I have come and on the edge of which they proudly raise themselves. In the desert, in spite of its vastness and its monotony, all is transitory and shapeless. Each wind that passes across its face is its master, to change and bend it to its mood. But here, as I look at these great shaped erections, I feel the work of a less careless and wanton hand, a more purposeful will than the whim of the desert wind. There there is anarchy and transitoriness. Here there is shape and power. Tell me, what manner of creature was so strong as to stamp upon the desert these eternal challenges to the anarchy and will-lessness of nature?"

Men answer him, "They are the work of man's hand. They are the oldest of the works of art."

"How!" he cries. "These are the oldest! How wonderful must man be to form such marvels at the beginning of his artistic creation. Of what sort are his later works? How

much more vast must they be if these are the first offerings of his power."

"Strange as it may seem," they reply, "these are not only the oldest, they are also the vastest of man's works."

He is silent for a while. Such an answer seems strange to him. Is it his fate, he wonders, in studying history by the sight, to start with the greatest and never again to be able to attain to that greatest? Is his study of the history of the art of the world to be the history of a decline?

He inquires further. Yes, these pyramids have been proved to possess a permanency no other buildings have shown. Permanency and strength, these qualities, it seems, reached their zenith nearly seven-and-forty centuries ago. However, he consoles himself by recalling that he is only at the very beginning of his inquiry.

First some details as to the size of the pyramids compared to the other works of man are given to him. The great pyramid of Kheops is only slightly larger than that of the second pyramid of Khefren. The size of the one is almost the size of the other, and these two works stand side by side as twofold evidence of power.

The Great Pyramid covers an area twice that of the greatest building of the Romans, the Coliseum. Its cubic contents are as great as the cubic contents of the houses of a city of some one hundred thousand inhabitants, and laid in a line of cubic squares of a foot in length and breadth, these squares would girdle two-thirds of the world at the Equator. Herodotus states that one hundred thousand men were at work at it for the space of twenty years. Figures can be piled up, but our traveller is content. He is convinced, for all his witnesses are unanimous, that the pyramid is the vastest of all human constructions.

Such vastness means strength and power, for power is skilful strength. The witnesses are equally unanimous as to the unequalled mechanical skill that the pyramids display.

The passages and tomb chambers of the interior had to be protected against the superincumbent weight of the massive blocks of stone above them, yet in spite of the passing of centuries and of an earthquake which disturbed some of the masonry, the great blocks of granite which wall the passage to the king's chamber and the chamber itself have through the ages not been deflected or yielded a hair's-breadth. Our traveller can himself pierce into the dark and mystical recesses of the pyramid. He can himself see the enormous slabs of granite which roof the king's chamber and the slabs of limestone that line the great hall, and can answer the challenge of his guide and try to insert a needle between the blocks which lie one upon another without mortar. "Nothing more perfect, mechanically, has ever been erected since that time."[1] They have since that time ever excited the wonder and admiration of man. All the world has acknowledged that their simple symmetry and harmony, their freedom from the need of ornament, their expression of power have never been equalled by any other erection of man.

"I am astounded," our traveller replies, "that so early in the history of art the zenith of power should have been attained. With such expression I am indeed anxious to know something of those who built these marvellous prodigies. Pray tell me something of these great builders."

At this question the faces of the authorities to whom he addressed his request assume an expression strangely composed of the satisfaction of superior piety and the shock of insulted humanity.

"They were built by tyranny and by forced labour," they replied, and then severally they speak of the workmen. One speaks of them as "poor wretches" and "unfortunate creatures," another of the "squandering of the lives and

[1] Fergusson, *History of Architecture*, third edition, Vol. I, p. 94.

labours of the people," a third of the people's "sighs and groans."

"How can this be?" cries the astounded traveller. "Such works are not the works of misery. Such perfection is not accomplished by forced and unwilling labour. All noble works and perfect works are the expression of a noble, not a mean feeling. There must have been reverence and awe and enthusiasm in the breasts of these labourers to inspire their hands to works which, after the passage of centuries, still give evidence of unsurpassed skill and accuracy."

Our traveller presses the authorities for their evidence, and they produce the hearsay evidence of a witness who lived twenty-four centuries later than the time of the pyramid builders.

Our traveller regards these authorities with suspicion. They, as well as the degenerate descendants of the great Pharaohs, seem to have some sort of joy in proving, or striving to prove, that the workers who built the pyramids must needs have been miserable.

"What did the workers themselves think of the kings who ruled over them?" he asks.

"The three pyramid builders," they answer, "Kheops, Khefren, and Menkeure, were worshipped as gods. The worship continued down to the time of the Greeks and Romans. The statues of these kings are preserved to this day."

The traveller does not speak, but his brow smooths itself to the calmness and serenity of one whose thought is satisfied. The pyramids, he finds, were monuments to the kings of the nation; they were the tombs of these kings. In the chambers within them at one time lay the bodies of the three kings who ruled in Egypt some 3000 B.C. There must be something more, he thinks, than that the pyramids simply represent king's tombs. A king without an army could not force his people to such an imposing honour. The trivial reason

of a modern youth, "that they were piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality—some priestly longing for burial fees,"[1] finds not even a hearing from our traveller.

"There is a further and a profounder reason for them than that they are the tombs of revered kings," he declares.

The authorities offer him mathematical and astronomical reasons. They give him the angles of the pyramids, their relation to the north star, and talk of the value of π and squaring a circle.

"Perhaps, perhaps!" he replies, with a note of disdain. "Such figures may be as true as they are unimportant."

The talk ceases and our traveller passes on towards Cairo; and as he comes past the great pile of the pyramids, suddenly the second wonder of Egypt breaks upon his gaze. The vast and beautiful proportions of the Sphinx arise out of the sand. He approaches silently and reverently. The impassive serenity and majestic calm of the mutilated human face and head set upon the strong curved body of the lion hold him in mute wonder. He walks past the great image a little distance east until he stands face to face. The eyes of the monster gaze outwards beyond him over the fertile distances of the Nile valley; the mouth shows the proud setting of self-reliant royalty; power and repose invade the soul of the traveller as he lets his eyes rest upon the vast proportions of this oldest, yet supremest of sculptured creations.

"Who caused this wonder to be shaped from the rock?" he asks.

They tell him Khefren, who also built the second pyramid for his tomb. Mysterious passages connect the Sphinx and Khefren pyramid.

"It is strange," replies the traveller, but does not speak further.

[1] A. W. Kinglake, *Eothen*, chap. XIX.

He continues a long time musing to the east of the Sphinx and looking at it face to face, with the mass of the second pyramid forming a frame to it.

"From the desert's anarchy and the will-lessness of nature these ancient people shaped this figure with the majesty and dignity of man and with the power of the lion. They fashioned the face with the likeness of their king, King Khefren, and they worshipped the figure as Harmachis, God of the Sun.

"Beyond, and exactly framing this royal face, arises the vast pyramid of Khefren. The God-like face with the power of the lion framed by the mighty pyramid, surely this is no chance or accident. There is some deeper meaning here."[1]

He turns to the authorities.

"Why," he asks, "did they carve this man-lion and why build in the shape of a pyramid?" But these were questions the authorities cannot answer, for they belonged to an age pregnant of figures, but sterile of ideas. Figures, the length, the breadth, the angles, the weights, the strains, the cubic content, all these they can tell him to points of decimals, but for these our traveller cares nothing.

"These figures," he says, "are the concern of the architect. They are merely the means by which the effect was wrought. They cannot replace the effect of sight. Height I can see, but mere figures I cannot see. Rising from the level this height is impressive, rising in a mountain valley it would be dwarfed. Your figures convey nothing, in fact they are worse than nothing, they deceive. They usurp in the mind the proper contemplation of life and of art. Art is an expression, and not a form of multiplication table. I have already been through the process that you call education, in which figures dominate, in which you rely upon them alone as undoubted truth. I am now come to see art for myself and to reawake the feelings that were evoked by those who

[1] See illustration, p. 49, Maspero's *Dawn of Civilization*, fourth edition.

lived in the days of its creation." "Are these," he asks himself, "the authorities to whom I must trust, these dealers in figures, these believers that the majestic and beautiful were built by groaners and weepers, these non-knowers of the meaning of the pyramid, these people who judge of life by measurement and not by feeling? I must be careful of these authorities, must be cautious not of their facts, but of the inductions made from those facts."

I have put these words into the mouth of a traveller. They were the thoughts I had during a brief visit to Cairo, and on thinking over the meaning of what I saw there, I felt a profound distrust of the authorities I read—not of their facts, which are, of course, essential as a basis, but of the interpretation of these facts and the suppositions they built upon them. I was eager to answer the riddle that the lion-man framed by the huge pyramid presented.

The land of Egypt is peculiarly suited to be the choice of a people who desired and created a social system the expression of which was in great works of art. It was a land complete in itself, both internally and externally. Internally it was, and is, perhaps, the most fertile of lands. It consists of a tropic soil transferred to a region of the world where there is freedom from the graver disadvantages of the tropics. The Nile is the longest single river in the world, and it brings with its flood the soil of the tropics and carries it northward. On entering Egypt at the first cataract, the country through which the Nile runs consists of two narrow strips of flat land on either side, some few miles broad, bordered abruptly by a continuous range of barren hills. Beyond the hills is the desert. Such from the first cataract to the delta is and was the character of Upper Egypt. Above the cataract the valley of the Nile is too narrow a gorge to provide cultivable land. The flat delta of the Nile constituted Lower Egypt. Each year in the month of July the Nile flooded Upper and Lower Egypt and spread a fine alluvial

mud upon its surface. In late winter and spring the Nile fell and the soil was exposed day by day to the rays of the sun poured from a cloudless sky.

This regularity of alternation gave the inhabitants of the "summer bed" of the Nile unrivalled advantages. The yearly flooding refreshed the soil, the yearly baking of the ground by the sun opposed the growth of perennial plants. The luxuriance of a semi-tropical jungle was hindered by the alternation of aridity with fertility. The land was peculiarly suited to annual plants, to grain, vegetables, fruits, and grass for sheep, goats, and cattle. The soil returned sometimes as much as a hundredfold. It was capable of supporting a large population, many of whom could be spared for other pursuits than the cultivation and preparation of food or the simple necessities of life. Clearly, both in the regularity of the seasons and the fertility of the soil, Egypt was a land to be chosen by a superior race for their home.

Such was the interior self-sufficiency and completeness of Egypt. Its exterior quality was no less self-sufficient and complete. If a map of Egypt is seen in which the cultivated part is coloured green and the desert yellow, this completeness of Egypt is graphically realised. Egypt forms a flat and fertile fiord piercing far into the desert. It has the isolation of the fiord, but not its loneliness, for the banks of the Nile were singularly fertile, while those of a fiord afford only occasional patches of rough soil at rare intervals. It is more isolated than the fertile valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. Habitable mountain lands encroached upon the plains of Babylonia, and brought with them the dangers of invasion. Egypt, with its soil coming from the tropics instead of the north, and its desert isolating it from all but a few wandering tribes, possessed a twofold advantage over Babylonia. Egypt, then, was self-sufficient and complete, both externally and internally. It was peculiarly suited to be the chosen land of a superior people.

The population which ancient Egypt supported was a large one. In size the country was small, being about as large as modern Belgium. In population it has also been compared to modern Belgium, which is the most thickly populated part of the Continent, and ancient Egypt has been compared to Belgium as being "one large town."

The significance of ancient Egypt being compared to one large town and the contrast between it and a Norwegian fiord is very great. In Egypt there was the isolation of a large urban population living together in close community, such an isolation as the island of England might possess, and does to a large degree possess, at the present day. In the fiord there was the isolation not only of the community, but each small family of the community was also isolated from other families. The Egyptians chose to live in Egypt. The Saxons chose to live in Norway, and later many of them chose England for their home. The English are now the virtual masters of Egypt. Their greatest work of construction in Egypt is the dam of Assouan, which enables Egypt to produce a greater quantity of food. It is a Saxon utilitarian work. The Egyptians, on the other hand, built the pyramids. As the dam at Assouan produced what the Saxons wanted, so the pyramids effected what the Egyptians desired. It was the objective representation of their utilitarianism, what they thought was useful to man, and was an answer to his natural desires. There is a strong contrast here between the dam and the pyramid, and yet both countries have this in common, that when they produced these monuments they both consisted, in the main, of large urban populations. It is a singular contrast, this between the dam and the pyramids, and in the building and purport of these two erections are symbolised the characters of two peoples, who have both borne conspicuous parts in the world's history. This is a further riddle to that of the Sphinx framed by the pyramid of Khefren.

To return to the first, the lion-man and the pyramid, and their meaning, it is clear that to those responsible for these structures they must have had some meaning. They are the natural expression of the people, the supremest expression, and must have a very intimate connection with their creators, however strange they appear to European eyes. Consequently, it is essential to know something of the ancient Egyptians before attempting to answer the riddle.

Nor is this difficult, for the history of ancient Egypt is actually more authentic, the pictures of its people and customs more vividly preserved than those of any people who have passed away.

These monuments too, and statues, show that there were two distinct types of Egyptians existing not only as ideals, but also in actuality. The one, a short, powerful but coarse type, was that which represented the labourers, who cultivated the fields, were herdsmen to the goats, were boatmen for the traffic on the Nile, were weavers, builders, painters, fishermen, carpenters, in short, they were the workers of the land. The other type of Egyptian was tall and slender, with finely moulded limbs, well-shaped hands, a commanding carriage, and an expression of decision, of pride, of dignity; this type represented the ruling class, which, freed from manual toil, was the creator and preserver of the culture and social order by which a large number of people are enabled to live in close community and good-fellowship.

Such distinctions might well characterise the difference between the ruling and working class in any aggregate of human beings.

To the ancient Egyptians this distinction was apparently definite and final, being even a provision of nature, which stamped its approval upon the differentiation between ruled and rulers by a difference of anatomy and physique.

A further study of the facts elicited by Egyptologists shows that although this was, in the main, the distinction, there

were many gradations, so that he who rested satisfied with the mere distinction of rulers and ruled, would in no way have grasped the form of the social system of this people. As a fact, differentiation was a matter of life itself, in its actions and in its details, among these people. There was a constant valuation, and everything was placed in accordance to its value. For instance, a noble might in certain circumstances possess concubines in addition to his legal wife. Nevertheless, although the share of the father in parentage legitimised all his children, these children took rank according to the rank of their mother. The child of a free Egyptian woman of the lower class took rank over the child of an Egyptian slave woman, and the latter took rank over the child of a foreign slave.

So, too, in all things it was the same. In sport, the king and nobles hunted the lion, the leopard, and the panther, without bow or shooting instrument. The common people could slay, with the help of shooting or other weapons, the wild oxen, sheep, gazelles, and hares. In fact, from the nursery onwards the Egyptian was so accustomed to the law of valuations, or of precedence as it is called, that he doubtless regarded this question of himself being placed and of others being placed according to their values as a part of the unchangeable law of life. Even to such trifles as walking-sticks there were differences and gradations according to the quality of the owner.

A philosopher of later times might also, after long and careful deliberation, regard this question of the valuation of man as sanctioned by the nature of man himself, and he might further declare that this placing of man according to values constituted the whole Art of Life.

The country at the earliest times was divided into communities, which were composed of people of one seed or family, in the larger sense of clan. Over this large family the chief ruled, dispensing justice, levying taxes in kind, and

acting as priest in religious sacrifices and ceremonies. The communities were, indeed, one large family with the chieftain in the position of father.

This is the unit upon which the system was built up, this large family unit. The system so based is known as the patriarchal system.

Very little, however, is known of these early days of Egypt. Its actual history begins properly with Menes, who united these various communities under one ruler, about 3300 B.C., according to some, or a thousand years earlier according to others. The pyramid-builders ruled between the dates 2850 and 2700 B.C., or a thousand years before these dates—at any rate, very early—and by that time the social system of Egypt was complete.

At the head of the system was the king, father of the fathers, father of his people, and high priest of the nation. In the system of gradations, at the head of which he stood, it was inevitable that the kingship of which he was the embodiment should be regarded with that profound reverence which claims the title of superhuman, because that which comprises many men, namely rulership, is allied to that which comprises all men and is over all men, namely the power which dispenses life and death.

It was not a worship of the man, but of his office. The superhuman character of the kingship is fully illuminated by the monuments, whereas the personal characters of the several kings of this period are either not at all, or, at least, but scantily indicated. In the pictures of this period the figure of the king towers above his subjects, who surround him, whether they are noblemen or peasants. He is given superhuman stature and proportions, because he represented the kingship, and in the kingship were represented the qualities of power and rule. The authorities declare he was a god to his people, but that is a misleading and plebeian way of putting it. It was possibly the opinion of the Egyptian

peasants, for it is essentially the view peasants or subjects would take. But it is not the view or truth of the ruler-mind to say that the king was the god of his people. The ruler view is clearly allied to the esoteric religion of these same Egyptians, the religion of their finest and most religious men, who conceived of and believed in the one Overruling Power, which made all things, but was not itself made, and the nature of which was too inscrutable for material representation and too profound to bear a name.

The common people, on the other hand, were wont to see in carved images material representatives of power and rule, qualities which they called gods. They knew nothing, and could by their nature know nothing of this profound esoteric conception, which was, indeed, more a feeling than a thought which could be set in words. For the many, there were the images of the numerous Egyptian gods, each representing some peculiar virtue, which the worshipper and supplicant himself desired, or some local power which he obeyed. The god represented that personal outlook which is the outlook of the subject's mind. The ruler's mind, on the other hand, has to comprise far more than the ruler's own character and concerns; it has to comprise all the characters and concerns of its subjects. The subjects have severally their truths; the ruler must have one truth, comprising all the subject's truths. The subject's religion is naturally polytheistic, the ruler's religion is naturally esoteric, monotheistic in many cases, in yet higher minds dispensing with all embodiment or personification of the qualities of the Universal Spirit or Overruling Power to which the ruler is allied and of which he is interpreter. So, too, amongst the ancient Egyptians there existed king and kingship, the man and the office. The subjects worshipped the person of the ruler as a god, the ruler minds recognised the sacred quality of the office, as embodying the type of man and human qualities they desired in the ruler.

The Egyptian monuments are opposed to the interpretation that the king was worshipped by his people as a god and forgotten as a man. They express the ruler outlook. Because the man became king, they distinguished him from his own person and personality by giving him superhuman stature and quality. It is only when officially he is standing at the head of his people and is leading some state function or action that he is superhumanly represented. It is only when he is the official embodiment of the desirable ruler qualities, for in contrast to these superhuman representations there are some few monuments and pictures which illustrate the private life of the king, and though he never quite lays aside his royalty, yet he is shown as of normal stature and without superhuman qualities, with, indeed, qualities very common amongst these Egyptians, the qualities of a kind father and affectionate husband.

Seldom, however, was the king able to disassociate himself from those multitudinous rays of the social life of his subjects, which found their focus in his office and person.

His person was not his, but the nation's. In it were embodied all the qualities of the state at their most refined pitch, and from it they received that royalty which crowned them and joined them to all the rest in the person of the Pharaoh. His person was the gathering point of all the trades and professions, and was minutely subdivided into departments, which each required the attention of the chief or representative of the trade or profession. For each trade or profession there was some "royal" representative, someone who exercised his art, however trifling, upon or for the person of the king himself. From this royal attendant the other members of the trade or profession passed downwards in a series of gradations, according to the quality of the people they served.

A similar theory regarded every landowner as the representative of his over-lord the king, and the land he possessed he possessed as the gift of the king. The provincial land-

owner, as the representative of the king, similarly became the gathering point of the provincial trades, professions, and other functions. Everything on the estate, woods, fields, canals, buildings belonged to him in the name of the king. He, as the king's representative, was the father and the priest of his people, conducting the chief sacrifices, dispensing justice, receiving personally the complaints of his vassals and labourers, and giving decisions, which were accepted as final by them.

In other government offices, such as the collection of taxes in kind, the officers were arranged in the same regular gradation. In the priesthood the same unity from above reigned and ruled, and the priests were arranged in orders and grades according to the rank of the god they served and to the national or local importance of the ideas these deities represented, the king alone having power to officiate before all gods without being the minister of any.

Such was the system. Although at the period of the pyramid-builders there was no army; although there were no slaves except perhaps some few imported negroes; although every peasant was at liberty to traverse the country from one end to the other without loss of goods or other loss, owing to his absence; although there seems to have been this singular liberty without the force of arms to prevent license, yet every Egyptian, in order to make his way in life, was dependent on someone above him, was subject to some master who gave him protection and justice in return for obedience and service. One Egyptian only was excepted, and he gathered together in his person all these various gradations of power. This single masterless Egyptian was master of all. He was the king.

Such was the system. The king represented power and wisdom above, and his people descended in a long series of gradations, each man looking for safety and protection from one above him, and for obedience and service from one below him, down to the children of the peasants. It is a

system expressed by a pyramid framing the sovereign strength and calmness of the man-lion, the Sphinx, which was the Sun God Harmachis with the face and brow of the king.

Such I take to be the meaning of the Sphinx and the pyramid. The pyramid was so shaped and built because of all possible shapes it best expressed the spirit of the nation; the Sphinx was shaped as a lion with the face and brow of a godlike man, because it best expressed the ideal at which and for which the nation's culture existed. The pyramid was the art-form, the Sphinx was the ideal it framed. The pyramid graphically expressed the quality of the nation. Each unit, each block was distinct and complete in itself, yet each, by reciprocal relation with the other, helped to build up the monument; each was placed on a definite level, but as the greater height was reached so the units became fewer. Yet all were in reciprocal relation to each other; one only was partly free, the topmost stone of all, free to commune with the heavens and be the interpreter and the will of Heaven to those many others who bore it upwards upon themselves for this purpose and this purpose only.

So in the Great Pyramid there is distinction of units, graded valuation and mutual positive reciprocal relations between unit and unit. Moreover, there is power, wonderful power; there is simplicity and yet perfection of proportion; and there is permanence. These are the qualities the Egyptians created from the chaos of life. These were the qualities they chose. These were the qualities which they believed to be most noble, most useful, most utilitarian, as serving man's purpose and illustrating man's purpose here on earth most rightfully. Distinction of units, positive reciprocity, graded valuation, simplicity, power, and permanency; such was the Egyptian choice of qualities for the art of life, and for the social system which should frame the great image of the Sphinx, the power and the strength of the lion combined

with the royal majesty and serene repose of the kingly countenance in the likeness of the Sun God.

The social system was a development of the patriarchal social system. A man married and gave birth to children; his children also married and gave birth to children. He and his descendants, his sons and their children and his grandson's children formed one large family, living together as a small community. His daughters married into other and often related families. Community of blood was brought about by close inter-marriage, cousin marriage being looked upon as the most natural union, and the Pharaohs to preserve the purity of their stock actually marrying their sisters. By this means a stability of body and therefore of tradition was obtained, and the large family was, indeed, one family. These large families constituted the unit of the patriarchal social system. The unit was not the father, mother, and children, but consisted of the larger family. Allied families, or families claiming a common ancestor, joined by community of blood together to form a clan or tribe. The direct descendants of the common ancestor formed the chief family of the clan or tribe. The elder of the chief family was the head or father of the tribe or clan. The elders of the other families formed the chiefs or fathers of their own families, and united to form the council of the chief of the tribe.

The paternal quality formed the basis of rule. The father of the family governed and ruled his family and was himself subject in non-family or tribal affairs to the tribal chief. The tribal chief and the senior or abler members of the family ruled the tribe, but in national affairs were subject to the national chief or king. Such was the patriarchal system. The father expected obedience from the child, the child expected protection from the father. This parental and filial relation ran through the whole system, it was the basis of reciprocal relation of unit to unit.

Amongst the Egyptians and many other peoples it was permeated by the natural bonds of affection. Reciprocity

was not a matter of duty so much as a matter of affection. The father loved and protected the child, the child loved and obeyed the father. The elder loved and protected the member, and the member loved, honoured, and obeyed the elder. The Pharaoh ruled and loved his people, and the people loved and obeyed the Pharaoh with a wonderful affection and loyalty. The system, then, was something more than patriarchal; it was very positive. It was based on the positive relation of man to man, and not on the negative one of the dislike of man for man and the desire to be free and independent of him.

This positive patriarchalism of Egypt was so remarkable that it is well to look at some features of it more closely in this study of the art of life.

First of all, it was not a stiff and rigid system of castes. It was not a system in which a man was forced to follow in the footsteps of his father, however capable he might have been, owing to natural endowment, of rising to positions of greater power. The ladder by which the son of the poorest peasant could rise from office to office to take the next place to the king was the literary ladder, or the ladder of education. But the words "education" and "literary" must not be taken in our modern sense. The nearest approach to this literary ladder is the similar system which has existed in China for several thousand years and still exists. In China the system is a test of every quality almost known to man, physical and intellectual. Its purpose is to select amongst the peasants and subject classes any boy or youth who is born with an innate genius for ruling his fellow-men and enabling him to step up and join the hereditary ruling classes. The same system in Egypt had for its purpose the same aims. Education was a process by which rulers were selected and trained. The schools trained boys to become scribes, and it is peculiarly noteworthy that not only was any intelligent boy admitted to the school, but, even if a

peasant's son, he was admitted on a footing of equality with the children of the upper classes and even of princes. Here in this contest of boys for the posts of rulership the start was fair and equal. To discover natural talent and the genius of power was the object, and to discover a natural talent, a fair and equal start alone appealed to the Egyptian mind.

The discipline of the school was strict and great stress was laid on obedience, and if a boy would not listen to admonishment, the stick was freely applied. "A boy's ears are placed on his back and he hears when flogged" was a maxim by which discipline was impressed upon youth. Writing was the principal accomplishment, not the mere wielding of the pen, but a skilful, graceful, and artistic use of the same. It is particularly notable that the writing of three pages only was the daily task of the pupil. The Egyptian never seems to have erred in his recognition of the value of quality as compared to quantity, a little well done was the aim and the accomplishment. Writing in coloured hieroglyphics was a long process requiring no little artistic skill and precision of touch. Yet no writing is more beautiful and gay, and a papyrus scroll, such as one sees in the British Museum, is a delight to the artistic sense. The Egyptians fully appreciated the bright charm of their peculiar invention and preserved the hieroglyphic form of writing on all occasions where art could add her charm to meaning. The hieroglyphics, were, of course, intentionally decorative and so ordered as to be decorative. A convenient grouping of hieroglyphics always yielded to a beautiful one, and their position in a sentence was ordered not by the rules of grammar, but by the rules of beauty. Such was the writing alone judged fit for noble or sacred writing; and so in the education of these "ruler" boys, even in learning to write, beauty and the power of order was considered of chief importance.

Another handwriting, the hieratic, was employed when speed was essential, a writing singularly like the Chinese

writing, and possessing the fascination of those curious ideographic characters. Other subjects were also taught. Mathematics, exercised up to the practical pitch of everyday problems, were never honoured by an indulgence for their own dead delights. Practical subjects were also necessary, that is to say a knowledge of those subjects which these boys were eventually destined as scribes to control. For, as might be expected, the genius for ruling large numbers of men was not detected with embarrassing frequency. The majority of the selected boys displayed natural talents sufficient for the various official posts, in which convention ruled, and which required a knowledge of letters and accounts; others became secretaries to higher officials; only the few actually possessed the desired ruler qualities and became rulers of the kingdom.

Nevertheless, as in China at the present day, in Egypt there seems to have been a peculiar capacity for detecting the genius that with opportunity becomes greatness. This capacity is indeed a striking quality of the patriarchal social system. In the history of all countries so organised, the system has always permitted talent to assert itself and has been peculiarly alert in discovering and utilising genius when young. In Egypt any youth who commended himself to his elders, always on the alert for superior quality, rose according to his capacity and not according to his years. The number of persons who so rose to be governors of provinces or ministers of the Pharaoh seems to have been very considerable, according to Maspero. They or their descendants were, by royal favour, often permitted to be raised to and to refresh the ranks of the nobility.

But outside this class the convention of heritage ruled. It was not the law for a son to succeed to the office, profession or subservient position, which his father had occupied before him, but it was so customary as to be almost invariable.

In this way the coming generation was divided into the smaller class of boys of the noble and lower ranks, who were educated to fill the various governing posts, or to serve the nobles as scribes, or, if favoured by genius, to be raised to an equal or even greater height than the nobility, and the vastly larger class, who were contented or fitted to follow the paths of convention, and to step into the shoes of their fathers.

As regards the women, there is a popular belief in England that the position of women in Europe is wonderfully blessed in its "freedom" when compared to that of their sisters in the East. Like all popular beliefs, it is inaccurate even in a purely material sense. The women of Burma are certainly in this material sense far freer than European women. In the natural sense there is no comparison between Europe with its many spinsters and the East with none. The women of ancient Egypt, under the pyramid social system, seem to have been as materially free as the modern Burmese. They were the equals of the men in all the equality which nature will permit. At the pyramid period monogamy was universal throughout Egypt, and the wife was the companion and helpmate of her husband; she was allowed to come and go as freely as he, to own property, and to possess equal privileges with the man, even to occupying in her own right and alone the throne of the Pharaohs. Even the Pharaohs of the early dynasties were monogamous, though later royal polygamy and a larger royal offspring succeeded to the offspring of one wife, and this privilege was occasionally claimed by the nobility.

The marriage relation was a positive one of trust and affection between man and wife, and there is constant evidence in papyri and pictures of this mutual happiness, and of the desire for, and happiness in the possession of children.

The justice of the positive patriarchalism of Egypt was

differently based to modern justice. Justice was a quality of nobility, a quality that only the noble, accustomed to the ways of and to rule large numbers of men, could dispense. It was the quality of the scribe, who, by his innate genius, had proved his possession of a sufficient knowledge of man to enable him to be just. Above all there was the Pharaoh. There were no trained and professional lawyers, nor apparently was there any definite written legal code. Both would, of course, be denials of the paternal quality. Only when a man's knowledge of mankind and sense of kindness are limited does the necessity of a written code arise, and with it the professors of this code. In ancient Egypt, as in all patriarchal societies, the paternal element ruled in the place of the legal. Justice was a human faculty possessed and dispensed by men who stood above their fellows in the possession or inheritance of the instinct for divining men's motives and characters, and who were possessed of the brave, generous, and ruling qualities.

Of religion sufficient has already been said. At the period of the pyramids the theology, polytheistic and esoteric, was complete, and the king was paramount. The divinity of the kingship, the kingship as the link between the social system of which it was the head, and the order or will of Heaven, of which it was the representative, was supreme. Pharaoh, the nobles and the elders were also the priests of the people, and a distinct priesthood, differently garbed and separated from the laity, did not exist.

A very remarkable absence in pyramid Egypt was the absence of any army. Isolated by surrounding deserts, northwards bounded by the sea, there was little fear of attack from without, and only occasionally was it necessary to punish the robber inroads of desert tribes. So externally there was no need of an army. Internally there was also no need, and it is interesting evidence of its positive character, and the trust of man for man, that the pyramid system was

built up in all its power and permanency without the threat or force of arms. Nor was degeneracy the result. When later the Egyptians had to fight, they fought admirably. The national heroes were not those of warfare, but of wisdom, the wise rulers and strong, yet kindly fathers of their people.

Such being the system of pyramid-Egypt, what character did the people bear? Something has already been said, but more needs saying.

The character of the princes that was held to be admirable was that which included essentially the qualities of rulership and fatherhood. In the many inscriptions in which the princes caused themselves to be described, these high qualities are extolled. The Egyptian code of morals did not exalt humility nor advocate shame. What a man was, or held himself to be, that he spoke, and the Egyptian prince did not hesitate to declare to the world that which he strove and hoped to be, or that which he was. Our Egyptologists, disbelieving in the ruler virtues, believe these utterances to be empty panegyrics of pretence. I would answer their soured distrust of a system, stigmatized by them as "Oriental Despotism," by the evidence they themselves have discovered. It is a mere assumption on their part that such a system must be evil. They are the children of their own age, the age of democracy, and democracy refuses to hear any good news of what it stupidly calls "Oriental Despotism." Until we advance into that age in later chapters, seeing how its peculiar features and views arose, I shall not attempt to refute a few of its exponents, except by the evidence that they themselves provide.

As a consequence of this view, Maspero ushers in these princely inscriptions with the sneer that each prince considered himself to be faultless. But, setting aside this sneering comment, one can take what Maspero records apart from the man himself and see what qualities were desired, if not attained, by the Egyptian princes. "I was," says one

inscription,[1] "the staff of support to the aged, the foster father to the children, the counsellor of the unfortunate." Another declares:[2] "I have caused no child of tender age to mourn; I have despoiled no widow; I have driven away no tiller of the soil; I have taken no workman away from the foreman for the public works; none have been unfortunate about me, nor starving in my time. In years of scarcity, as I had cultivated all the lands of the home of the gazelle to its northern and southern boundaries, causing its inhabitants to live, and creating provisions, none who were hungry were found there; for I gave to the widow, as well as the woman who had a husband, and I made no distinction between high and low in all that I gave. If, on the contrary there were high Niles, the possessors of the land became rich in all things, for I did not raise the tax upon the fields." He protected his people from thieves and brigands, so that "when night fell, whoever slept by the roadside blessed me, and was as a man in his own house." In short, so varied and excellent are these inscriptions describing the ruler qualities, that Maspero, the democrat, is led to see behind them the wickedness of these princes, who in reality were exactly the opposite of what the inscriptions say, and kept their subjects in a wretchedly precarious condition.

It is a question of believing what the scribes wrote about their masters at the time, or what Maspero and others speculated about them some four to five thousand years later.

"The inscriptions may lead us to believe that an ideal kingdom existed in that country"—in ancient Egypt—"a kingdom where, surrounded by his *dear friends* and *wise princes, a good god* cared like a father for his country; was adored by his subjects; feared by his enemies, and revered by the priests as the true son of the Sun God."[3]

[1] J. Maspero, *Dawn of Civilization*, fourth edition, 1901, p. 338.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 339.
[3] A. Erman, *Life in Ancient Egypt*, 1894, p. 54.

The professor knows better, the italics are his, they are his sneer; he, too, refuses to believe what the scribes wrote. "Truly," say these democrats, "the scribes and historians write not these things about our day. How, then, can they be true of these primitive days, out of which, by the noble process of progress, we have evolved to what we are?" But all the evidence goes to show that there was truth in what these scribes wrote.

That the Egyptians intensely revered their king is shown by the fact that anyone to whom he showed favour had the honour recorded in his tomb. They were proud to earn the praise of their lord, "well done, good and faithful servant." Throughout all classes the praise of a master was a thing desirable, but the praise of a Pharaoh was a joy to be recorded for all ages. It was the chief joy and honour of a joyful people, for whatsoever these modern writers on Egypt would like to think, however much they would like to think these pictures and descriptions to be lies, they all agree that they show the people of this early Egypt, shut off from the world by her deserts, and as yet unaffected by the great nations of Central Asia, to be singularly happy; that, whatsoever Egyptians of the later periods may have written, what these early Egyptians recorded about their own lives was positive. They enjoyed life. There is no hint of pessimism. They record a "cheerful, pleasant life," "the tomb pictures show no dislike of the world."[1] "The world beyond her borders knew little of her, except that she was a fertile and well-ordered land, whereto, in time of dearth, the needy of other countries might resort with confidence."[2] Brugsch, taking the monuments, pictures, and papyri as "faithful guides," says "no people could be gayer, more lively, of more childlike simplicity, than those old Egyptians, who loved life with all their heart, and found the deepest joy in

[1] Erman, p. 39.
[2] G. Rawlinson, *Ancient Egypt*, 1887, p. 123.

their existence."[1] And Maspero, with a ludicrous adhesion to the notion that the peasant must have been wretched, is yet forced to this nonsensical compromise, "So great, however, was the elasticity of his temperament, that his misery was not sufficient to depress him: those monuments upon which his life is portrayed in all its minutiæ, represent him as animated with inexhaustible cheerfulness."[2]

These peasants of inexhaustible cheerfulness, these people than whom none could be gayer, more lively, or of more childlike simplicity, that is more spontaneously positive and joyful in their attitude to life, these people, who found the deepest joy in their existence, expressed themselves not in science or mathematics or accumulation, but in art and art works. Only the voice of beauty could be their voice, only the spontaneous utterance of joy in life; only the grandeur, the simplicity, and the permanence of the pyramid could be the national monument of their life on earth, which they loved so that their most passionate desire was to be born again on earth, and by recurrence to repeat the joys and pains and all that goes to the making up of earthly life. They were an artistic people, through and through, in a measure that is incomprehensible to modern peoples. Their hieroglyphic writing, as has been said, was governed by the laws of beauty and not those of grammar. So it was in all things appertaining to their lives. Art entered intimately into the minutiæ as well as the greatnesses of life. They had an intense love for colour, colours of rich intensity and brilliance being placed together with a boldness, and a suitability, which was pleasing to their eyes, accustomed as they were to the sight and knowledge of brilliant personages. The colours stand side by side in their individual brightness and beauty, and do not show themselves afraid of each other. They do not influence each other, borrowing each

[1] H. Brugsch-Bey, *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs* (second edition), 1881, pp. 24, 25.

[2] Maspero, pp. 339, 340.

other's hue for their shadows, and mixing together where they meet in border zones of compromise. The humility of colour, of harmony, of blends, of a brown unity or a grey unity was unknown to them. A more daring and brighter gaiety expressed their sparkling nature and joy amidst joy. Their houses were brilliantly coloured and brightly painted. Their ships, their carts, their temples, wheresoever colour could force the mind to share its brightness and gaiety, there colour was to be found.

As with all people whose life is based in accordance with the art of life, the Egyptians loved flowers, and had taste in their arrangement. They did not "bunch" flowers together, with the "mob" taste of democracy, into mere masses of colour, but they had the almost religious sentiment for the several beauties of form, perfume, and colour which meet in a single blossom, and which characterizes such artistic peoples as the Burmese and Japanese of the present day. Their tables were carefully decorated by an arrangement of blossoms, and guests would hold out to each other lotus flowers to smell, as other people hold out a glass of wine to clink with their neighbours. These Egyptian men, who built such colossal works, evidently had no thought of effeminacy when they admired the grace of an opening bud or offered their friend the fragrance of a sweetly scented flower.

To their own personal appearance they paid the greatest care, for they wished to be pleasing unto their fellow-men. The dress varied, as dress varies in other countries, according to fashion, but it is noteworthy that the dress of the men was more ornate and varied than that of the women. The state dresses were very beautiful, and Erman says, "a more splendid spectacle can hardly be imagined than a royal procession in ancient Egypt, so beautiful were the dresses."[1] Painting and rouge were used to enhance nature's charms or

[1] Erman, p. 64.

hide her defects, and the body was perfumed with the scents of Arabia and Punt. Devotion to cleanliness condemned the wearing of beard and moustache, even a small moustache being regarded with disgust by all cleanly men. The hair was dressed in elaborate coiffures or else a wig of consummate art was worn, and it is interesting to find that little wooden pillows were used at night, similar to those which at night prevent the disturbance of the beautiful coiffure of Japanese women.

Into their music, dancing, and their poetry there is no need to enter, but the taste was as artistic as in the temples and monuments, and as joyous as in the festivals, dances, and music of the peasants.

The art of the early Egyptians, besides its ubiquity and gaiety, themselves indicative of power over life, was markedly characterized by ruler qualities. The sacred inscriptions in hieroglyphics and the sacred pictures, which covered the walls and pillars of the temples, were decoratively arranged. They had an unequalled genius for arranging things in order of value, and weaving beauty out of manifold and divergent elements by casting them into art-forms. So abundant was this genius that Professor Petrie says a study of it "might be made to embrace almost every example of ancient work known to us in that land. The Egyptian treatment of everything, great and small, was so strongly decorative that it is hard to exclude an overwhelming variety of considerations." The Egyptian was "the father of the world's ornament" and "showed a variety of capacity in design and decoration which has not been exceeded by any other people."[1] To decorate, or, in other words, to have power to cast things into art-forms (*art-forms, whether as pure selected colours with a touch of white light in them, as curved or swelling and thinning lines, as pillars in rows and with entasis, as musical notes with over-tones, as patterns*

[1] Flinders Petrie, *Egyptian Decorative Art*, 1895, chap. I.

or any other form, being characterized by repetition with a modicum of variation and therefore in themselves an epitome of successful life, possessing the familiarity and safety of repetition and the life and vitality of variation), this ruler quality is more notable in Egyptian art than any other.

The second ruler quality, the power that dispenses with non-essentials and selects the essential, that generalizes and is not betrayed by the particular, that simplifies instead of complicating, this quality is also more markedly expressed by the Egyptian art than by any other. The pyramid itself is witness; so perfect is its shape that one is scarcely aware of its stupendous size when standing in front of it; in fact, in spite of being the vastest of monuments, one is aware far more of form than of size.

The selection of the essential is really astonishing in the Egyptian art. To imitate the individual or particular is a feat comparatively commonplace, but to select the essential shows ruler quality. In the hieroglyphs it is the essential, not the particular, that is shown. No artists but the Egyptians, in the trifling space permitted by a hieroglyph, could catch the essential of bird, beast, movement, or pose with such singular felicity. In these tiny spaces, though re-drawn a million times, the characteristic of the species, whether, for instance, hawk, vulture, ibis, owl, goose, or other bird, is with a single line intimately rendered. So, too, the subtle brush of the Egyptian, in a few lines, conveys with incomparable ease and conviction the power and grace of animals, some proudness of the eye, some grace of the pose, something living and vital and essentially disclosive of quality. It is a master or selecting art, this art of the hieroglyphs.

The same quality is also marked in their statues. Though hewn and formed out of the hardest of stones, the granite, diorite, and basalt, this unerring simplification can always be seen. Most of the statues of Egypt are later than the

pyramid period, but they preserve the same character. The British Museum has a good collection. Meticulous fussiness about detail is entirely absent.

The simplest essentials of bodily form and dress are conveyed. A notable example is No. 556, the statue of Qen-Nefer, in the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum. It is a statue of a seated scribe carved out of black granite, and shows most simply, but admirably, the outline of the body under the robe. The shaping of the muscles of the leg of the sitting statues in this gallery, the dignity and composure of their poses, the strong, unlined fullness of their powerful faces, how quiet, restful, and serene they are! They are true masters of life. Their energy is not fevered because its aim is uncertain, but controlled and quiet because both purpose and fulfilment are secured. They are so certain of themselves, and their nation, and their life. They are so reliant, so restrained, so secure. These statue types spread over the centuries, for the Egyptian art was conservative. The Egyptians, in their seclusion, having organized themselves into a system in which power, dignity, and paternal quality ruled from above, and in which inexhaustible cheerfulness, light-heartedness, loyalty, and filial piety distinguished the people, exerted themselves to maintain the system by the forces of conservatism, for in all this world there is nothing wiser than conservatism when there is something noble, beautiful, and happy to conserve.

As regards painting, there was a school of imitation, of unselecting and exact reproduction. This imitative realism had for its subjects the actions of the lower classes, animals, and ordinary life. The natural poses and actions of men are illustrated with the exactitude which makes them appear quite modern. There was also the school of ruler's realism, of painting that conveyed the idea, the type, the aim. This official art was rigidly valued and measured. It was very definite, and limited the artist, and made him use his powers

to serve the type and not himself. In this official art, not only are the king, his horse, and his chariot on the vast scale compared to his subjects, but the other figures do not appear in the natural attitude that is seen in the imitative realistic pictures. Artists had to make use of a conventional pose which is peculiar to modern eyes in being devised to show the body, not as naturally, but as symmetrically as possible, and at the same time to preserve the profile, which was necessary to the action of the pictures. Face and limbs are in profile, the limbs are placed so as not to cut across the figure in an ugly manner, the shoulders *en face*. This symmetrical pose ruled Egyptian art for many centuries, until, indeed, that art's decay and disappearance.

Conservatism preserved the social system, the paternal type of ruler, the filial type of subject in Egypt as well as its expression in art. When in the course of history the Egyptians came into contact with the military nations of Asia Minor, they took to war characteristically. They did not regard it pessimistically as a necessary evil, but they held it as the highest good for the country. Having got to fight they took to it gladly. They beat the Hittites, the Libyans, and the Assyrians. They secured dominion. They changed the completeness of their national life for one with the indefinite boundaries of added dominions, acquirements, and losses. This led to their downfall, and from the death of Ramses III (1179 B.C.) the glory of Egypt had ceased to be, and her art with her glory vanished.

Some of her greatest art-works belong to the period of her power which preceded her fall. Wealth added magnificence and desire for display to the old spirit of simple majesty and power. Two art-works which I have not seen, the Colossi of Thebes and the temple of Karnac, belong to this period.

The Colossi, carven from single blocks of sandstone seventy feet in height, were true children of the spirit of the Sphinx.

"I can never believe," wrote Miss Martineau (*Eastern Life*, I, pp. 84, 289), "that anything else so majestic as this pair has been conceived of by the imagination of art. Nothing certainly, even in nature, ever affected me so unspeakably . . . the awe and wonder grew from visit to visit." Their expression is one of "sublime tranquillity."

Of the temple of Karnac Mr. Fergusson wrote that it was "perhaps the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man. . . . St. Peter's, with its colonnades, and the Vatican made up an immense mass, but as insignificant in extent as in style when compared with this glory of ancient Thebes and its surrounding temples." Of the famous pillared hall he wrote: "No language can convey an idea of its beauty, and no artist has yet been able to reproduce its form so as to convey to those who have not seen it an idea of its grandeur. The mass of its central piers, illumined by a flood of light from the clerestory, and the smaller pillars of the wings gradually fading into obscurity, are so arranged and lighted as to convey an idea of infinite space; at the same time, the beauty and massiveness of the forms and the brilliancy of their coloured decorations, all combine to stamp this as the greatest of man's architectural works." [1]

Infinity and beauty, massive grandeur, sublime tranquillity, these are the heirs of the sovereign greatness of the sphinx, the eternal power and majesty of the pyramids. A people of some few millions in a country the size of Belgium so stamped upon the ages the impress of their great and noble spirit. For how could an ignoble or petty people express themselves in terms of nobility and greatness? "They will last as long as the heavens," cried the sculptor of the Colossi in exultation. They had that quality of permanence which makes monumental architecture and sculpture supreme amongst the arts. For behind these national monuments

[1] James Fergusson, *History of Architecture*, third edition, I, pp. 122–4.

and temples is the national spirit in its diviner aspects, in its ruling and its serving, its paternal and its filial aspects. Great as the expression was, so great must the spirit have been.

How false and paltry then are the writings of a democratic age upon these great monuments! Awed by them, nevertheless, famous modern writers would read from them expressions of brutality and tyranny. What pettiness inspires these commentators on the erection of the pyramids! "To raise structures so stupendous and yet so useless, there must have been tyranny on the part of the rulers and slavery on the part of the people."[1] This is the opinion of Buckle, mere guesswork, for he produces no evidence. Canon Rawlinson is surprisingly utilitarian when writing of the religious monuments of a foreign people. "A servile work which was wholly unproductive, and was carried on amidst sighs and groans for no object but his own (the king's) glorification;"[2] but produces no evidence for his opinion, which is only equalled in lack of insight and surpassed in flippancy by Kinglake's "piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality."[3]

Professor Maspero speaks of the wretched people who erected the pyramid, and produces as evidence the opinions and stories of the Egyptians of some 2400 years later, when Egypt had fallen from her greatness, stories recorded by Herodotus, which are clearly merely malicious and vulgar inventions of degenerates; for instance, one is that Khefren forced his daughter to harlotry so as to help to pay for the pyramid. Maspero speaks of the cruelty of the stick in impressing discipline upon the obstinate. They shudder at the stick, these writers, and yet Maspero tells us from evidence that "as a fact, the bastinado was commonly rather a mere form of chastisement than an actual punishment; the blows, dealt with apparent ferocity, missed their

[1] H. T. Buckle, *History of Civilization in England*, I, p. 90.
[2] *Ancient Egypt*, p. 85. [3] *Eothen*.

aim and fell upon the earth; the culprit howled loudly, but was let off with only a few bruises."[1] Brugsch interprets the grandeur of the pyramids in the same miserable and vulgar democratic way. "We need but glance at the gigantic masses of the pyramids; they tell us more emphatically than living speech or written words of the tears and pains, the sufferings and miseries of a whole population, which was condemned to erect these everlasting monuments of Pharaonic vanity."[2] Thus does this writer indulge himself, who a few pages previously spoke about keeping to the evidence of the monuments, pictures, and writings, which are so eloquent of the joy of life. Can he not believe in reverence, in a religious passion to erect a noble monument, even though one has to wipe one's brow occasionally? Erman declares that making men work in this way appears "to us modern Europeans . . . as most criminal,"[3] and with the blindness which characterizes all these writers proceeds on the next two pages to give evidence which slaughters his wretched opinion, which he rightly classifies as modern European.

He quotes an account from an inscription of the transit of a vast statue at the time that immediately succeeded the pyramid period. The statue was of alabaster, and twenty feet high. "Dhuthôtep describes in a spirited way the difficulties of the undertaking: 'As the way by which the statue was brought was exceedingly difficult, and as it was a most arduous work for the men to draw the precious block along the way because of the difficult rocky ground of sandstone, I therefore ordered numbers of boys and young men, as well as the companies of masons and stone-cutters, to come and prepare a way for it. . . . The people who possessed strength call out: "We come in order to bring it along"; my heart rejoiced; all the inhabitants of the town shouted for joy. It was an extraordinarily great sight!'"[4]

[1] Maspero, p. 342.
[2] Brugsch, p. 31.
[3] Erman, p. 470.
[4] *Id.*, p. 478.

In fact, these "tear and groan" people have not a scrap of evidence except what Herodotus gathered from hearsay on a short visit more than two thousand years later. They make their assertions with a positiveness that seems to admit of no contradiction, and yet they themselves, in describing the evidence of the monuments, pictures, and papyri, one and severally speak of the "inexhaustible cheerfulness"[1] of the peasant, a people "who loved life with all their heart,"[2] of "a lightsome, joyous, and even frolic spirit as pervading numbers, especially among the lower classes of the Egyptians,"[3] how "to rejoice and to dance were synonymous expressions."[4] They all agree that there is no evidence whatever that any Egyptians were slaves, that slaves were either negroes or at a later time prisoners of war. They agree that, however cruel man was to man—as evidence there stands the noblest of monuments!—that the Egyptians were at any rate astonishingly kind to animals, and actually won lions and leopards to tameness.

Their prejudice blinds them. They see things in a democratic light and all is dark to them. The pyramids were erected with joy, not with tears and groans; with pride and enthusiasm, not with lashed aversion. Erman's witness to the moving of the great alabaster statue shows the real spirit of these Egyptians. The enthusiasm of men of like race, the modern Arabs, is akin to theirs. Sir Francis Layard describes in his book on Nineveh the moving of one of the great Assyrian bulls, now in the British Museum. "The procession was thus formed. I rode first with the Bairakdar, to point out the road. Then came the musicians, with their drums and fifes, drumming and fifing with might and main. The cart followed, dragged by about three hundred men, all screeching at the top of their voices, and urged on by cawasses and superintendents. The procession

[1] Maspero, p. 340. [2] Brugsch, p. 25.
[3] Rawlinson, p. 27. [4] Erman, p. 245.

was closed by the women, who kept up the enthusiasm of the Arabs by shrill cries. Abd-ur-rahman's horsemen performed divers feats round the group, dashing backwards and forwards, and charging with their spears."[1]

That is a vivid and spirited picture.

But the wisdom of modern Europe is other than that of Egypt or Assyria. This very Sheik Abd-ur-rahman, whose horsemen performed feats around the Arabs, was well aware of the difference. To Layard he cried, "In the name of the Most High, tell me, O Bey, what are you going to do with these stones. So many thousands of purses spent upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the Cadi declares, that they are going to the palace of your Queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of these things that the English show their wisdom."[2]

The people of a democracy can learn no wisdom from the ancient statues and inscriptions. They can learn the language but never the thought, they can see but they cannot understand. Indeed, nothing at the outset of a study of the art of life in the history of the world shows one so well the danger of trusting to the opinions, deductive and inductive, of modern European writers, as the character of their writing about a great, noble, majestic, religious, and joyful system, and of the evidences of that system. The 'truth" of these writers is a pit of destruction for all insight into and reverence for a system which expressed itself in positive reciprocity, simplicity, power, and permanence. Something has happened which blinds them to the position of the sovereign and his chosen councillor as interpreter, creator, and maintainer of the power of mankind over life;

[1] Sir F. Layard, *Nineveh*, 1849, Vol. II, p. 88.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 84.

something has happened which has killed the feeling of trust and reverence, the feeling of enthusiasm which can erect monuments as eternal evidences of the joy and greatness of a life planned in accord with that power; something has happened which prevents these people even conceiving the thrill of exultation with which the Egyptians must have seen the great pyramids under their hands rise into the air, which prevents them from even conceiving the pride which filled these same Egyptians when they looked upon these monuments that testified, apparently to eternity, of the power and the definite form, of the gigantic vigour and creative and preservative strength of their nation; something has happened which refuses life or virtue to a system of grades and values and definite places and positions leading up to the highest men, in whom dwelt the instinct of order and of rule and of power.

Not all writers of the present time, fortunately, belong to the "tear and groan" theory. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson writes: "I cannot therefore suppose that the Egyptians, who surpassed all others in the practices of civilized life, were in the habit of indulging in wanton cruelty."[1] Professor Petrie, the great living authority on the pyramids, shows how the pyramid could have been erected in the time of summer floods and in accordance with tradition in such a way as "would not be ruinous to the prosperity of the country or oppressive to the people."[2] Again, of the dynasty succeeding that of the pyramid builders he writes: "It may be doubted if any ancient people have had such an aversion to causing pain and distress, as is shown by the genial and kindly upper classes of the eighth dynasty. . . . It is the very antithesis of the Greek slaughter of prisoners, the Roman games, or the Patristic hell."[3]

[1] Sir G. Wilkinson, *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, 1878, Vol. I, p. 265.
[2] Flinders Petrie, *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*, 1883, pp. 210, 211.
[3] Flinders Petrie, *Religion and Conscience of Egypt*, 1898, p. 142.

Mr. Fergusson is clear that it was the power of a positive attitude of the Egyptians to their work and to each other which enabled the pyramids to come into being. "Nor is our wonder the less when we ask ourselves how it happened that such a people became so thoroughly organised at that early age as to be willing to undertake the greatest architectural wonder the world has since seen in honour of one man from among themselves? A king without an army, and with no claim, as far as we can see, to such an honour beyond the common consent of all, which could hardly have been obtained except by the title of long inherited services acknowledged by the community at large." This, at least, is clear and definite, though not a full statement of the positive patriarchal system. For only as an expression of this system can the devoted care and hairbreadth accuracy, "almost inconceivable at present,"[1] with which the vast blocks of limestone are set, be interpreted. So only can be interpreted the fact that their efforts were devoted to giving graphic and enduring expression to the quality of their souls and characters, and not to methods which manufacture quantity without quality, and comfort and animal satisfaction without power.

In passing through ancient Egypt, temples and monuments met the sight and elevated the mind. The soul that felt either in itself or in its masters the qualities of power, serenity, and endurance, found nourishment and inspiration. In passing through the modern world one looks in vain for such noble and joyful creations. One may see the industry and invention of man, but the directing voice that leads these faculties to the service of the art of life is lost amidst a clamour of discordant cries.

With regard to the second great expression of this people, their religion, one finds the same contemptuous patronage of these democratic critics. I do not intend to quote their

[1] Petrie, *Pyramids*, p. 211.

speculations on "ancient superstitions." Superstition itself is a word that reveals the mind of its user, and not the faith he so labels. They may explain the Egyptian religion on a material basis, and of course it had material representation. The Egyptians worshipped Ra the Sun, and Harmachis the Sphinx was a sun-god. But the thinkers and rulers worshipped in the sun the lovely life of which he was the parent. Modern critics may account for the expression religion took, they may label and classify, but they fail to comprehend the nature of man, upon which the religion depended. They cannot explain the exaltation of thought and life which find expression in the lion-man sun-god, with the brow and face of the king, framed by the simple grandeur of the pyramid. There was something positive in power over life, something noble and divine in man in those days, something which distinguished him from his modern biological ancestors, the apes and the beasts. The sovereign calmness and power of the Sphinx, the divine serenity of the Colossi of Thebes, are convincing evidence that such noble and ruler qualities were to be found amongst this ancient people. They were not vague dreams or visionary ideals, which none could form or shape, but definite principles and qualities which lived in the nation, shaped the nation, and were perpetuated in monuments which neither the centuries nor vandalism have been able to destroy.

From the changing shapelessness of the desert forms arose which have for some five thousand years been a visual message to succeeding generations of man social, secluded, and at peace, forming a graded system of paternal rule and filial service, characterized by distinction and definition of units, reciprocity, and simplification and crowned by that power and permanence which formed the uniting link between their system and the Ruler and Creator, whose name to the subject was too holy and to the rulers too unknown to be spoken.

CHAPTER II

GREECE

THE two great civilizations of the ancient world, excluding that of China, were those of Egypt and Babylon. Both sprang up in river plains and both had many resemblances. Both greatly affected future Europe. Any question of rivalry between the two, as to which possesses the greater claim to the parentage of European civilization, is largely robbed of its importance by this resemblance. They might even be linked together as river-plain civilizations.

Nevertheless, there are differences, and it is also always an interesting question as to whom a certain honour belongs. To whom does the honour of giving birth to civilization belong? At first Egypt was considered the most ancient. Then excavations gave to Chaldea the title to the oldest historical records which have so far been discovered. The Semitic race apparently could claim the precedence, the date of Sargon I (3800 B.C.) being some thousand years earlier than the earliest definite dates of Egypt or, as far as is known, of China. China, indeed, can scarcely yet be said to have fallen to the excavating, burrowing, and interpreting zeal of European savants.

But the claims of the Semitic race were short-lived. Evidences of a pre-Semitic civilization in Chaldea, upon which they engrafted themselves, gave to them second place.[1] The earliest written speech was not their invention, but that of this pre-Semitic people. But the Semitic claim was not

[1] See F. H. Weissbach, *Die sumerische Frage*, 1898.

given up without a struggle, for M. Halevey maintained that this earliest script was an earlier variety of the later Semitic script. The majority of the savants, however, dispose of the Semites, and give the claim to the pre-Semitic people. These pre-Semitic people were of the great race which, until recently, has been so despised in Europe, the yellow race, the Mongolians. They were called Akkads, and they not only came from the same region as the Chinese originally came from, but they possessed much in common in religious, social, and scientific institutions with that aged and gifted people.

It is naturally tempting to those who love dramatic effect to divide the history of the world into two great portions, represented by the division of the civilization of this ancient Mongolian people into Chinese and the Far East on the one hand, into Akkads and their successors the European and nearer Eastern civilizations on the other. This division occurred somewhere about the fiftieth century before Christ, that is seven thousand years ago. One division of this civilization spread itself by gradual advances over China and is preserved by the Chinese peoples scarcely altered to this day. The advance of the Chinese was of a peaceful character; "their triumphs over less cultivated people have been gained rather by peaceful advance than by force of arms."[1] Their reward has been stagnation in the envious language of the restless European, but in the eyes of the less prejudiced stability and content, such a content that they, most of all people, hate to change what they possess.

Yet seven thousand years of proof that a people have fashioned a civilization which they do not want to lose or change or progress to something better, a civilization, in short, that they love—for no man willingly changes or loses that which he loves—such proof to the truth and value of their social spirit is not so convincing to the European as

[1] Sir R. K. Douglas, *China*, 1809, p. 2.

some theory in a modern scientific primer that gets stale within ten years.

The other portion of this original Mongolian race entered with the Akkadian people into the plains of Chaldea. There it came later in contact with the Semitic branch of the human race. As do all superior races, it gradually threw the veil of its influence over the new people. Babylon and Nineveh arose as its children. There are some even who maintain it passed into Egypt as a master-spirit and gave to the land of the Nile the beauty and splendour of its civilization.

From some part of Central Asia, possibly not distant from the early home of the Mongolian mother-people, came the third great human race, the white Aryans, a pastoral, warlike, crude, uncultured people. Upon their rough uncouthness, as they came in contact with the Semitic form of the Mongolian spirit, was thrown the mantle of civilization. In Asia Minor the Aryans were in near contact with the Semitic Assyrians and Babylonians, and the trading Phœnicians carried culture and the arts to Greece and Italy. Italy and Greece spread their borrowed civilization through Europe; and finally this Mongolian spirit, vastly changed, reached the New World. It was changed, for neither Semite nor Aryan had that culture and superiority which convinces by the power of the mind, as had the Mongolians who spread east to China, and effected by superiority of character what the others failed to effect by the sword.

The theory of the world's civilization, in brief, would be that civilization arose in the Mongolian mother-people. It divided into two parts, one of which spread to the East, the other through the Semites spread to the Aryans of the West. Such a theory is tempting, and doubly tempting to one who regards the unbroken record of five thousand years of empire over a population larger than that of Europe, established and supported by methods of peace, as stamp-

ing upon China indelibly a superiority before which European nations, with all their boasted inventions and perpetual political progresses, appear as barbaric in the art of life.

Nevertheless, this simple parting of the spirit of civilization to the right hand and to the left is not sufficient in the light of the facts that have been gathered in such quantities in the last fifty years.

In their light Egypt once more lays claim to the chief share in the origin and spread of the civilization of Europe. Previously Egyptian civilization was held not to have been autochthonous and indigenous. An invading people from Asia, or Arabia, or even India, as was variously maintained, filled Egypt, and brought with them the seeds of her civilization. But lately, even as a pre-Semitic script was found in Chaldea, so a pre-Egyptian script has been found in Egypt, and this with other evidence has led to the conclusion that the Egyptians did not come from distant parts, but from Libya, which lay upon her western borders. This theory, which is generally held at the present time, gives to the Egyptians an African origin, and this African origin is now attributed not only to the Egyptians, but also by Professor Sergi and his followers to the original inhabitants of Greece, Italy, and Spain. This African race of light-complexioned people introduced a pre-Aryan and very potent element into Europe. The older pure Aryan theory has very largely to be modified.

This older pure Aryan theory of the origin of European peoples, according to Schrader, von Ihering, and other authorities, is as follows: The Aryans were a pastoral people dwelling probably in the land of Bactria. They split into two great branches, one of which passed into India, the other to the steppes of Southern Russia. By successive migrations this second division passed into Europe. "The Greeks and the Latins must have been the first to start . . .

next come the Celts and then the Teutons."[1] The Slavs remained in the steppes of Southern Russia and spread by gradual expansion. The Aryans are thus supposed to have migrated in order of intelligence, the more intelligent, braver, and more active members of a tribe forming the migrating party. The Greeks, Romans, and Celts in succession had the pick of Europe, and settled in Greece, Italy, and France. They were content with their new homes and did not emigrate again, though they planted colonies. "The Teutons fared the worst in the division of Europe";[2] they were not satisfied like the others, and "for a thousand years they did not really settle down; . . . they wandered all over Europe and even into Africa" in search of a fertile soil and a bearable climate. Everywhere they found Greeks, Romans, and Celts already in possession of the best land, whether that along the borders of the Mediterranean which formed the highway of civilization, or the more fertile parts of the interior of Europe.

These Aryans, Teutons, Celts, Slavs, Greeks, and Romans were, as all authorities agree, a very uncivilized people. They were raw barbarians compared to Mongolian peoples of the same time. They were still more barbaric compared to the Mongolian-Semitic civilization of the river plains of the Tigris and Euphrates and to the Egyptian civilization of the Nile. Nature, the authorities declare, had not endowed them with the same advantages as she had given to the Chaldeans and Egyptians. She had only allowed them high table-lands and mountainous regions. But these same authorities allow to the primitive Mongolians, who so surpassed the Aryans in culture, the same type of mother-country in practically the same region of the world. Whether it was in the blood, or in the air, or in the country, or in some peculiarity of ape-ancestry, or whether it was that the divine

[1] R. von Ihering, *The Evolution of the Aryan*, 1897, pp. 399, 400.
[2] *Ibid.*

spirit had not infused their leaders, the fact remains that these Aryans were a very barbarous people.

They were ignorant of agriculture, they were ignorant of the working of metals; they did not build towns, but lived in huts either separated from each other or collected into small groups. They were a pastoral people. They also lived on the wild fruits of the earth and they hunted for food. Von Ihering says their abodes and settlements were more or less fixed; Schrader and others that they were nomadic tribes wandering from place to place in search of pasturage.

It is well known that all pastoral and hunting peoples tend to be more brutal and uncouth than agricultural people. Whether their life makes them so, or whether the more uncouth naturally chose the rougher life, is a question to be settled between the upholders of environment and the champions of heredity. But as a fact of history it is undoubted. Consequently the Aryans did not win their way to new homes by the quality of their superior civilization. They won their way by force. They used the sword because they had not got the soul. That they had not the soul of the Mongolians or Egyptians is shown in the contrast between their relation to ancestor worship and that of the Mongolians and Egyptians. Filial piety, displayed as loyalty to ancestral tradition and gratitude to ancestral memory, characterized the attitude of Mongolians and Egyptians to their ancestors. It was a positive attitude of reverence and love. The Aryans' attitude, on the other hand, was not positive. It was negative. Their sacrifices to the dead were "not the outcome of filial devotion and love, but of egotism, i.e. fear and dread."[1] "Filial affection is not one of the characteristics of the Aryan."[2] Had it been so, the practice of the young people of casting out their aged parents would have been inconceivable, and "there would have been no need for the prayer offered over the cradle of the new-born son that he, when grown up,

[1] R. von Ihering, p. 38. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 34.

might not strike his father, and might not with his teeth, tiger-like, wound his father and mother."[1] Their civilization was, in fact, "a surprisingly low one." It was negative, one of fear and that which accompanies fear, cruelty. It was the very reverse of the positive, trustful, and happy civilization of the Egyptians. Such were the Aryans, ancestors of Europe.

Their barbarism must be remembered by their descendants, for their descendants entertain no doubt—in the purely Aryan origin of European peoples—that in spite of this ancestry the Aryan civilization quickly proved itself to be and still remains the highest stage of civilization the world has seen. It is true that it is still supported by the sword or by the more complex descendants of the sword. It is supported by the sword, and could not dream of relying on the soul, on the methods of peace upon which Egypt of the pyramid period and the Empire of China depended. It holds that might is right, not that right is might. Nevertheless, there is no suspicion in the minds of Aryan descendants that their civilization is not the greatest or that compared to the Chinese, the pre-modern Japanese, the Burmese, and other civilizations it is really more brutal, or that the comparison of brutality to culture in contrasting Aryan with Mongolian or Egyptian, which held good five thousand years ago, might still hold good at the present day.

That the Aryan culture is the greatest is practically accepted by all Europeans. How then did the change from "the surprisingly low" state of civilization to this admirably high state come about? The authorities bring it about by a single word, "receptivity." The Aryans were a wonderfully receptive people, it appears. They possessed a peculiar talent for picking up and adopting what was good. Their diviner and nobler quality had lain latent in the cradle of their Bactrian home. But wherever they came in contact

[1] R. von Ihering, p. 34.

with that which was good, this never-before-exercised latency burst into receptivity and adopted it.

The Aryans did not pass from Bactria into Europe by Asia Minor or over the Caucasus, for as anyone can see who looks at the map, such a route for a pastoral people was impossible. It would have meant driving flocks and herds through barren mountain valleys and over lofty passes. An easy route was offered them to the east of the Caucasus, such as is needful for the gradual advance of pastoral tribes. By this route they reached their second home, which von Ihering and others place in Southern Russia between the Danube and the Volga.

From there migrations passed into Europe. The favoured Aryans who came south were able to exercise their receptivity by coming into contact with ancient civilizations.

The Greeks, who settled in Asia Minor, had for neighbours the Hittite Empire, a civilized Mongolian people, whose importance in history has only recently been recovered.

The other Greeks and the Italians took up their abode in the two peninsulas which stretch into the Mediterranean, ready to gather what the inland sea can offer. An active people, the Phœnicians, were ready to offer them anything for which they would pay. These traders brought them the wares and produce of the two great civilizations of Babylon and of Egypt, and the receptive Aryans quickly acquired not only the wares, but also the civilization of these ancient peoples.

The Celts, Teutons, and Slavs, however, never came within reach of these enterprising traders except for rare and transient contact on the Atlantic coast of Europe. Consequently the Celts, Teutons, and Slavs remained in darkness, until their brethren the Romans carried civilization to them at the point of the sword.

This is the Aryan theory of the civilization of Europe. It depends on this curious "receptivity" of the Aryan.

Untutored and barbaric as he was, ready to fall upon his mother and father with his teeth, he possessed a curious receptivity for gentler influences, for that loyalty of child to parent, servant to master, and subject to ruler, which Confucius named Filial Piety.

That he was ready to adopt metal-work and cut with iron where he had previously cut with flint, or build his house of stone where he had previously built with wood, is understandable enough. That he was ready to alter his whole mental character, his spiritual and intellectual quality, to change the substance of his soul and to rise quickly from barbarism to the beauty of Greek art by means of his "receptivity," is almost inconceivable to one in any way versed in history or in the daily observation of men and women about him.

For those sceptical about this "receptivity" there is fortunately something other than doubt, something positive, in the theory of Giuseppe Sergi, Professor of Anthropology in the University of Rome. The Aryan theory is founded mainly on linguistic resemblances of one people to another European languages are all supposed to have arisen from one mother-language, a language of which Sanskrit inherited more directly the material qualities than did the sister languages.

"Well, what if it is so?" says Sergi. "A common language does not prove a common race." He points out as an example the Roman languages. One might point out the English language in America. It is quite clear that a theory based on language is not founded upon rock.

Sergi adopted another method of research, the method of the eye and not of the ear, of the body and not of the speech, the anthropological method. He bases his results on the measured shapes of the skulls both of the living and the dead, and as a consequence states emphatically that as regards physical characteristics there were profound differences

between ancient Italians, Greeks, Celts, Germans, and Slavs, and that the "Aryan relationship" was a linguistic relationship, but not a physical or blood relationship. The scientist here comes to support what is clear and evident to those who study racial quality. The qualities of the Egyptian and Aryan were, as has been shown, markedly different. The qualities of the Egyptian and Athenian are by no means so different. This difference and resemblance of quality is sufficient to one looking at their art and its spirit. But Sergi shows that the physical means by which this spirit was exhibited had similar differences and resemblances. He and others also adduce evidence from ancient culture, writing, and even language. For those interested in his proofs and arguments there are his books and the books of many other learned men who support him. It is an expert question, but the more that is discovered and the more that is thought, the more Sergi's conclusions prevail, and some authorities say the old Aryan theory is dead.

The conclusion which all this evidence supports is that the ancient civilization of the Mediterranean was not due to the Aryans, but to an African race of which the ancient Egyptians were one branch. This is the reason why Egypt formed the subject of the previous chapter rather than Chaldea. The spirit of civilization which spread along the shores of the Mediterranean and added its quality to the sterner quality of the Roman Empire was a spirit allied to the Egyptian spirit. It was of one blood with the Egyptians.

This ancient people Sergi calls the Mediterranean people. They were divided into four principal branches, the Libyans, the Iberians, the Ligurians, and the Pelasgians. The Egyptians, as is now generally agreed, were of the Libyan branch.

"It seems that from Egypt, before yet Egypt was known in history, African colonists passed over to Greece by the

islands, perhaps first of all Crete; from the region of Numidia they probably crossed over into Sicily, Sardinia, Southern, Central, and Northern Italy, Southern France; by Gibraltar they invaded the Iberian peninsula. Almost the same roads of invasion were followed by the Arabs in the eighth century."[1]

But this is not the full extent of their migrations. Immediately concerning the question of Grecian civilization, and as a result of studying the few Phœnician skulls in the Academy at Turin and from the measurements given by other anthropologists, comes the interesting conclusion that "the Phœnicians belonged to the same stock in which are included the Egyptians and other Libyan peoples, and the Hamites of Africa and Europe generally, but that at a relatively late period they underwent Semitic influence, especially in language, their anthropological origin thus being concealed. Such a phenomenon is not new, the modern Egyptians themselves furnishing an evident example of it."[2]

Of equal concern to the same question is the evidence of anthropology in addition to the archæological evidence gathered by De Cara, showing that the Hittites were either Pelasgians or had a very large admixture of the Pelasgian race. Thus the recently discovered pre-Hellenic and pre-Phœnician power in the Eastern Mediterranean was also of African origin.

This does not exhaust the migrations of this people, although these further migrations are of no importance to this chapter. They are, however, of considerable importance to later chapters. They are shown to have entered France, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Bohemia, and Russia. They were, however, always far more populous in Southern than in Northern Europe. When the Aryans began their migra-

[1] G. Sergi, *The Mediterranean Race*, 1901, p. 158.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 156.

tions from the steppes of Southern Russia this Eurafrican race was the principal race they met.

As a result of these migrations of Aryans or Eurasiatic people, a great change took place in the Eurafrican peoples of Western and Central Europe, a lesser change amongst those who dwelt in the Mediterranean lands. Sergi sums it up in the following words:

"I am convinced that this Eurasiatic species has yielded those populations called Aryan, and to-day represented by three chief branches, the Celts, the Germans, and the Slavs; while the populations outside these three branches, which have been called Aryan on linguistic grounds, i.e. the Latins, Hellenes, and Germans of the Reihengräber type, were not Aryans, though Aryanized in language. I am, finally, convinced that these Aryans when they invaded Europe were savages, very inferior in civilization to the neolithic Eurafricans, and that hence they were not the importers of a new and superior civilization, as has been stated by those who were in ignorance of the real facts."[1]

Thus is the "receptivity" of the Aryans demolished, and this convenient trick, by which the civilization of the Greeks was explained, vanishes.

The Pelasgians set out from Egypt before the days of history, but not before the days of civilization. Their Egyptian cousins proved themselves capable of building up a great civilization based on successive grades of loyalty, paternal rule, and filial obedience.

This same creed the Pelasgians took with them to Asia Minor and Greece. With a fertile soil to enable an upper class to cultivate civilization rather than soil, there was no reason why the Grecian Pelasgians should not express their system, with its gradations of respect, honour, and love, in terms of power and beauty in an art that the world would

[1] G. Sergi, *The Mediterranean Race*, pp. 264, 265.

envy as an expression of a happy and life-loving human society.

It is interesting that Herodotus[1] states that the Athenians were Pelasgians and the Lacedæmonians Hellenic, that the former had "never quitted its original seats, while the other had been excessively migratory." As regards the change of language, Herodotus says "the Athenians, who were certainly Pelasgi, must have changed their language at the same time that they passed into the Hellenic body."[2]

The Hellenes, who were "excessively migratory," were the Aryan conquerors of the Pelasgians of Greece. In Lacedæmonia they outweighed the original inhabitants, in Athens their influence was much less, although it affected a change of language and the inclusion of the Pelasgians in the race of the Greeks.

Thus, finally, in considering the art of Greece, which attained its zenith in Athens, one finds as groundwork a broad basis of Egyptian or allied-Egyptian heredity and character, the Pelasgians, overruled by a smaller body of warlike but more barbarous conquerors, the Aryans. The position has been seen again and again in history. It is to be seen in the Manchu conquest of China, the Hyksos conquest of Egypt, the Norman conquest of England, and in all these cases the civilization of the older conquered people absorbed the conquerors. That was the chief result, although the conquerors left their peculiar imprint on the blended civilization. It was the same in Greece and in Athens, for I will confine myself to that city as being the principal home of Greek art and civilization, as it is understood to-day.

In Athens there were the two elements. First, the Pelasgian element related to the Egyptian, a relationship that has never died throughout history, for to this day the Egyptians

[1] Herodotus, I, p. 56, Canon Rawlinson's translation, 1897.
[2] *Ibid.*, I, p. 57.

and Greeks are in many ways as one people; secondly, the barbarian Aryan element. In Lacedæmonia the latter element prevailed, and not only were the Spartans deficient in art, but they were always recognized as a sterner, more warlike, less cultured, and less human people than the Athenians. The enmity of the Athenians and Spartans becomes clear.

The patriarchal family of the Pelasgians would be on the Egyptian plan. The father becomes the elder and chief, and his eldest sons in succession fill the ruling place and priestly office of the expanding family. Younger sons and their descendants are subject to him. The large family merges into the clan. The descendants in the elder line form the chiefs and principal officers, while opportunity for the rise to power of the capable and the talented would be given.

The patriarchal family of the Aryan was superficially not unlike that of the Pelasgian, fundamentally it was profoundly different.

The sentiment upon which the Pelasgian family system was based was essentially positive. It was based on affection, respect, and loyalty. Family affection, respect of children for parents, servants for masters, subjects for rulers, all that which Confucius, in summing up the history of the Chinese, termed filial piety, formed the basis upon which the system rested or, in opposite language, those invisible bonds, which are of such vast import to mankind, which are fostered by the religious and the artistic, which are felt more powerfully than they can be expressed in words, and which are not discerned by common objective minds.

It was a difference of sentiment rather than constitution which separated the system of the Aryan from that of the Pelasgian or Egyptian. The Aryan tribe was also a patriarchal tribe, but the sentiment that transfused it was not one of trust and affection, but one of fear and force. It was of negative quality as opposed to positive, the quality of

barbarism as opposed to that of civilization. The Aryan patriarchal system was held together by fear and force, and not by filial piety. "Filial affection is not one of the characteristics of the Aryans. In this respect they are surpassed by all other nations."[1] As regards friendship, "of this there is no trace amongst the Aryans";[2] there is an absence of parental, filial, and fraternal affection, as also of friendship, "the mother-tongue has no expressions for 'hospitality'";[3] "it was not love, indeed, but fear which prompted the sacrifice to the dead."[4] It is the duty of the descendants to bring food and drink to the grave of the departed; should this be neglected, the dead will avenge themselves, and appear as threatening spectres to inflict all kinds of trouble and evil upon those who neglect them.

The Aryan Hellenes, however, fell under the Egyptian or Pelasgian spirit, in both art and religion. "Almost all the names of the gods came into Greece from Egypt";[5] and again this beautiful passage: "In early times the Pelasgi, as I know by information which I got at Dodona, offered sacrifices of all kinds, and prayed to the gods, but had no distinct names or appellations for them, since they had never heard of any. They called them Gods (θεοὶ, disposers), because they had disposed and arranged all things in such a beautiful order. After a long lapse of time the names of the gods came to Greece from Egypt, and the Pelasgi learnt them." Gods of beautiful order for whom the Pelasgi had no names! Within themselves and their own natures was implanted the sense for beautiful order.

The shrines and famous festivals of the Greeks also were Pelasgian.

"It is to the Pelasgians that the foundation of the Isthmian Games is to be attributed."[6]

As regards Nemea, "we seem to have here a festival that

[1] R. von Ihering, p. 34. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 36. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 26.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 38. [5] Herodotus, II, p. 50.
[6] C. Gutch, *The Greek Games and their Mythology*, 1900, p. 15.

was originally Pelasgian, taken over by Dorians and re-instituted in honour of their God."[1]

"At Delphi we have the overthrow of Pelasgian deities by an Achæan or Dorian God."[2]

The Eleians, in whose land Olympia stood and who founded its sanctity, were Pelasgians. The Pelasgian gods were not thrust forth, but dwelt in harmony with those of the Hellenes. "Olympia as the ancient seat of the worship of Hera and Cronos appealed to the Pelasgian element; as a centre of Zeus worship it attracted the Achæan and Dorian."[3] It is for this reason, according to Gutch, that the Olympian festival, representing the different factors, became the chief national festival.

Finally, the Mycenæan civilization with its splendid and powerful art, which preceded the classical art of Greece, was Pelasgian. "Culture, tradition, physical anthropology, and religion, thus all declare for the existence from the earliest days in the Mediterranean of that race whose descendants still form the main element in its population. As with other families, the various members of this race have had very various fortunes;"[4] some progressed to a splendid art, others did not advance beyond the common unglazed pottery. "The evidence up to the present time points to the mainland of Greece as the focus of its fullest development." In the rich plain of Argos there was wealth, and so arose a class who were not bound to the soil. The building of great walls added security. "It was probably under the shelter of the great walls of Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Goulas, that the Pelasgian art took its highest form."

It is clear, then, that the Aryan was implanted upon the Pelasgian, and the change is seen in all sides of social life. A striking instance is seen in the change in the nature of the very games, the Pelasgian origin of which has just been

[1] *Gutch*, p. 24. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 31. [3] *Ibid*, p. 50.
[4] Prof. R. Gowan, *The Early Art of Greece* 1901, pp. 241, 242.

given. "It was the religious side of the festival which, at any rate in the early and best days of Greece, was of the first importance; the athletic side of the festival was a thing of gradual growth, an accretion to the religious festival."[1]

Other examples may be gathered from any book dealing with the period, such as Professor J. P. Mahaffy's *Survey of Greek Civilization* (1897). For instance, in the ninth century B.C., the Homeric age, the Aryan lack of hospitality is seen to be changing the hospitable character of the time. The hospitality of primitive times to strangers, even of the lowest type, began to decay in Homeric times, but was not lost. The women of this earlier time were as free as they were in Egypt, and as they were not in later Grecian ages. Slavery was accidental and casual, "an innocent institution,"[2] Professor Bury calls it, and was not an organized trade, as it later became. An important symptom of change, the human significance of which I shall show in a later chapter, was the introduction of money as currency in the seventh century B.C. instead of payment in kind and mutual services. National unity was departing, and small, isolated, jealous, and unfriendly communities were taking its place. The absolute king, who could command labour and keep in direct contact with the arts and culture of his Phœnician or Egyptian home, was being displaced by the multiplication of courts, under which system the close connection with the old art centres seems to have decayed. Even the more recent Homeric hymns show loss compared to the nobler art of the earlier ones. Their religion, especially that of the earlier ones, is said to have hardly a trace of Aryan feeling. In fact there was a strange mixture of qualities, "curious contrasts of refinement and barbarism which characterized the Homeric heroes."[3]

[1] Gutch, p. 7.
[2] J. B. Bury, *History of Greece*, 1902, Vol. I, p. 122.
[3] Mahaffy, *Greek Civilization*, p. 65.

So too Lübke-Semrau, writing of the Dipylon style of art as the beginning of what is now known as Greek art, eighth century B.C., say: "Compared to the brilliant and artistically inspired art of the Mycenæan period the works of the Dipylon style seem like a relapse into barbarism. Nevertheless, they signify a new beginning; the carrying into effect of that art spirit of all-embracing form and order, which now begins to find expression in architecture."[1]

In short, the Aryan or Hellenic invasion of Greece, in which Grecian Asia Minor is included, effected a relapse into barbarism. Gradually, as so often has happened in history, the spirit of the conquered people partly absorbed that of the conquerors. A compromise resulted. The sense of valuation, gradation, and order of the Pelasgian combined with the realism of the Aryan. The latter was subjects realism, which sees each thing separately with the eye and imitates that which is seen. The former was ruler realism, which aims at type, recognizes the quality which the natural object conveys, and understands the need of grouping, valuing, and ordering.

This combination is the very secret of Greek art. In the Egyptian spirit of power, permanence, simplification, reciprocity, decoration, and beauty is framed a "realistic" element, the Aryan element. Unfortunately, that art which remains unmutilated is in great preponderance, that due to the second or realistic element. This element became more marked as Greece degenerated from the death of Pericles to the Roman dominion, and most of the surviving Greek art belongs to this later period. The religious and architectural domination of art, which characterized the early and stronger period, is represented by ruined temples, but the statues of the gods, for which these ruined temples provided homes, have practically vanished. Such indications and remains as still

[1] Lübke-Semrau, *Kunst der Alten*, Vol. I, p. 158 (Vol. I, fourteenth edition, 1908; Vols. II, III, IV, V, thirteenth edition, 1907).

exist show that these statues were inferior to the Egyptian statuary in repose, tranquillity, power, simplicity, and royal dignity. Nevertheless, their fame was such that no one doubts they were the greatest results of Greek sculpture. Though it is an unfortunate fact that the religious statues of the Greeks during their greater period, the century encircling the Persian Wars, do not exist, there are plenty of statues which represent the athletic side of Greek life, the side which, as Gutch said, "was a thing of gradual growth, an accretion to the religious festival." These statues are not simply realistic. They are not subjects realism, the realism of the individual who recognizes another individual. They are not portraits or imitative illustrations. They preserve ruler quality. They illustrate the type, not the individual, the type that unites all, and which the rulers desired, and to which each athlete aspired. Perhaps the best examples are the sculptures of the east and west pediments of the temple of Athene in Ægina. They are now housed in the Glytothek at Munich. They represent Greek art at the time of the Persian War. In spite of the fact that the original composition of these statues and the strong and brilliant colouring and pattern in which they were set has been lost, they vividly impress upon one the athletic ideal of the Greeks. This ideal, the physical ideal combined with a wonderful confidence in strength and trained vitality, rules throughout and forms the unifying principle. There is no imitative realism, but everything which would distinguish individually is sacrificed to this ideal. The figures are naked, and therefore only the hair or the helmets permit of careful pattern. But each naked body corresponds to a type: a well-moulded, developed chest, small waist, "natty" well-proportioned limbs. The faces, except Thorwaldsen's fat-cheeked No. 77, are the same—clean-shaved, clean-featured, bright, hard, muscular-cheeked, eager, youthful vigour. Such is the ideal, the type and

the main aim of the Greek civilization and culture. The expression is a peculiarly brilliant and positive one, one of joyful lust of life and an unconquerable buoyant hopefulness, which is scarcely changed on the faces of the wounded or dying. The figures touch the ground with the least possible surface, and so the expression of elastic poise and balance, so common to Greek athletic statuary, is admirably conveyed. The very quality, the absence of which Pater strangely claims as a peculiar merit of the Greek art, "the action of the special moment,"[1] is again and again expressed with astounding vividness in these statues. They are rendered because the special moment of action conveys with peculiar power the ideal of keen, physical alertness, elasticity, vivacity, and vigour. Even in the case of the wounded and dying the ideal is not only preserved, but by contrast is enhanced. The falling are shown in the act of falling. They do not flop down, but fall with tense muscles, eloquent of the resistance to the weakness of a wound, of the mastery of the spirit over injury. The dying show the same keen struggle between the dissolution of death and the splendid strength and heroic spirit of the stricken warrior, which even in the act of death overcomes the relaxation and dissolution which are its attributes.

Thus is the ideal of vigorous youth and manhood maintained, and it might be considered fortunate as a lesson, though a disaster to the art of the group, that Thorwaldsen added a head to the figure No. 77. The round, smooth cheek, chin, and neck of this head, with its impression of effeminacy, of fat in superficial tissues, contrasts with the prominent cheek-bones, the furrow from nostril to mouth, the sharper chin, and the muscular outline of the neck, which, though in no way hampering the idea of youth, stamp the other heads with their incomparable keenness and vigour.

[1] W. Pater, *Renaissance*, 1888, p. 60.

This alert and hopeful vigour was the spirit conveyed by the best Greek athletic sculpture. As a ruler art it was decidedly inferior to the restraint and dignity of the Egyptian statuary. It was the ideal of the fighting spirit, the most perfect fighting body and character. As long as it remained a fighting type it retained some great qualities, but when it became the worship of the physical for its own soft and sensuous charms, charms to be enjoyed by the individual with the individual, then it lost its ruler quality. It became the sensual, soft, delicate, and effeminate art of the later Greeks.

In this imitation of the physical lay the danger, this imitation of the means, this representation of the means as well as the spirit. Once the spirit was lost, then mere imitation remained. Nevertheless, this very imitation is greatly admired by modern critics. It is called nature by them because it responds to their nature, the subjects nature, the imitating nature.

For example, writing of Greek statues Charles Walstein says: "The earliest works are architectural, to the exclusion of vitality . . . yet the whole movement was progressive Greek art was not like Oriental art in clinging to fixed forms. The Greeks clung to nature, and learned from her."[1] Thus writes democracy or the modern Aryan. Nature for him means physical, objective nature. They have no conception of ruler realism, the expression of the organizing mind, such as led the Egyptians to draw their human figures with face in profile and shoulders full, because this gives a greater decorative symmetry and moulds man to the overruling power of beauty and national order, while at the same time preserving action. So in this Greek art there is the tendency of mere imitative realism to replace the earlier superb physical ideal. Still more is the serene ruler ideal replaced, for there is restlessness, perpetual physical and intellectual restlessness. As von Ihering says of the Teuton,

[1] *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1880.

that not getting the pick of Europe, he wandered a thousand years in search of a happy climate and fertile soil, which he could occupy, so the same restlessness was characteristic of the Greek sculpture, as anyone who has seen the mutilated dance of the statues in the British Museum knows. The Greek displayed a similar restlessness to the Teuton. He was, in fact, never civilized by the Pelasgian spirit to the tranquillity and conservatism of a satisfied people. As his Teuton cousin wandered actually, so he wandered mentally, a ceaseless intellectual journey and search after ruler power over life with its consequent subjects—content and happiness. And as the "naturalism" of his art appeals to his modern descendant, so does this restless activity. Both his art and thought are therefore held to be the highest, for the modern Aryan has not yet attained to the Eastern tranquillity and the Egyptian joyful acquiescence in life and social life. The Aryan is still searching. He is still far from the realization of himself and the nature of life. The serene majesty of the Sphinx and of the Egyptian pyramids and temples came to him only in part. Yet for a time the wild and youthful Aryan spirit was framed in the masterful and serene beauty of the Egyptian spirit. The Parthenon, arising to record a period when common triumph for once held the suspicious and unfriendly Greek communities in unity, was a worthy descendant of the great ancestral temples at Karnac. Architecture rose again, and architecture is the noblest of arts, because the strongest, most permanent, and most national. Temples, which house not an individual, but the national spirit itself, again filled the citizen with feelings of awe and earnestness which gave a diviner meaning to his life. I have to my regret never seen the ruins of Karnac except in pictures, but I have seen the ruined Parthenon. I feel that the grandeur of mass and decorative serenity and tranquillity of Karnac must have far exceeded the slighter Parthenon, with its more realistic frieze and pediment figures; that

Karnac must have been a far nobler expression of ruler's realism than the Parthenon. One has only to look at the Elgin marbles to see how much pictorial imitation entered into Greek art, how the eyes tended to be arrested by details of technical imitative skill, rather than that the soul of the observer be uplifted from objective details and be merged in the comprehensive unity of ordered valuations, until it felt the sanction of its own existence in this order.

The Egyptian temples also show a further quality of decided superiority. They were built with a powerful outer wall of homogeneous character. The separation of pillars and entablature, of supporter and supported, was only to be seen by one who entered the temple and stood within the inner court. It was esoteric. This separation of supporter and supported, however, the Greek temple displayed in the peristyle without, so that all, even the stranger, might see. The Aryan honesty, that of one who has not profound depths or rare and ruler treasures, is shown here.

The Greeks only united to oppose the Persians. At all other times the Aryan fear of unity, the Aryan distrust of one's neighbour, predominated except at the times of the national games. This love of independence, as the dislike and distrust of one's fellow-man or of neighbouring citizens is commonly termed, has been attributed to the varied nature of Greece, a land peculiarly divided by mountains into habitable areas.

Separation rather than unity was the physical character of the country. This no doubt is so, yet this limitation of trust to the few familiar, this dread of the stranger, this dominating fear, has always been the character of the Aryan in other lands as well. No doubt he thoroughly appreciated the nature of Greece. It seemed made to provide the privacy he valued. But the quality of fear he brought with him. It was not thrust into him by the barrier mountain-ranges of the land he conquered. Both the nature of the land and of

the conquerors combined to render the cities exclusive and independent of one another. Each city had its own peculiar character. Each experimented in diverse ways for social unity within its own realm. It was this diversity and variety which leads Mahaffy, the modern, to praise them, a praise that rings ironically to more sceptical ears: "Greek culture fits every phase of modern civilized life in some respect, in some department of art, in some development of politics."[1] Taking modern as the best, this is high praise indeed. I am reminded by it of Erman's delightful conceit: "The Greek philosopher was of a far higher mental standing than the Egyptian priests. The Greeks, however, never understood this."[2]

I have now in this chapter attempted to outline some vast problems. I touched on the fascinating conception that civilization was created by a Mongolian mother-people, and divided into the Chinese civilization and the Akkadian civilization, which latter division, through Semitic means, passed into Europe. Then I showed that as a fact Egypt was really the chief mother of European civilization, and that through the Pelasgian branch of the Mediterranean race it came to Greece; that Greece was then conquered by a ruder Aryan people, the Hellenes; and that the art and civilization of Greece consisted of a blend of these two racial elements.

I am now going to try and separate the Aryan and Pelasgian elements in Greece, and to contrast them more than I have done already, and as well as I am able, for the task is one that requires a greater scholarship and intuition than I possess. Nevertheless, it is one of great importance for the comprehension of the pillars and basis of European civilization.

The two Grecian cities which contrasted most markedly were, of course, Sparta and Athens.

[1] Mahaffy, p. 75. [2] Erman, p. 2.

Sparta, situated, according to Mahaffy's personal observation, in the richest and most fertile plain of the Peloponnesus, was mainly Aryan. Its government and institutions were peculiarly Aryan, so purely Aryan, in fact, that Sparta is almost designed, as it were, to contrast sharply and distinctly with her great rival, the Pelasgian Athens.

As has been said, the Aryan patriarchal family bore superficial resemblances to the Egyptian patriarchal family, though differing profoundly in sentiment. So too the constitution of the Aryan, though based on patriarchalism, differed greatly from the Egyptian. The Egyptian developed in a fertile and isolated land into a definite society of gradations, very stable in character, but freed from stiffness by the permission and encouragement of able men of all classes to rise to government.

The Aryan constitution, on the other hand, was remarkably loose and constant immigrations prevented the settlement and leisure necessary to give it stability. Roving tribes contradict fixed constitutions. The simplest arrangement was adopted.[1] A king was chosen by the people. He was chosen from the heads of clans, and often a strong and ancient clan kept the kingship in the family, and son would follow father, provided he was fit for the kingship. A degenerate son was not accepted. The king was chief priest and judge. In war he was supreme leader and possessor of a more arbitrary power than in peace. In peace he was supposed to carry out the wishes of the Assembly of the People. Perhaps in the most ancient times, says Schrader, this assembly consisted of the heads of the patriarchal families or clans, of which the tribe or nation was composed, and the people only signified their approval or disapproval by stamping on the ground and beating upon their arms or by loud murmurs. In theory, at any rate, the king was subject

[1] See O. Schrader, *Reallexikon der indogermanischen Alterthumskunde*, 1901.

to the will of the people except in time of war. Thus there were three political grades: first, the king; secondly, the heads of the chief or central families of the various subdivisions of the nation, who formed a Council of Nobles; thirdly, the Assembly of Male Adults, upon whose approval or disapproval ultimately in times of peace the fate of every project depended. Strangers, conquered people, and prisoners of war were slaves or serfs, and had no political voice.

Such in four broad grades—king, noble, warrior, and slave—was the constitution of the migrating Aryans, a constitution very loose, never having settled to defined limits, and therefore very pliable when it entered Greece and encountered other national characters.

In Sparta, however, a predominance of the Aryan element enabled a constitution to crystallize out with a certain purity. Owing to a possible coalition of two communities there were actually two kings. They were chosen from the two royal families of the Agids and Eurypontids, and unless degenerates, the sons inherited the kingship from the fathers. The kings had judicial and priestly functions subject to many limitations. In war, however, they were supreme, having the power of life and death. To aid the king was a Council of twenty-eight Elders. For the privilege of the Council only members of noble families could be chosen. Every Spartan over thirty years of age had the privilege of attending the Assembly of Citizens, which did not debate, but approved or disapproved of the proposals submitted to them, and whose expressed will was supreme. Sparta was composed of five villages, and this fact is supposed to have given rise to the peculiar and original quality of the Spartan constitution, the five Ephors. Practically the Ephors gained great power. They were the representatives of the people or assembly, and they saw that the will of the people was carried out by the kings and nobility. They were in fact the jealous eyes of the people watching

kings and leaders, whose ancestors had once oppressed them. Beneath the people or assembly of adult Spartans were the conquered peoples of the Southern and Central Peloponnesus. They were serfs, slaves and subject, and had no voice in the control of state affairs. They cultivated the lands and worked for the Spartans, who were thus left completely free for affairs of state, which consisted mainly in militarism. The Spartans formed a military caste ruling the major part of the Peloponnesus. They gained their ascendancy after severe wars with their neighbours in a manner strictly comparable to that of their Italian brethren, the Romans.

Such being the constitution, what was the spirit? Clearly one that had to rely on force rather than intellect, showing pre-eminently the distinctive quality of the ruling Aryan, namely, courageous stupidity—wonderful courage and efficiency in so far as mere fighting went, and the readiness to back up and enforce an order by the power of arms, stupidity in so far as they failed to understand man and therefore to arrange men according to their varied gifts and values. Intellectually, then, there was no clear insight. Men were ruled by force and were therefore discontented—round pegs in square holes, held there by weight. Such intellectual attempt as there was to rule—and such there must always be—took the form which proved a lack of a clear comprehension of the nature of man. It took the form of narrowness and compromise. The Spartan system was perhaps the most astonishing system of compromise history has seen. It was not an autocratic monarchy, for in times of peace the kings had little power and could even be arraigned before the Ephors. Yet in war the kings were all-powerful, with the right of life and death. It was not an oligarchy, and yet the Council of Nobles had so great a voice in government that it partook of many of the characters of an oligarchy. It was not a democracy, and yet it was finally based on the

approval of the people, whose five Ephors jealously watched both kings and council. It was in fact a wonderful system of mutual distrust, and the only thing that gave it the astonishing stability it showed in history was the yet greater Spartan distrust of the subject people or Helots over whom they ruled. Force and Fear were really the two kings who ruled over Sparta, and these qualities permeated through all classes of the nation. Force was the weapon Sparta understood because she was stupid. Force is undoubtedly an essential weapon in regulating mankind, but reliance on it as a chief measure, as in a military society, is always a sign of stupidity. The intellectual understanding of man Sparta lacked. In so far as she did understand she no doubt did her best. She gave the kings as much kingly power as she dared, the nobles and people too, as far as she dared. She was just, honest, and reliable on the narrow lines in which stupidity confines these virtues. Mahaffy speaks of "the sturdy valour and honesty of the Spartans, who though stupid and without any intelligent policy, yet when once persuaded, stood like men and behaved like gentlemen."[1] But she had all the harsher qualities of stupidity. She was isolate, suspicious, cold, proud, with little art or grace; cruel, stern, maintaining her distinction by rudeness and exclusiveness. She was cruel in mastery over subject Helots, never loved by them, but feared and hated, as the ruled and the weaker always hate those who rule by force without understanding. They "were always bitterly dissatisfied and ready to rebel whenever an occasion presented itself." Sparta's answer to this dissatisfaction was characteristic. She gave any young Spartan leave to murder a Helot he thought dangerous, and freed him from all blame. She kept each class rigidly in its place by the same contempt and hardness as maintain the rigidity of caste, which the Hindoo Aryans developed in the greater

[1] Mahaffy, p. 12.

peninsula to the south of the Himalayan barrier. It was not completely rigid, for as the Egyptian system, based on the intellectual understanding of man, raised up men of the lower orders who showed this capacity, so Sparta raised up those who could add to her force, and enfranchised Helots who had shown military skill and courage, thus converting a dangerous subject to a valuable ally. But the intellectual qualities she lacked and wholly refused to recognize. She had no art, and she deliberately neglected all the higher branches of culture. Warrior qualities alone she encouraged by hard and continuous military and athletic exercises, by cultivating discipline, by asceticism, by a limitation of domestic quality—for she forced her married citizens to live and eat in barracks apart from their wives and children at home—by fostering a capacity for endurance, by fanatical patriotism; in short, she concentrated herself upon making as excellent as possible the quality of force upon which she depended both for her safety and her power. Her world outlook seems to reveal only the two qualities of fear and force. She feared the stranger, she feared her kings, her nobles, her people, her slaves, and she ruled her own and kept the stranger from her country by cultivating a force that inspired greater fear. It was a very remarkable system and a very instructive one. It was the sublimation of the stupid and barbarian Aryan, the exhibition of his best mode of government. It was as deeply contrasted with the Filial Piety of the Chinese and early Egyptians as sunlight is with shade. But, nevertheless, it was a system; it had character, it had principle, it had something which could again be created, it had form, it had definiteness, it was solid, it was stable, it was fiercely conservative; it had not the fluid quality now named progress, which is the loss of solidity, the loss of definiteness, of shape, called pathologically the liquefactive stage, by which all solidity, form, and stability take on a fluid form, and therefore tend to gravitate to the lowest levels possible.

To the rest of Greece, experimenting in diverse blends of Aryan and Pelasgian, the stability of Sparta was always a subject of admiration.

They considered that stability was admirable, even if it had to be secured by the assassination of dangerous subjects. Assassination is a cruel method of elimination in the art of life, nevertheless, it is in some form or other common to many nations. Sparta gave leave to her young citizens to assassinate; we consecrate a hangman, the Chinese an executioner. The Greeks considered that stability was admirable, even if procured by cruelty, terrorizing, fear, and force; a sound opinion, unless there are more intelligent methods. There are such, but the Spartan was Aryan, and the Aryan had not learnt those other methods of securing stability. Of these other methods Sparta knew little, but she knew how to procure stability by force; and the other ancient Greeks, who did not attain to stability, admired her rightly recognized superiority in conservatism and definiteness. Even the Greek philosophers, of whom none lived in Sparta, looked at her from their turbulent cities with admiring eyes. "There was hardly one of them who framed an ideal polity that did not borrow his prime ideas of the framework of such a society from that of Sparta."[1]

Stability always inspires trust. It can be relied upon because it is not fluid. It has the permanency of shape. Consequently, when leadership became essential in the divided land of Greece, Sparta was chosen. She led in the Persian Wars. She also led the cities that rebelled against the consequent attempt of Athens to effect the union of all Greece. The independent cities forced reluctant Sparta to champion their freedom. Having promised, Sparta fulfilled. She destroyed the Athenian Empire, and then, as Bury puts it, "it would have been correct for Sparta to retire into her old position."[1] Instead of retiring, she resolved to keep her

[1] Mahaffy, p. 113.

authority over the cities she had freed from that of Athens. Fate had thrust Empire upon her, and she attempted to rule it. "Nothing short of a complete revolution in the Spartan state could have rendered her essay in Empire a success; but the narrow Spartan system was too firmly based in the narrow Spartan character to suffer such a revolution,"[1] and "in the end Sparta is forced to retire into the purely Peloponnesian position for which her institutions fitted her." For though the warrior qualities may win an Empire they cannot hold it. They may inspire fear and respect. They may exercise justice in their honest, but narrow sense, but such a people cannot hold an Empire, for justice without understanding, fear without love, will never hold an Empire. The capacity of strength and understanding which inspire the qualities summed up by Confucius as Filial Piety, these alone in the face of all history have been able to keep and hold an Empire. These were the qualities that preserved China through the centuries, that produced the national charm of Japan, that made the people of Spain rejoice in their Arab masters, that made the name of Egypt great. It is the spirit expressed by all great national art.

It was this spirit which, with an Aryan infusion, inspired the rival of Sparta—Athens—situate in the mountain-girt plains of Attica with the sea at her feet. She was the least Aryan and the most Pelasgian of all the Greek cities. "In some countries, as seemingly in Attica, a small number of Greek settlers leavened the whole population and spread the Greek tongue; thus Attica became Greek, but the greater part of its inhabitants were sprung, not from Greeks, but from the old people who lived there before the Greeks came."[2] One could be sure of it, if there was no evidence but that of the Parthenon, if all other evidence, written or traditional, had been utterly destroyed. The knowledge

[1] Bury, Vol. I, pp. 70, 71.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 40.

of values, of gradations, of the general formula of life and beauty, namely repetition with slight variation, of attention to the greatest, which the Parthenon displays, proves the spirit of the people. It is impossible to express these qualities in art and not possess them. It is impossible to possess them and not to express them in the social system. Athens, the city above all of the Pelasgians, ruled by Athene, the Pelasgian Goddess, expressed herself in beautiful art, and it was she alone who showed after the Persian Wars the capacity for binding together the Greeks to one people. For the seventy years following the Persian War she was the mistress of a Grecian Confederation or Empire. Then Sparta beat her; but scarcely had Sparta's first failure in Empire been seen, than, within thirty years of her fall, she began to resume her commanding place, and was in a fair way to rebuild her lost Empire, when Philip of Macedonia reduced her to the second place of power. Her spirit of order had too much to contend with both within and without. She too had an infusion of Aryanism within her veins as well as enemies without, and so her Egyptian spirit never fulfilled itself. The Parthenon displayed to the stranger and to the world without, not the homogeneity of the Egyptian temple wall, but the division into pillars and entablature which in the Egyptian temple existed within, but not without.

Nevertheless, so important is her art that it is well to look closer at her character. This is peculiarly necessary, for democratic historians have loved her dearly. In her they see an excuse for the system they support so romantically. But Athens was far from a democracy, as modern people understand a democracy. I have never understood why historians do not differentiate in names this body of 25,000 citizens commanding 300,000 slaves from modern democracy, were it not for their anxiety to trace a relationship. But as a fact the ancient Greeks had no close relationship with the modern democrat. They were a cultured and thinking

people. The democrat himself admits it. Moreover, they did not believe in the masses. They did not believe that political wisdom was to be found in the alleys of a city or in the offices of business men.

"Democracy in one sense was not only unknown to him [Solon], but he would have turned from it in horror. For no Greek that ever lived believed in the masses, in the worth of slaves and barbarians, in the wisdom of any but educated men."[1] And to the Greek education meant culture, the attaining of a superior character and mind, which bore with it the right to rule.

Art flourished in Athens before the Persians destroyed the city. She and Corinth were the seats of the two most notable tyrants of Greece, Pisistratus and Periander.

"The commerce of Corinth first developed its greatness under Periander; the art of Athens grew under Pisistratus."[2] But "nearly all the great temples now found in Greece were built in the forty or fifty years which succeeded the defeat of the Persians at Salamis and Platæa."[3] The greatest of these were built in Athens. This period in Athens was known as the age of Pericles, for Pericles was the master of Athens from 467 B.C. for forty years, until the brief period of illness that preceded his death. It is necessary to enquire both into the character of this Pericles and the people at whose head he stood.

Pericles[4] was an aristocrat by birth, belonging to one of the best families in Athens, and had therefore the advantage "of the inveterate prejudice which prevailed even at Athens in favour of noble birth."[5] The pupil of the philosopher Anaxagoras, he was distinguished even in youth for his nobility of mind and his aristocratic composure and carriage. His serious bent of mind kept him free, as it does all ruler men, from social banquets and ordinary amuse-

[1] Mahaffy, p. 98. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 100. [3] Fergusson, Vol. I, p. 523.
[4] See Plutarch's *Pericles*. [5] Bury, Vol. I, p. 422.

ments, and in spirit from too liberal communion with ordinary men.

Thucydides thus testifies to the character of Pericles: "With regard to what the whole state needed, they thought that he was most valuable, for as long as he was at the head of the state in time of peace, he governed it with moderation and kept it in safety, and it was at the height of greatness in his time; and when the war broke out, he appears to have foreknown its power in this respect also. He survived its commencement two years and six months, and when he was dead his foresight with regard to its course was appreciated to a still greater degree. For he said that if they kept quiet and attended to their navy, and did not gain additional dominion during the war, nor expose the city to hazard, they would have the advantage in the struggle. But they did the very contrary of all this, and in other things which seemed to have nothing to do with the war, through their private ambition and private gain, they adopted evil measures both towards themselves and their allies, which if successful conduced to the honour and benefit of individuals, but if they failed proved detrimental to the state with regard to the war. And the reason was that he, being powerful by means of his high rank and talents, and manifestly proof against bribery, controlled the multitude with an independent spirit, and was not led by them so much as he himself led them, for he did not say anything to humour them for the acquisition of power by improper means, but was able on the strength of his character to contradict them even at the risk of their displeasure. Whenever, for instance, he perceived them unreasonably and insolently confident, by his language he would dash them down to alarm; and on the other hand, when they were unreasonably alarmed, he would raise them again to confidence. And so, though in name it was a democracy, in fact it was a government administered by the first man. Whereas those who came after, being more on a

level with each other, and each grasping to become first, had recourse to devoting not only their speeches, but even their measures, to the humours of the people. In consequence of this many other blunders were committed."[1]

This is a very significant passage. The state ruled by Pisistratus, and raised by him to art and greatness, passed after the Persian War into the rule of a gifted aristocrat. "Though in name it was a democracy, in fact it was a government administered by the first man."

During this period of the rule of one with the consent of the many the glory of Greek art flourished. The spirit of Athens expressed itself in terms of beauty during the age of Pericles. "It was at the height of greatness in his time." The Athenians themselves gladly acquiesced in his governance, for "with regard to what the whole state needed they thought that he was most valuable."

This in itself is remarkable, this willing acquiescence of Greeks in the autocratic rule of one man for forty years, and it seems to me that this acquiescence was due to the large Pelasgian element. It is speculation, of course, to say so, but there is nothing more certain in the history of Greece than the two elements, the one acquiescing in government with a readiness to obey and a happy way of looking upon an association of men, the other fearing government and looking upon an association of men with dread, desiring independence, or freedom as it is called, rather than mutual co-operation and the recognition of the value to itself of the superior qualities of a ruler. These two antagonistic elements were always struggling with each other in most Grecian cities, and government consisted in "a perpetual oscillation between oligarchy and democracy—an endless series of revolutions, too often sullied by violence."[2] There was continual discontent. "Discontented nobles came for-

[1] *History of the Peloponnesian War*, by Thucydides, translated by H. Dale, Vol. II, p. 65.

[2] Bury, Vol. I, pp. 154, 155.

ward to be the leaders of discontented masses."[1] They overthrew existing oligarchies of nobles and established themselves as tyrants. Some ruled well and some ill. They were overthrown, and temporary democracies lived until replaced by aristocratic oligarchies. "Tyranny was always with the Greeks. It, as well as oligarchy, was a danger by which their democracies were threatened at all periods."[2]

In the midst of this hubbub and turmoil of discontent and restlessness, two states alone attained a certain stability, Sparta and Athens. Sparta was held together by a rigid system of force and fear. Athens, during the age of Pericles, seemed to revive the Egyptian spirit of joyousness. She maintained an unity that expressed itself in happiness and in a beautiful art. She was quite distinct in her relation to Attica. "The feeling of unity in Attica became so strong that all the smaller lordships, which formed part of the large state, but still retained their political organizations, could be induced to surrender their home governments and merge themselves in a single community with a government centralized in the city of the Cephisian plain. The man of Thoricus or Aphidnæ or Icaria now became a citizen of Athens and his political rights must be exercised there. The memory of this *Synœcism* was preserved in historical times by an annual feast, and it was fitting it should be remembered, for it determined the whole history of Athens. From this time forward she is no longer merely the supreme city of Attica. She is neither the head of a league of partly independent states, nor a despotic mistress of subject communities. She is not what Thebes is to become in Bœotia, or what Sparta is in Laconia. If she had been, and she might well have been, either of these things, her history would have been gravely altered. She is the central city of an united state; and to the people of every village in Attica

[1] Bury, Vol. I, p. 156. [2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 156.

belong the same political rights as to the people of Athens herself." [1]

This is a notable difference between Athens and the other Grecian states, especially Sparta. Attica was organized on a basis of trust and not of fear. She could not have been like Sparta or Thebes, as Professor Bury supposes when he says she might have been like Sparta or like Thebes. Such a view ignores race and, as is characteristic of modern times, throws all weight on environment. The same conditions were around all these cities, and, if environment controlled, Athens might well have been like Sparta and Thebes. A horse and a man both live in the same environment of London, and if environment prevailed, there is no reason why a horse should not turn into a man, or a man into a horse. But no historian would maintain this. That Attica's system was built on a basis of trust and that she had the largest Pelasgian element in her population are associated facts showing the importance of race. A stable system based on trust and expressing itself in beauty had been evolved in Egypt by an allied people. It is only to be expected that where that element was in greatest preponderance in Greece, there a system of association expressing itself in terms of beauty was most likely to flourish. Attica provided such an opportunity. The original Synœcism, or union, is supposed to have been the work of one of the early kings. Theseus has been suggested. Perhaps so, for a great man is capable of shaping his material. But the material must be inherently capable of taking the shape. Attica was so capable.

The Athenians at the time of Pericles were at the head of a voluntary confederation. As previously mentioned, Attica had voluntarily united under Athens. After the Persian War a similar willingness prevailed in many cities in Greece, Grecian Asia, and the Grecian islands, and they voluntarily

[1] Bury, Vol. I, p. 175.

united into the Confederacy of Delos, with Athens at their head. Here, again, there was contrast between Athens and Sparta; as the union of Attica contrasts with the conquest by Sparta of the southern and central Peloponnese, so the unity of the Delian Confederacy was maintained not by Sparta, the acknowledged leader of Greece throughout the war, but by Athens. This voluntary confederation Athens had gradually hardened into an Empire of which she was the head.

Athens, at the head of the Delian Confederacy, acted upon no policy of freedom and equality. She set to work to value, order, and arrange. She herself constituted an oligarchy of citizenship. Some twenty-five thousand Athenians governed the fate of the Empire; and they themselves were in fact guided and governed by Pericles.

The ambition of Pericles was to unite all the Greeks into one nation, with Athens as the capital city. This ambition he declared openly, and in 448 B.C. he called a Pan-Hellenic Congress to discuss and consider plans for the formation of a nation. Athens he desired to be the centre of Greek aspiration and of religious union, and for that purpose and with the acquiescing spirit of her citizens he made her beautiful. For he and his city were capable of a noble project, of a national conception, of an unity of trust and feeling, and it is this spirit that found expression in the temples of the Acropolis. For the home of the religion of a noble nation must itself be noble. So arose the temples of the Acropolis, built of the substance of the hope and aspirations of Pericles. In this attempt to unite Greece and give her a central sacred home Pericles ranks with the greatest of the world's statesmen, with Mohammed, Cæsar, Napoleon. It is precisely the same quality in all, and it is the ruler quality of constructing an art of life, having a central selection and arranging the rest in order of value.

But the material upon which he had to work was of two

antagonistic kinds. To his summons for a Pan-Hellenic Conference Sparta turned a dull ear. She showed doubt and distrust, where only a positive attitude with positive qualities of trust and enthusiasm could fulfil a great project. In the Confederacy itself the same suspicion found partisans. Nevertheless, it was in the Confederacy, and above all in Athens, that Pericles found the substance from which to build. Professor Bury is inclined to sneer at the Athenians, who enthusiastically supported their great aristocrat. He has the same Aryan suspicion of his fellow-men. He lives in a commercial age. He throws his own feeling into the Athenian democracy. "So long as the profits of Empire were many and its burdens light, the Athenian democracy would feel few searchings of heart in adopting the imperialism of Pericles."[1] He seems to have forgotten that he has described a few pages before how the richer classes equipped and armed triremes at their own expense, fitted out deputations to the oracle of Delphi or some Pan-Hellenic festival, and provided the choruses for the festivals of Dionysus. These duties entailed great personal sacrifice on the part of the rich men, who not only helped to preserve the defences of the Confederacy, but "did service to the great masters of tragedy and comedy, and thereby served the whole world."[2] So Professor Bury's sneer at the Athenian democracy is rather an evidence of his personal distrust of man than of historical facts, for, as he himself says, "the practice of requiring individual burghers to undertake public burdens seems strange to us who live in a modern state."[3] Strange indeed! And there is another difference. We are unable to build temples of beauty like to the Parthenon. Perhaps our spirit is less beautiful and joyous and positive than that of these Athenians. Perhaps our spirit is ugly and miserable and negative compared to theirs. No one

[1] Bury, Vol. I, p. 398.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 380.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 380.

denies that their art is far more beautiful and joyous and positive than ours, and art is expression.

It is worth while to look more closely at these people of Athens as they appear in the daily life of their time.

The population of Attica at the time of Pericles was about 400,000. Of these 100,000 were free, 300,000 were slaves. There were also 10,000 outlanders, traders mostly, living at the Piræus and without any citizen rights. Amongst the 100,000 free are calculated 25,000 adult males. These 25,000 adult males mostly lived in Athens. They were the free citizens of Athens. As the Spartans were freed from the necessity of earning their livings, so these Athenian citizens were in the main exempt. And as the Spartans devoted their time to public matters, so did the Athenians. The Spartans as a body, however, had no voice, except yea and nay, and had royal and oligarchical as well as adult citizen elements.

The Athenians were actually under the dominance of Pericles, but their submission to his rule was voluntary and based on their trust in his aristocratic nobility, his superiority, his honour, and his wisdom.

They constituted the state. They had the right to accept or reject Pericles as their head. Provided they did not get disenfranchised for crime or shirking military duties or bribery or other offence, they all had a vote in the assembly and they all had the right to speak. They could not change the law by their voting at an assembly nor could they pass laws, for the necessity of conservatism in law required a longer and more complicated process. But they could decide on resolutions as to immediate policy, whether foreign or home. Each citizen also, provided he was competent, had a right to take annual office, either legislative or executive. He was encouraged to do so, not by the pay, which was very small, but by the merit acquired for performing a public duty. His social position depended not on his wealth or business,

for there was no social severance between rich and poor. He depended on his personal quality and culture. As Thucydides makes Pericles say in the famous funeral oration, "According as each man has reputation for anything he is preferred for public honours, not so much from consideration of party as of merit, nor again on the ground of poverty, while he is able to do any good service, is he prevented by the obscurity of his position."[1]

There was, in short, provision for the selection of capacity, such as existed in ancient Egypt. He who was valuable for the whole state was selected.

These twenty-five thousand men were in fact citizen rulers of Attica and to a lesser extent of the Confederacy. They had to develop ruler qualities. It was the most important of the qualities which they had to develop. To be a citizen with a voice in the government brought with it the necessity of being fit to exercise that voice. So trained were these citizens, so exercised and practised in ruler qualities, that they possessed many of the qualities of a true aristocracy, that is to say, of a set of men relieved from the necessity of getting their living, so as to have plenty of time to devote to the study of ruling, to the acquirement of ruler characteristics and culture, and to the selection of those who display ruler qualities. Their education was devoted to giving them the qualities of citizenship, and not the qualities of making a living needed by the working democrat, who has scarcely time to think of anything else.

Yet by no means were all leisured, cultured, and supported by slaves. There were many poor Athenian citizens who worked at some trade. The divisions of Athenian society cannot be better understood than by reading T. G. Tucker's admirable book *Life in Ancient Athens* (1907).

Taking a period between the dates of 440 B.C. and 330

[1] Thucydides, Vol. II, p. 37.

B.C., the writer gives a graphic and lively picture. If as strangers we look down a street in ancient Athens, he says, of every eight or nine persons some two would be citizens, one an Outlander, the rest slaves. There would be nothing to distinguish the slaves from the poorer citizens, for they would mostly be like the citizens in face and wear the same style of dress. Yet if we watch carefully we shall soon distinguish the two. If one of them is greeted by some of the richer passers-by, or falls into conversation with them, or with them goes to the Pnyx and Parliamentary Assembly, or dons the soldier's outfit, then he is not a slave. He possesses the birthright of Athenian citizenship. In rare cases he might be either an Outlander or slave, who having rendered some signal service to the country, or in the case of a slave even to his master, had been with his descendants rewarded by the gift of franchise.

Citizenship in Athens was a very definite thing. Only peculiar merit entitled an Outlander or slave to rank with the free-born Athenian. For the latter was supposed to mould and devote himself peculiarly to the service of the state. He had to be educated as a boy, for education, though not legally compulsory, was enforced by public opinion. "Their scheme embraced reading and writing, literary appreciation, music both vocal and instrumental, physical training, and, somewhat later, towards the end of our period, arithmetic and drawing. Swimming was also regularly taught. They had no thought of education serving as a means to technical skill or a livelihood; they thought of it as a means to self-culture and worthy citizenship."[1]

It is noteworthy that this scheme of character moulding only included mathematics at the later and less glorious period of Athenian history. The proportions that distinguish the Parthenon sprang from men who were artistically, not mathematically trained. They were not evolved from

[1] Tucker, p. 121.

dead figures and calculations, for the Greek of the best time paid as little heed to mathematics as the early Egyptian. As opposed to mathematics, music was extolled in education for its power of cultivating the feelings. The mind, already provided with its racial artistic tendency, was shaped to feel the value of order and arrangement. Even as the modern Londoner would feel a strangeness in a city street if it did not blazon forth commercialism and if it were not full of shop signs and advertisements and rushing people and loaded traffic, so the Athenian from the very first was trained to expect a harmony in the world. He imbibed from his earliest years a familiarity with the principles of beauty. He expected dignity, proportion, and arrangement where the modern would expect busy hustling and screaming advertisement. Both would unconsciously accept these different settings to their life. Both would become conscious only when the familiar setting was absent.

The Athenian citizen was expected always to express grace and dignity, the outward evidence of that composure, control, and beauty which are the qualities of a nature well fitted to life. The skurry of modern city men would, as the skurry of frightened rabbits or disturbed ants, have been referred by them to a similar cause, to fear producing something of panic in people's lives. How a man went about his business was an important matter to the Athenians. In dress "the Athenians themselves saw real defects of character in either slovenliness or loudness."[1] A citizen must walk with ease and dignity. "The Athenians were very observant in such matters. They hated fuss and they hated arrogance. You must not 'stalk,' you must not hurry along you must not be so little-minded as to be rolling your eyes all about the street. On the other hand, you must not look glum with your eyes bent upon the ground."[2] The last injunction seems unnecessary, for, again like the early

[1] Tucker, p. 73. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 78, 79.

Egyptians, the Athenians were a witty, joyous people with a positive attitude to life. There is abundant evidence of their wit, their love of laughter, of games, of sport, of social qualities, of their love of brilliant comedy. Their religion was a joyous one, delighting in festivals, holidays, processions, carnivals. Even Mahaffy, with what he calls "the just prepossessions of a Christian," and by which he means a Protestant prepossession, is compelled to admire the joyousness of their religion. "We admit and even extol the joys of religion, though we rarely feel them. In the infancy of European civilization it was far different; the joys of Greek religion were many and intense, its sadness and solemnity were long kept in the background."[1] Mahaffy's just prepossessions in favour of himself enables him in the next paragraph to push the responsibility of this upon his Jewish teachers. Yet why does he go to Jewish teachers, with their "Semitic seriousness," if he admires the joyous Greeks? Why not divorce the Jews and adopt the joyous?

As a fact, although the Athenians are claimed as being very modern, the likeness between them and the modern is comparable to the likeness between the Egyptian and Aryan patriarchal family. Externally there may be resemblance, but the spirit is totally different. The Athenians were people who answered life with a decided Yea. They were in this and in their lack of shame or sense of sin far more allied to the early Egyptians than they are to any modern European people. They were in no way convinced of sin. It did not respond to their nature humbly to acknowledge to coming into this vale of tears with a large stock of original sin. "There never were minds more free from the anguish of moral yearnings or ideals of self-glorification than those of classical Athens."[2] "The systematic repression of a natural appetite was totally foreign to Greek modes of thought."[3]

[1] Mahaffy, p. 105.
[2] Tucker, p. 139.
[3] W. E. H. Lecky, *History of Morals*, Vol. II, p. 129.

Too little is really known of the Chinese, but their offspring, the Japanese, a very positive, patriarchal people (indeed Lafcadio Hearn's book, *Japan, an Interpretation*, is an admirable account of positive patriarchalism from the subjects' point of view as existing in a land as isolated as ancient Egypt), seem to be the only modern independent people akin to the Athenians in the excellence of their public spirit, the simplicity of their private life, the beauty of their temples, the perfection of their auxiliary art, their mastery of art forms, the conservatism that wisdom gave to this perfection, the simple charm of their homes, the geniality of their social qualities, the graceful neatness of their dress, and in their love of gaiety and festivals. The joyous response and happy positiveness of the Japanese and Athenian exists in Europe in one class only to-day, in the children whose natures have not yet been blighted. In consequence of this one hears the Japanese spoken of as a childlike people. This is inaccurate. They have doubtless childlike qualities, and are the more fortunate therefore. But they have, as they have shown, the stern qualities of determined men. The modern Europeans, with a just prepossession for sadness and solemnity, call joyousness, that has neither shame nor self-consciousness, childlike, because in Europe the only people who display it are the children. Before long, if modern education progresses, it will no longer be safe to call it childlike, it will be called infantile. But the joyousness of Athenian art and life was not childlike or infantile. It was the expression of an adult people. It was the expression of a people positive towards life, glad to live because they shaped life to an art expressed by beauty and by a national beauty of men living together in a social community. Were all history lacking and only the buildings of Athens of that time left, one could be sure this was so. For the architecture and art of a country are the most certain voice of her spirit to the seeing eye, far more certain than histories of the

past written by democratic pens guided by protestant prepossessions.

Tucker sums up such a reading of the buildings on the Acropolis and the town surrounding the great rock: "If we now conceive of all this bathed in the brilliance of the Attic atmosphere, whether morning glow or midday splendour or mild evening tints; if we imagine the shine of white marble, painted sculptures and gold; if we realize that all the lines and colours and proportions have been conceived and executed with an eye to this effect; if we remember that on the Acropolis alone was expended, besides the utmost genius of man, the equivalent of perhaps six or seven million pounds of our money; and if we then bethink ourselves that the men who called for it, wrought it, and paid for it, were content themselves to live in houses which we should despise, we may deduce some conception of their public spirit, their religious spirit, their artistic spirit." [1]

This spirit was in no way childish, merely because it was joyous. It was an adult joyous spirit, and it was more. It had ruler qualities. It selected the essential, the typical quality, the quality that unites and represents the many commonplace, the quality the ruler must know. "Allgemeinheit—breadth, generality, universality—is the word chosen by Winckelmann, and after him by Goethe and many German critics, to express the law of the most excellent Greek sculptors, of Pheidias and his pupils, which prompted them constantly to seek the type in the individual, to abstract and express only what is structural and permanent, to purge from the individual all that belongs only to him." [2] It was the ruler's reality, not attaining certainly to the sovereign calmness and majesty of Egyptian sculpture, but nevertheless, at the Parthenon period, ruler's reality. At this period especially there was the nearest approach to the

[1] Tucker, p. 23.
[2] Pater's *Renaissance*, p. 66.

sovereign calmness of the great Egyptian sculptors. The statues of Zeus and Athene, sculptured by Pheidias, impressed all Greeks with their divine serenity.

A further ruler quality of this art is that so pre-eminently displayed by the pyramid.

Art is a spontaneous expression of life. As a boy whistles on a bright morning, so the artist absorbs, mainly unconsciously, the influences about him. When those influences are of social spirit and harmony, of the ruler qualities in the right place, of men valued and placed according to their values, of the life of the people proportioned, balanced, ordered in a manner acceptable because in accord with their natures and values, then the national artist can create a temple of beauty such as the Parthenon. For beauty is a human expression. The Parthenon is an expression in stone. As the boy on the gate whistles his melody with unconsidered spontaneity, so these artists of the Acropolis, Iktinus, Kallikrates, Mnesikles, and Pheidias, had proportion and beauty and joyousness and dignity about them, and carved them into white marble that all who came after might feel their witness. It was the spontaneous cry of joy and beauty amidst a beautiful and joyous community. It is the most eloquent expression, the art expression, and in architecture it is also the greatest because of its power and permanence. It is the most valuable and lovely expression because it is spontaneous, as the happy laughter of a child. Words and analysis, written consciously as I write now, belong to a lesser period, the period of analysis, of explanation, of dissection, of the prose writer and not the poet of song.

But at this period in Athens her exultation was so genuine, her trust so unalloyed, her joyousness so full, her reverence so pure, that only the beauty of the Parthenon could give voice to her love of life. As a brave lover would have the whole world see his joy, so Pericles determined

that all the world should see the splendour and beauty of the Athenian spirit. And as a lover would embrace the world about him with the love he feels, so Pericles sought to unite Greece in the union of trust he saw and felt in his native city. This unity and proportion, this Athenian spirit, the Athenian artists imbibed unconsciously and expressed spontaneously in the only expression they could give, one linked to the social happiness, valuation, trust, and joy about them. So the boy in his whistling reproduces unconsciously the sunlight, the warm air, and the gay response of youth to life and light. Both have their charm, but one is the permanent utterance of a people, the other the momentary expression of a single child. This same joyousness, brightness, decisiveness, and positiveness the Athenians interpreted in their art in a forcible manner, which astounds the modern critics. They built their temples and carved their statues from the most wonderful white marble in the world. I picked up many pieces on the Acropolis gleaming with the whiteness of snow. Yet the Athenians painted this marble, and the Parthenon was adorned, in addition to the lustre of white marble, with brilliant blue, red, and gold. Triglyphs, pillar rings, mutuli, regulæ, geison, typanon with its figures, cornice, cima, dentil band, and moulding, as well as every detail of the interior, were distinguished and enhanced by bright colouring. Only those external parts which were peculiarly exposed to the weather were left uncoloured. Otherwise each detail was exaggerated and individualized by its colour. In this way each several part, although united to the whole by form and proportion, is a distinct member of the body politic. It is united and not blended. The interpretation of this is important, because it antagonizes a modern idea of harmony, that of blending, of compromising, of blurring, of getting rid of outline and sharpness and distinctions, and welding all into a harmonious likeness. The modern harmony is a harmony

by likeness and levelling. It is not an unity of different things, each definite in itself, but all arranged according to values, which latter was the method of the artists of the Parthenon, and the Parthenon was the expression of the Athenian system and character.

Finally, the Athenians were masters of art-forms and able to throw things into the formula of beauty, namely repetition with slight variation. They carried this principle into the minor arts, as did their Egyptian predecessors. Every household object, however trifling, both in design and decoration was stamped with this formula of beauty. The same power over the art-form was similarly used in the larger art in the Parthenon. There is in the building itself the same repetition with slight variation which distinguished its pictoral decoration. For instance, Mr. Lloyd[1] showed that, describing by measurement, the scale by which the Parthenon is regulated has a common difference of 5. As examples, the height of the front of the temple to the breadth of the top step is as 9 : 14, and the breadth of the front to the length of the temple is as 4:9. But Mr. Penrose[2] has pointed out that the Parthenon was not built exactly to measurement. Thus, whereas the distance separating two adjacent columns at the east end is 14,098 feet, it is 14,083 feet on the north side. The columns themselves are slightly varied in their circumference by the bulging or entasis. They are not exactly upright, but lean slightly towards the building. The corner columns are slightly closer together than the central ones. The eastern door is narrower above than below. The line of the steps is not straight, but slightly curved. There is a slight curve to all the straight lines and so on, this slight variation being carried out most delicately in all the art-forms and lines of the Parthenon, and undoubtedly affording that ultimate refinement of ex-

[1] Royal Institute of Architects, June 13, 1859.
[2] F. C. Penrose, *Principles of Athenian Architecture*, 1888.

pression which makes the Greek work so incomparably superior to the most studious and devoted attempts at copying it.

For the Athenians had a passionate love and reverence for perfection. To perfect oneself physically by athletics and in character and taste by music and art, this was the aim of the Athenian. The stout gentleman of our islands who hits a gutti ball for pleasure, and the flannelled youth who hits a leather one, have very little in common with the Athenian athlete. Their aim is the pleasure of exercise, of a game, or of getting rid of the fumes of the city. The Athenian's aim and joy in athletics was to cultivate and preserve a physical beauty. It was part of their duty to the state to keep the body preserved in beauty and to cultivate it to grace. It was part of their worship of the beautiful body, of their belief that the noble body is an expression of a noble character, of their rightful worship of the body. So the youths and men who pass in the great Panathenæic procession sculptured in the Elgin marbles, harboured within their beautiful bodies that noble and joyful character which found expression in stone in the Parthenon, and in flesh and blood in their own bodily beauty.

As the Athenian cultivated a beautiful physique that could impress by its own character, and did not have to join itself with a mob of others before it became impressive, and then only by mere mass, so also in necessary conjunction he cultivated a beauty and independence of character. He was a man and stood on his own feet. He did not consider it an honour to his neighbour to dower him with sympathy. To put it vulgarly, there was nothing snivelling about the Athenian's moral attitude. He did not consider it his duty to humiliate himself and thwart his natural talents by abnegation, nor in his conduct did he have to be supported on all sides by the mob and public opinion lest he fall down. He could stand by himself as an unit, independent from his

neighbour. He loved himself more than his neighbour, and expected his neighbour to do likewise, so that both might by self-love and self-culture have something to give and be strong and cultured members of the state. He took pleasure in being a "fine, upstanding, well-bred man of the world, a quick thinker, with a fair mind, a dislike of excess, and an excellent taste in art and literature—that is, a clubbable person whom we are always glad to meet."[1] He enjoyed life himself, enjoyed his healthy body and mind, and he expected his neighbour to do the same. Illness and sickness and misery were things he despised, and if they visited him, they were enemies to be fought quietly with the help of his family and the doctor, and not defects to be advertised with a whine for pity. Pity to him was an offence, as it is to all strong and positive natures. Pity is a sign that one is detected in not putting a brave face to the world. He had no altruism, says Tucker, and finds here a modern superiority, and "something lacking" in the man "we are always glad to meet." But the altruism of the Athenian was of a higher order than that of slavering sympathy over what cannot be helped. His altruism taught him to make himself a strong, healthy, and cultured member of the state, so that the state should be the healthier for his presence. If he got sick, or maimed, or miserable, that was his affair, something to be kept from the common eye, until he could appear a positive affirmation to life again. He had physicians and his family, both of whom would help to set him up again, as one sets up a fallen man on his feet. His misfortune was always a family affair, for them to set right or alleviate, without intrusion from those not of their blood. The Athenian neither desired nor expected pity or help from any except his clan, and from them he accepted it naturally.

Such was the quality of the Athenians which found its chief expression in the Parthenon, in which each detail that

[1] Tucker, p. 207.

could have its character made positive by colour was painted. Each detail, though bound to the unity of the whole, was secure in its self-dependence.

From the Acropolis itself looking northwards one can see over the arid plains of Attica to the mountain of Pentelicon. It is purple and mauve in the wonderful Grecian atmosphere, but upon its southern face there gleams a space with a whiteness like that of snow. These are the famous marble quarries of Pentelicon, from which the drums and slabs of marble, which form the substance of the temples, were hewn and transported by slaves. Looking south-east from the Acropolis, one sees the promontory of Sunium set in the silver gleam of the sea. There were the silver mines of Laurion, from which the slaves drew forth the wealth that enabled the magnificence of the Parthenon to declare the nature of the Athenian character.

Both in regard to slaves and women the later Greek attitude was greatly different to that of the Homeric or more Pelasgian period. Athens shared in this later attitude. Not only did she own some 300,000 slaves, but she was also one of the centres of the slave trade that had grown up since the time of Homer. Athens did not, as did Japan and ancient Egypt, build her art without the support of slaves. Modern writers naturally shudder over this slavery and deduce from it all kinds of horrors and abominations. Thus Mahaffy says: "The urgent speed at which the Parthenon and the Propylæa were built probably entailed horrible suffering on countless slaves and countless beasts of burden. We wonder at the purity and perfection of the design; we forget the tears and the blood shed in the labour of building."[1] The "tears and groans" theory of the pyramid is repeated in the "tears and blood" theory of the Parthenon. There are many "tears and blood" theorists, and they are as mixed as are the democratic writers on ancient Egypt.

[1] Mahaffy, p. 219.

Thus Paterson discovers, "behind all the glitter of Greece, a dark background of hate and suffering";[1] then, that it is "not necessary to deny that many Greeks treated their slaves humanely," and other similar facts, such as the affectionate epigraphs written over their graves or the memorial to the slaves who fell at Marathon. Finally, he despairs at the confusion into which his democratic measure and the facts he has to measure plunge him, and declares: "Facts like these only intensify the enigma of a society which, although it had discovered high qualities in its slaves, was yet founded on a negation of their rights."

As a fact, slavery is in no way bad in itself. It all depends on the spirit in which it is carried out. It is true that Athens shared with other peoples of that time the custom by which slaves when witnesses were tortured, yet I sometimes think this torturing may have existed to justify a slave breaking his loyalty to his master in giving evidence against him, as one would feel only torture justified one in giving evidence against a friend, and may have been more a form than a fact, like the Egyptian bastinado. It is true that there is evidence of occasional cruelty, such as is abundant enough in our commercial and "sweating" times, yet having cleared "our minds of certain inevitable false associations"[2] conjured up by visions of 'Uncle Tom or Sambo,' "it is beyond dispute that the Athenian treatment of slaves compares most favourably with their treatment in any part of the ancient world." The Athenian attitude to the slave was in fact not unlike our attitude to those immediately dependent on us, a provision of safety and an expectation of affectionate obedience in return. The force and fear principle by which the Spartans domineered over their slaves, and the Romans over theirs, was foreign to the spirit of Athens in the question of slavery as in all else. In

[1] W. R. Paterson, *The Nemesis of Nations*, pp. 203-6.
[2] Tucker, pp. 42, 43.

Rome and Sparta slave outbreaks and rebellions were common, and caused constant dread. No such dread can be found in the Periclean Athens, for the Athenians treated the slaves with trust, and "mutual confidences and even affection"[1] were wont to grow with time.

I am not concerned with the question as to whether slavery is justified as a principle. I do not believe in such principles. The fact is that all societies are founded on a difference of value in mankind, and in masterful ones there is arrangement in gradations of those values, all being bound with a positive and not fearful spirit. Whether the inferior are slaves, serfs, or modern workers is immaterial. Being inferior they need the superior to organize and command them and to give them safety and to win their loyal affection. Freedom to them may be a barbarous and cruel gift, as cruel even as would be turning all the children loose in the world in the name of freedom and driving them away when they sought the safety and affection their parents could give them.

It is true that in Japan and ancient Egypt slavery either did not at all exist or was only occasional, and both peoples expressed themselves in a beautiful art.

But in Japan and in Egypt there were subordinate people, people in grades, who obeyed the few superiors. The difference between the workers who are bound to one master and those who are free to change masters is not very great, and, as a fact, if cruelly treated an Athenian slave could demand and obtain a change of masters. Yet more, the difference is unimportant compared to the spirit with which the subject people of the world are treated by the rulers. Only a people who are too stupid to distinguish between names and facts, between principles and spirit, could acquire such absurd prejudices about slavery. It is a relief to turn to Aristotle's admirable discussion of slavery in the Politics

[1] Tucker, p. 43.

(I, v and vi). Aristotle declares that it is natural that some should rule and some obey; that this division of man is seen in the universe in things that have no life, as in musical harmony, and that this relation between them is of advantage to both when friendly, but where it rests merely on law and force, it is the reverse.

Finally, whatsoever share the slaves took in the erection of the Parthenon, there is no evidence of sullen and unwilling work, nor any evidence that the slave workers did not have their pride and love in the beautifying of Athens.

A greater danger than slavery lay latent in Athens at the time of Pericles, namely, mob rule. Pericles, the aristocrat, mastered it. He prevented the citizen freedom from degenerating to a majority or mob rule, even though the mob were as cultured as that of Athens. In his time "it was a government administered by the first man, whereas those who came after, being more on a level with each other, and each grasping to become first, had recourse to devoting not only their speeches, but even their measures, to the humours of the people. In consequence of this many blunders were committed."[1]

Into these blunders and the final fall of Athens it is not necessary to enter. It is sufficient to note briefly the change of the method of expression from that of the age of Pericles to that which followed his death and preceded the dominance of Macedonia.

The expression changed largely from the spontaneous outburst of art to the conscious speech of philosophy. It was not, of course, wholly so, yet it is significant that the great poets Æschylus and Sophocles were succeeded in period of time by Euripides, poet and thinker, and he by the great thinkers, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. It is significant that the greatest expressers in architecture, Iktinus, Kallikrates, Mnesikles, belonged to the earlier period. What

[1] Thucydides, II, p. 65.

was previously unconscious and led to the utterance of song became the subject of searching criticism and analysis. Prose succeeded poetry, the brilliant comedies of Aristophanes pleased more than the diviner tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles.

In religion it was the same. There was no fixed theology in the Greek religion, nor had religion anything to do with morality. But in these later times Socrates began to separate morality from feeling and the intuitive sense, and thought he was benefiting mankind by showing men their inability to speak of their intuitions and passionate feeling as they speak of commonplace things. Spontaneity of feeling was no longer unconscious; it was questioned, it was rationalized, and religion was taunted because it had not degenerated to exact description and verbal comprehension. Moreover, cultured and aristocratic society, such as that in which Plato moved, separated itself from government, and government degenerated to politics. The aristocratic eloquence of the statesman Pericles was followed by the persuasive pleading and emotional diatribes of the orator and plebeian Demosthenes.

Similarly, the danger of the athletic ideal, its worship of the noble body as the essential vehicle of the noble character, degenerated into the predominance of effeminate graces. The works of Praxiteles depended for their charm more largely on effeminate corporeal grace and softness than on the diviner dignity which marked the creations of Pheidias. The mob notions of art which distinguish the later Hellenistic art, an art of separate subjects, of imitation, of beautiful naked women and effeminate men, began to overshadow the aristocrat art of the Periclean period. The sovereign majesty of its great parent art, that of Egypt, dwindled down to the female charms and unreserved display of the Venus of Milo. The physical portrait-details and the detailed incidents which the mob

appreciate and understand, replaced the selecting of the essential, the divine serenity and architectural predominance of the true aristocrat and ruler.

Society had changed, true democracy with its vulgar ideals was becoming established. Government was no longer in name a democracy, in actuality administered by the first man. Ruler qualities were dying rapidly. Aristotle had to declare that "a political society exists for the sake of noble actions, and not of mere companionship."[1] There was no need for such a declaration in the days of Pericles and the striving for the positive union of all Greeks, for it was a fact and its declaration was the spontaneous utterance of the art upon the Acropolis.

[1] Jowett's *Aristotle Politics*, III, 9.

CHAPTER III

ROME

ANYONE looking at a map of the Mediterranean region must be struck by the general resemblance of Greece and Italy. Both project like long feelers from the extensive lands of the Continent into the blue medium which formed both a defence and a means of transit and trade to the peoples that lived upon its shores. The civilizations of Egypt and Babylon rose from the summer beds of great rivers. In both winter and summer these rivers were used for transit. The Nile and Euphrates formed the highways of these ancient peoples. The enclosed Mediterranean formed a greater highway. Phœnician sailors, so bold that even in these early days they circumnavigated Africa, were familiar with its waters, its islands, and its shores.

It was by this medium that the early inhabitants of Italy entered the peninsula. Ligurians passed across the narrow neck that separates Sicily from the coast of Africa and from Sicily entered Italy, Pelasgians sailed from Asia Minor to found new settlements in Etruria, and Greeks planted their colonies in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Naples and along the shores of the gulf of Tarentum. Such were the pre-Aryan inhabitants of Italy.

About the eighth century B.C. occurred the Aryan invasions. "Finally there was a large invasion from the north, leading to the occupation of a considerable part of the Po valley, and constituting a vast Umbrian domain, after passing the Apennines from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhine Sea, as far as Latium, and from the Tiber towards its mouth

and lower part."[1] Thus at the dawn of Rome's history, Latium formed, as it were, an Aryan wedge between the southern Ligurians and Greeks and the northern Etruscans or Pelasgians.

Both southern Greeks and northern Etruscans are prominent factors in the character of the Roman power. The Etruscans were the more important. Before the rise of Rome, they were the principal power of the western Mediterranean. The earliest Roman history is largely that of her relations to the Etruscans. In 507 B.C. Latium yielded to the Etruscans and Rome ceded to them all her possessions on the right bank of the Tiber. It was not until the famous siege and conquest of Veii by the Romans in 396 B.C., and the Celtic inroads into northern Etruria that the Etruscan power was broken.

Herodotus says that these Etruscans came from Lydia in Asia Minor, and Sergi, on anthropological grounds, agrees to this and finds them to be Pelasgians. This theory of their origin, though a bone of contention and sharpener of scholarly conflict, is very interesting. It was the Etruscan culture which was the adopted culture of early Rome. The Etruscans were, in the words of Sergi, "the point of departure for the future Latin civilization." They formed the stepping-stone of the Egyptian spirit from Egypt to Asia Minor and from Asia Minor to Italy. Their culture in Italy was followed and augmented by the more perfect culture of their brethren, the Athenians. It was the culture of these two Pelasgian peoples, the Etruscans and Athenians much Aryanised, which Rome bore with her weapons of power throughout Europe.

The Romans based their constitution, as did all Aryans, upon the patriarchal family.

Joachim Marquardt begins his well-known book on the private life of the Romans in the following way: "The

[1] Sergi, p. 176.

picture, which we are going to attempt to sketch from the private life of the Romans, has its central point in the nature of the family, which we will have to observe both in its inner organization and in its outer relations, that is to say in relation to business and society. As regards the internal relations of the family, there was no people of ancient time amongst whom they were more strictly traditional or more judicially and firmly ordered; this shows clearly how conscious they were that not only is the family the conditioning element (*Bedingung*) of the state, but the constitution of the family is the basis and pattern of the constitution of the state."[1]

The family was similar to that previously described as the Aryan family. It consisted of the head or paterfamilias, the sons in order of priority, their children, the unmarried daughters, the slaves, and the clients. The clients were not citizens, but were refugees or freed slaves, or prisoners of war who had not been enslaved, and who lived in a state of protected freedom, dependent on the lord of the house. Lastly there were the guests, who were free members of some other town or community, but who were living in Rome and during their sojourn sought the protection of a Roman citizen. Such was the Roman patriarchal family. Groups of families formed clans, and clans together formed the tribe.

The constitution of early Rome was based directly on this patriarchal family. Later Rome had the same fundamental patriarchal character, though complicated by the vast Empire and conglomeration of nationalities that owned her rule. In early Rome the constitution consisted of the king, the senate or council of elders, and the assembly of the free citizens. The king was chosen from one of the most ancient families by the council of elders and his election was ratified by the convoked assembly of citizens. He was

[1] J. Marquardt, *Das Privatleben der Romer*, 1886, p. 1.

the chief priest, the chief judge, the leader in war, the controller of the treasury, the executor of the law. He was not entitled to alter the law. That was only possible with the consent of the senate and the general assembly of the citizens. The constitution was, in short, like to that of Sparta, with the difference that there were no ephors.

The Romans were as yet without foreign possessions. They tilled the soil and cared for their herds themselves, and directly superintended the work of their slaves and clients. Nevertheless, they were otherwise little removed in nature from the Spartans. Each citizen had, for his active life, to be a soldier. To keep himself exercised and efficient for war was his chief duty. It was his privilege as well as his duty to fight for the state, and in return he possessed the freedom of citizenship, which gave him rights sharply defining him from slaves and dependents. The Romans, in fact, like to the Spartans, formed a military community. At first they were themselves agriculturists. Later, when they had won power over the neighbouring peoples, their duties more and more resembled those of the Spartans. The so-called Servian reorganization was the change from a largely agricultural to an almost wholly military constitution, and from that time the Romans became a military community ruling over subject and dependent people. Not only did the original citizen and the patrician devote themselves more to military duties, but their dependents or clients, forming the plebeians, also had military duties imposed upon them. Hardness, the hardness of the Spartan, was their quality rather than the culture and larger humanity of the Athenians.

The Roman constitution went through changes. The two consuls replaced the king and paralleled the two kings of Sparta, and the creation of the tribunes in the interests of the people filled the gap which in Sparta was filled by the ephors. Throughout the changes, however, the rigidity and power of the law was the characteristic of this people.

They were great law-makers. Their quality was shown in the emphasis of their declaration, "Thou shalt not," and the swift and inevitable punishment of any dereliction or infringement of the written command. It is significant, this insistence on law, for law is the voice of force, whereas custom is imbibed unconsciously. One betrays the ruler who trusts to the strength of arms and punishment, the force and fear ruler, the other the rule of him who has knowledge of men and who moulds them without their consciousness, the rule allied to art. The law of the Romans imposed upon themselves and their allies a system stern in its restrictions, yet generous and capable in its treatment and regulation of agriculture and commerce, in its rational balance of interests, in its so-called practical value. It encouraged and aided good merchants and farmers and it supported them by force. In providing food, drink, clothes, shelter, and protection from the enemy, it displayed a genius greater even than the genius which preserved so strictly the awe-inspiring conservatism of Sparta. Beyond that it did not go. Beyond that law cannot go. It was the law that expressed the people, its ultimate foundation was in all cases the general assembly of the people, it depended on and won their consent. It was the expression of their spirit, and, as Mommsen says, this very fact prevented a gentler spirit. "This law was frightful in its inexorable severity, which we cannot suppose to have been very greatly mitigated by humanity in practice, for it was really the law of the people."[1] It was the expression of the Aryan hardness, the Spartan hardness, the Roman hardness, the inexorable severity by which man is frightened into obedience, as if he were unwilling to obey. Nothing breeds like suspicion. The Aryan makes a suspect of man. He must be forced to obey. He must be made to fear inexorable severity if he does not obey. Such was the system, and its very suspicion

[1] T. Mommsen, *History of Rome*, Vol. I, p. 205.

bred the quality it suspected, a tendency not to obey, a tendency to hatred of authority, a tendency to rebellion, a negative spirit. In opposition to this is filial piety, founded on the theory not that man is naturally bad, but that he is by nature good, as every Chinese child has to learn as a first precept, not that he is suspect, but that he is trustworthy, not that he should fear and respect his rulers, but that he should love and respect his rulers.

The Aryan severity is easier to trace in Sparta than in Rome. It is possible that the Spartans entered Greece while they were still a pastoral people. The Latin Aryans were, however, already agricultural when they settled in Latium. Agriculture was their chief subsistence, and their towns themselves were marked out before they were built by the demarcation of furrows made by the plough. The Romans, therefore, differed from the Spartans in this, that they were themselves agricultural as well as military. The land of the Spartans was worked for them by their subjects and part of the produce was paid to them. The Romans, on the other hand, ploughed the land themselves and personally supervised the work of their labourers.

This devotion to agriculture formed the basis of the Roman conquests. Each Roman citizen originally possessed some freehold land. He was a farmer and he was a soldier, eager to protect and preserve his farm. With Roman conquest, which began its marvellous course with the fall of Veii in 396 B.C., this strong agricultural character of the Romans went hand-in-hand. As the Romans conquered, so they settled their farmers on the conquered lands. The conquered people had to yield a portion of their territory to provide settlements for the Roman or Latin farmer-citizens or to enable them to increase the size of their estates. The significance of this agricultural and settlement character of the Romans is very notable, not only in the powerful and permanent hold it gave to the Romans over their dominions,

but also in later European history, when the patriarchal Roman system had to contest with a younger rival, the particularist system of land culture.

The land parcelled out to the Roman citizens in this way, in theory belonged to the whole state, in practice came to be regarded more and more as private property. The Romans constituted a compact body of soldier-farmers and landowners. These landowners formed the patricians, and, with regard to them, it is curious to notice the tendency there is to form not classes, but castes in the exclusive and suspicious Aryans. In the early days of the republic the patricians not only held all the power and all the offices, but they formed a separate caste with separate religious rites and were unable to enter into a legal marriage with the lower but free class of plebeians. They separated themselves entirely from the plebeian class, treated them as subject people, enslaved them for debt, allowed them no land, opposed their attempts to get some representation and share in government, and were only forced to terms by the secession of the plebeians in a body, with the intention of leaving Rome to their oppressors and building for themselves a new city. This the plebeians did on three different occasions. By these means and by long agitation it came about that, when the great duel between Carthage and Rome began, the political duel between plebeians and patricians was at an end. The plebeians had gained political rights which placed them on a political equality with the patricians. They and the patricians were now the united Roman citizens, and the patricians had no need to regret the change. A greater power had come to them than that of lords over plebeians and slaves. The Roman citizens were now masters of all Italy, and the three hundred members of the senate, nearly all of whom were still patricians, were masters of the Roman citizens.

Up to the time of the Punic Wars the Romans may

be considered as strictly Roman. They had not yet come into close contact with Athens and the East. The Etruscan and early Greek culture, which the Romans had adopted, did not expand and flower in the negative Aryan atmosphere, but withered and shrivelled until Rome became as little distinguished for its art and grace as was Sparta. The reason was the same. Sparta ruled by force and fear, and was exclusive and suspicious, as opposed to hospitable and trusting. Her attitude to the world was that of the unintellectual, who trusts only to animal strength. The attitude of Rome was the same. To both was wanting the trusting spirit which promotes arrangement and harmony, and which finds its expression in the beauty and mastery of art. The Spartans despised personal culture. The Romans by law restricted, and by the anathema of public opinion condemned the graces of life, and again showed their resemblance to the puritanical Lacedæmonian aristocrats. The only way in which the Romans regarded anything was in relation to its immediate and direct use. The value of effects that work unconsciously upon people stood above their intellects and only earned what such always earn from the unintellectual, namely contempt, ignoring, persecution, and occasionally awe. "With the Greeks every handicraft was an art, with the Romans every art was a handicraft; thus Seneca declares the profession of painting and sculpture to be as narrow a trade as the handwork of the stone-mason; in the Theodosian code the makers of statues (*statuarii*) were classified with the common builders, and Vitruvius, himself an artist, finds no difference, except that of greater or less difficulty, between the cobbler's, the fuller's, and the architect's art."[1]

So, too, the Greek games, which the Romans adopted, quickly lost their religious and national significance and degenerated into shows in which the performers were no

[1] Marquardt, pp. 607, 608.

longer the Roman youth, but were paid professionals, plebeians, foreigners, and even slaves.

Similarly, although each Roman youth had to learn the elements of gymnastics and to practise exercises to increase both his muscular power and his endurance, yet the Greek idea of beautifying the body and adding grace of carriage and charm of bearing was totally incomprehensible to the Roman mind. Youth was not something to be admired, cultivated, loved, and envied, but something to be restricted and tamed. The father possessed complete rights over the sons. Banishment or death could both be imposed upon a son who failed in strict obedience to his parent. Abandonment and sale of the sons or daughters were also in the father's power, and not only the lives and bodies of his children were his to dispose of as he wished, but so also were any belongings which his sons might have acquired or inherited. Such rights could scarcely be interpreted in a beneficent spirit. There is, as a fact, evidence that they were interpreted in the harsh spirit of the Aryan. There is evidence that Roman fathers sometimes abandoned their children, or sold, or surrendered them to slavery or prostitution, or even to be maimed that they might earn more in beggary by a display of distorted or mangled limbs.

Such education as existed was also in parental hands and reserved to the home. The child was thus preserved from all foreign and external influences. The exclusiveness of the Aryan expressed itself in this education, and the pupil of it grew up to the same narrow austerity as his teacher. "The ideal trend to a harmonious schooling of men, which made the Greeks so great, remained foreign to the Romans."[1] Bodily health and strength, respect and fear for parents and for the laws, strict obedience, modesty in speech and behaviour, simple habits and desires, and complete subjection to the duties of citizenship, these were the aims of Roman

[1] Marquardt, p. 82.

education. To these they attained as successfully as the Spartans, but the harmonious ordering of mankind in grades of values was far beyond the heavy understanding of the Roman. He never rose above the rank of practical man, and consequently "he fell into a materialism, in which religion and morality, state and family went to pieces." [1]

So too, though the Romans had their feasts and holidays scattered throughout the year, and although there is a general and certain tradition of dance, song, and play at these festivals, yet the accounts of the Roman and Greek writers of their staid ways—Cicero said he could imagine no proper man dancing unless he were drunk—show that the Romans had little spontaneous happiness and natural gaiety, and were only capable of forming spectators to the foreigners who had, or paid professionals who aped this natural gaiety, and who performed before them at games, pantomimes, plays, and theatres.

In the times following the Punic wars, when the Greek and Eastern influence was beginning to change the pristine Roman character, the type of the old Roman landowner as recognized by his contemporaries, and to an extent the type for all times, was Marcus Porcius Cato. Much is known of Cato. He made a deep impression on his time, and the outline of his character is the sharper and more defined owing to the change which had taken, and was taking place in the Roman character at his time, as the effect of the new influences. Previously his type had been the rule, now it had become the exception. Indeed, he seems to have exaggerated a certain sternness and pitilessness in order to enforce the memory of the rigorous past upon his fellow citizens. Cato attained his manhood at the time when the triumph of Hannibal over Rome seemed inevitable. He lived to see Carthage conquered, and the Roman power, already dominant in the West, rapidly extending itself over

[1] Marquardt, p. 82.

Greece, Asia Minor, and the Eastern Mediterranean lands. He belonged to an old family, and at an early age inherited and had to rule a large estate, a rule which qualified him, as it qualified other important Romans, for the higher rule of state offices. The picture Plutarch gives shows Cato as impressed by the example of ancient Roman heroes, who returned quietly to their farms after they had won a needed victory or performed a necessary office for the state. Cato based his life firmly on the patriarchal family. He was no absentee landlord, but worked on the farm with his dependents and slaves. Every morning, according to the Roman custom, the children and slaves greeted their master, and after he had conducted the family sacrifice and prayer he arranged the day's work. At meal times he sat with his servants and ate the same food and drank the same wine. At evening the whole "family" once more assembled to bid each other and their master good-night. So day by day passed in close intimacy between the master and his dependents and slaves. On these country estates most of the slaves had been born in the family and brought up with the children of the house, and a bond of familiarity and friendship often united them. Cato showed this familiarity with his slaves, eating, drinking, and working with them, while his wife at times suckled slave children in order to implant in them a love and devotion to her own son, their future master. The relation, in fact, was a far more human one than that of the capitalist, who has no interest in the health, affection, or individualities of the workers. Moreover, it implants in the head of the family, almost unconsciously, the qualities and appurtenances of rulership. The feeding, clothing, housing, financing, the business of the clients, their sons, the marriages of their daughters, etc., were all in the master's hands.

At Cato's time a large slave trade had grown up. Mysians, Phrygians, Lydians, Carians, Syrians, Sardinians,

and other peoples were bought and sold freely. The old and simpler family relation of the slaves was disturbed by this trading element, the money value of a slave. Slaves became not only servants, but articles of merchandise. Cato availed himself of this. Though on public campaigns and as general he did not use his opportunities to enrich himself, he was a careful and stringent economist in his own home. Though familiar with his slaves he was a hard master. He scourged disobedient or careless slaves, and those detected of crime he put to death before the eyes of their fellows. To save himself expense he, priding himself on his lack of pity, sold his slaves when they were too old for the work he required of them, a harshness of which, Plutarch says, the Athenians were incapable even in their treatment of animals, for they rewarded the mules which had done the hardest work in transporting the marble for the Acropolis by letting them graze where they wished and not allowing them to be driven away. I would not myself, says Plutarch, sell an ox that had served me well, much less turn out an old man from his familiar haunts for the sake of a few small coins.

In later life Cato's hardness and avariciousness increased. He indulged himself freely in the slave trade, buying captives young, training them on his estate or getting other slaves of his to teach them a trade at his expense, and then selling them to advantage. In short, Cato showed the hardness of the Aryans, which made them ignore the human relations which the Athenians bore to their slaves. A trifling incident shows this difference. When translated Greek comedies were acted before the Romans and the slaves were seen to be on affectionate terms with their masters, "the Roman translators ask their audience not to take offence at such things which are usual in Athens."[1]

There is a brutality in the Roman and Spartan which

[1] Mommsen, Vol. III, p. 152.

made them feared rulers. Cato himself ruled Sardinia with a simplicity and severity truly characteristic. He refused carriages or escort, and walked on foot accompanied by one servant, who carried his robes of state. Yet he was inexorable in his administration of justice. At no time, says Plutarch, was the government of Rome more feared and loved in Sardinia than when Cato was ruler. As censor, the highest office of the state, he sternly set himself against luxury, display, and the loosening of the old Roman virtues, and in a refinement of prudery, worthy of a Scotchman, dismissed Marilius from the Senate because the latter had kissed his own wife by daylight in the presence of their own daughter. He acted also in the old Roman fashion in the education of his son, teaching him to read, to understand the Roman law, to enjoy bodily exercises, riding, boxing, throwing the javelin, to swim, and to endure the extremes of heat and cold. In his son's presence the father avoided indecent language, and trained the child's mind to the great Romans of the past. Thus Cato, although bitten with the new desire of money-making, exhibited and attempted to renovate the stern simplicity of the earlier Romans. He typifies their character in himself, and as such presents a picture not only corresponding to that of a Spartan, but to that of other strong and pure Aryans, simple, self-reliant, narrowly just, arbitrary, strict, patriotic, physically powerful, harsh, unrelenting.

From the time of Cato onwards a new element entered, which modified and obscured the stern Aryan patriarchalism, the Hellenistic spirit. Up to his time Rome, although the strongest power in the world, had produced nothing of a positive or permanent kind. She had produced neither art nor literature nor philosophy. The buildings of Rome had little fame, her literature consisted of a few works in Latin written by Greeks or Africans of the servile or servant class, and of philosophers she had none.

Rome began to lose her pristine character after Carthage had been destroyed, to which act Cato had been so powerful an instigator. She then came in contact with Greek and Eastern civilizations and culture. Greece was completely conquered soon after the death of Cato. Though never losing their superb sense of power, which enabled them to send unprotected commissioners to the East to force their will upon kings, the Romans now bent to the authority of the Greek, and especially the Athenian intellect. Athens became the University of the Roman dominions, to which all the Roman youthful nobility resorted. Greek artists, architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, Greek philosophers, and tutors all swarmed to Rome. They brought not the best Greek culture of the Periclean days, but the later degenerate Hellenistic culture. Nevertheless the Romans, cautiously contemptuous at first, gradually fell to what they felt was superior to their simpler primitive thoughts and crude, uncouth art of life. In the education of children, schools replaced the home education. The practical education of the Roman, such as Cato gave his son, was changed to the ideal system of the later Greeks. Homer became the schoolbook of the Roman youth, who were introduced to him with the aid of copious commentaries. Poetry was taught in the place of law, and the teaching of rhetoric evoked a scornful and just comment of Cato, that the youth of Rome thought to gain honour more by fluent speaking than by warlike exploits; and yet he himself in his old age fell to the charms of the oratory of Demosthenes. There was no institute for philosophy in Rome, but any Grecian philosophers who visited Rome were sure to gather round them a distinguished and noble audience, and in the groves of Athens the Roman youths listened eagerly to a wisdom of which their forefathers had no thought.

This Greek culture was confined to the nobility. Amongst the mass of the people it found no countenance. So un-

popular amongst the people was it, that the Roman orators, who had increased their skill by the study of oratory and by the teaching of Greek rhetoricians, found it wise before the people to deny the sources of their facility. Even in the early days of the Empire it was still dangerous to display culture before the folk. But the sturdy and harsh Roman nobility was softened by the later degenerated Greek culture, the culture distinguished by the effeminate charms of naked statuary. They were, consequently, often softened to rottenness. For the nobility, a nobility of wealth consisting of surviving patrician families and rich plebeian families, no longer lived on their estates. They became absentee landlords and filled the still less responsible position of capitalists. The old familiar relation of the slaves and master on a country estate passed away. "Religious influence and ties of custom were lost, and there ruled only the fear of punishment, although experience had taught that evil treatment only led to the slaves becoming more evil and dangerous." [1]

Absentee landlords and masters, who cared only about extorting as much money as possible, had little compunction in sweating the slaves on their country estates, in setting cruel overseers over them, in forcing them to work desperately by threat and execution of brutal punishments, and in casting them out, if they were ill or old, to die of starvation or turn robbers for a while, until they were captured and crucified. The luxuries and new knowledge, which the Greeks and contact with the East introduced, softened in the main the old moral restrictions of the Roman noble and let his barbarous harshness flourish without restraint. All the ordinary work in modern times carried out by artisans and tradesmen was carried out in Rome by slaves, and such profits as accrued filled the treasuries of their masters. There was no urban middle class of independent tradesmen and merchants in Rome, but only slaves financed by their

[1] Marquardt, p. 179.

masters. The number of slaves was consequently greatly increased.

The first census of Augustus in 28 B.C., gave the following figures:

	Free.		Slaves.
Rome . .	500,000		
Italy . . .	1,750,000	...	1,500,000
Cisalpine Gaul .	1,000,000	....	500,000
Total . .	3,250,000		2,000,000 [1]

In the middle of the first century A.D. Dr. Beloch calculates the free population of Italy at 4½ millions, the enslaved at 2½ millions. This large slave population, and their absorption of the trades and handicrafts in Rome, led to a further disastrous condition, namely, a great mob of free Romans without occupation and livelihood. In the first century of the Empire Beloch calculates the population of Rome at 800,000, of whom the overwhelming majority was composed of this unemployed Roman mob, who received free corn and lived on the tributes of the provinces and formed the mos vicious and dangerous mob that any system or country has yet evolved. A free mob of citizens and a mob of slaves, both dangerous, both inclined to rebellion, and over them a nobility grasping after wealth and land, surrounded by household slaves and clients with a lust for luxury in place of culture, a satiation of the senses in place of a cultivation of the mind and body, preserving in their class all the offices of state, buying the votes of the people (the only thing except their freedom those poor wretches had to sell), keeping the slaves suppressed by unsurpassed brutality and the free mob quiet by free corn, presents, and the bloody and hideous spectacles into which the athletic games had degenerated, such were the products of these Aryan Roman rulers at the head of their Empire. Italy during the latter days of the Republic was mutilated by slave revolts and

[1] Dr. J. Beloch, *Die Bevölkerung der Griechisch-Römischen Welt*, 1886.

civil wars, and Rome turned into a hell, where assassinations and murders and crucifixions and burnings and conspiracies and massacres and riots and terror and anarchy took place on a scale unparalleled in history. There was an extraordinary struggle for power. The struggle for power was the only gospel of the day. Wealth was one symbol of power, politics the other. Elections were carried by violence and bribery, and awoke such general interest that they had to be decided by open fight in the Forum. Never was a world so much in need of a supreme ruler as was this torn and devastated Republic, when in Julius Cæsar appeared one of those great ruler minds that form the milestones in the slow passage of the centuries or turning points in the tides of time.

In his youth Cæsar conceived the idea of founding a Periclean government in Rome. Experience showed him the impossibility of this, and he changed it in later life to a monarchy as free as possible of military support, but based on the acceptance of the people. To carry out his conceptions and to save the Roman world he too had to struggle for power. He was too strong and too wise to scruple to use at such times all the means to power of which he could avail himself. He became leader of the popular party against the dissolute aristocracy, then he allied himself to Crassus and Pompey, his most dangerous rivals, and obtained the command of the army in Gaul, which by a series of campaigns he endeared to his person. He struck terror into the Gauls by ruthless carnage, and astonished the survivors by his clemency; he bribed the important people in Rome on a scale of generosity similar to the Gallic slaughter, and finally, Crassus being dead, he drove his son-in-law, Pompey, out of Italy, defeated him at Pharsalus, shed tears over his murdered corpse, executed his murderers, and returned to Rome in 46 B.C. as the first undisputed single master of the whole Roman world. Two years later he was assassinated, but

in these two years preceding his death he fulfilled the aim of his whole life. The sole creative genius produced by Rome, as Mommsen calls him, he created the Empire. He united the harsh force of the Roman with the culture, clemency, and winning intellect of the Athenians. It was a wonderful union, the most wonderful in all European history. Indirectly its offspring still forms the only unifying constitution in Europe at the present day. For the Roman Empire was born of Cæsar, and the Roman Church is the child of the Roman Empire. The ideals of Cæsar, his methods, his practice, his power, his order, his consummate statesmanship still live in the great system with the Papal Cæsar at its head. Cæsar alone is singled out from all the millions of Europe as the one man who conceived and founded a scheme of European unity that has lived at all and that can compare in permanency with the greater creations of Egypt and China.

He was the first Roman who intended to engraft and succeeded in engrafting upon the commonwealth his own permanent power. He was the first to assume permanently the title of Imperator, to don the purple robe, and to take into his own hands all the vast system of government and finance, to appoint all governors, to reorganize and centralize laws and principles, to revive the old patricians and re-create out of them an aristocracy of birth and not of wealth, and finally to hold that he had a right to bequeath the throne and to name in his will the successor of his choice and monarchy. He was first, in short, to attempt to build up the pyramid system in Europe.

The use he made of the patriarchal family system is notable. "Wherever any post demanded special confidence, we see him filling it up—on principle—so far as other considerations at all permit—with his slaves, freedmen, or clients of humble birth. His works as a whole show what an

organizing genius like his could accomplish with such an instrument."[1]

Cæsar founded a new kingdom, the Empire; Mommsen calls it the Helleno-Italic state. "The provinces as such were gradually to disappear, in order to prepare for the renovated Helleno-Italic nation a new and more spacious home, of whose several component parts no one existed merely for the sake of another, but all for each and each for all; the new existence in the renovated home, the fresher, broader, grander national life, was of itself to overbear the sorrows and wrongs of the nation for which there was no help in the old Italy."[2] So was established an Imperial pyramid with Cæsar at its head. This permeating spirit, the Helleno-Italian, formed the parent of the future European civilization. It was not the Egyptian spirit, but it was descended in part from the Egyptian spirit. For the predominant Egyptian spirit and the lesser Aryan-Greek spirit gave birth to the Athenian spirit. And the Athenian spirit and the Roman spirit, for they were the dominant spirits of the two peninsulas, gave birth to the Helleno-Italic Empire or Roman Imperial spirit. This spirit itself, which under the directing guidance of Cæsar unified the vast Empire, expressed itself for the first time in the annals of Rome in a noble and characteristic art, in which the value-beauty of the Greeks united with the massiveness and material practicality of the Romans.

In Cæsar's time schemes for the remodelling of Rome were formed. Before his time poverty and disorder had brought building to a standstill. But Cæsar knew the value of fine architecture. He changed and enlarged the Forum, and had projects for a new senate house, bazaar, library, and a temple of Mars, which was to surpass all Roman temples in splendour. He was assassinated before these or many other conceptions of his imperial thought could be

[1] Mommsen, Vol. V, pp. 341, 342.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. V, p. 415.

realized. But the spirit had been created and the outline of its development conceived. His successors "endeavoured to prosecute the work, if not with the intellect and energy, yet on the whole in accordance with the intentions of the illustrious master."[1]

A recent historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, has undertaken the democratic duty of bringing Cæsar down to that small stage of chance and pettiness upon which the outlook of Ferrero himself can figure in many pretentious volumes. He makes the common modern error, that because a great man expressed himself in the terms of the times, consequently these same terms explain and account for the man. The result is that he falls into the same confusions as those into which democratic writers on the pyramids and slavery fall. He denies Cæsar any extraordinary power of will or intellect, and yet declares he was "as daring in his designs as he was remorseless in their execution." Such contradictions are inevitable when a Ferrero has the impudence to judge of a Cæsar. He is, however, a very competent and sympathetic historian of Cæsar's murderers, and understands the assassinating spirit.

Cæsar's contemporaries and successors were in no way like Ferrero. They had a lofty opinion of his power and genius. Augustus, his grand-nephew and successor, signalized his triumphant entry into Rome by the dedication of the temple of the Divine Julius. Thus was laid the topmost stone of the pyramid of Empire. From that time onwards the Hellenic and Eastern spirit invested the Emperor with divine right. Once more the recognition was established that rule and order and valuation and gradation alone accord with man's mastery of and power over life. Once more the need of a royal representative of this ideal of power was firmly impressed upon mankind, and for that purpose he, who inherited the rights and the power of

[1] Mommsen, Vol. V, p. 441.

Imperial quality, was chosen. Each Emperor was supposed to choose the ablest of the royal house as his successor. The Imperial throne formed the recognized stable-setting to ruler power, even as the headship of the patriarchal family formed the stable-setting to the authority of the head of the family. The Oriental and Egyptian belief in the divinity of power and will were once again enthroned. "A regular custom was introduced, that, on the decease of every emperor who had neither lived nor died like a tyrant, the senate by a solemn decree should place him in the number of the gods; and the ceremonies of his apotheosis were blended with those of his funeral."[1] The spirit of the pyramids, those mighty symbols of Kheops, Khefren, and Menkewre, lived again not completely but in part upon the throne of the Cæsars.

The authority of the emperor pervaded his vast dominions with equal ease, and his will was as readily executed, says Gibbon, on the banks of the Thames and the Nile as on those of the Tiber. Each pro-consul and ruler of the provinces, no longer capable of a semi-independent oppression and tyranny, became the representative of the emperor, and subject to his will and pleasure. In accordance with the principle of the East that will should rule, the emperors were "empowered to execute whatsoever they should judge advantageous to the Empire, and agreeable to the majesty of things, private or public, human or divine."[2] Gibbon, the highly cultured English gentleman, whose superb, scornful contempt of the mob is combined with a strong strain of respect for so-called personal liberty, who is a contemptuous judge of those beneath him, such as the early servile Christians, but is unequal to rise to the comprehension of greatness, such as that of Mohammed or even Augustus, at the same time shudders at and applauds the monarchical autocracy of the em-

[1] Gibbon, Vol. I, p. 69. [2] *Ibid.*, I, p. 66.

perors. He speaks of the Empire being "a dreary prison" for those who should have earned the anger of its single master, and yet in some striking passages he acclaims its extraordinary beneficent results. As regards the first, the Empire, indeed, lacked that pressure from below, which both in China and Japan has afforded an effectual check to the license of cruel tyrants. In the teaching of Confucius and in the actual history of China, to dethrone and even to kill an unjust and cruel ruler was considered both justified and desirable. This was not taught in Rome, nor were the rulers kept much in check. Nevertheless, in practice this rule of Confucius held good in the early Roman Empire, and Caligula, Nero, and Domitian paid the penalty of their lives, not because their subjects desired liberty, but in order that the occasion might be created for the choice of a juster ruler. The Empire, however, was young and was not founded on definite precepts such as those of China. It was not a system of custom, permeating all people, so much as a political tie binding people to the emperor. When the emperor was evil the result was evil, when good the result was good. It was, indeed, a tyranny and not an autocracy, for an autocracy is personality checked by tradition or the discipline of time-honoured wisdom, whereas tyranny is unchecked and unqualified personality. Autocracy is a sequence, but tyranny is an accident; the former is a continuation, the latter an interruption. The continued accepted tradition which formed the firm foundation of the pyramid system and its perfect values and grades was lacking to it, and, indeed, has not yet been witnessed in any completeness in Europe.

The means of binding together different peoples at great distances had been firmly established by the Romans. All the cities of the Empire were bound together by a magnificent system of roads, which leaving Rome passed through Italy and the provinces and terminated at the boundaries

of the Empire. Moreover, the Latin tongue was that of official business, and often private business, and Greek that of culture, so that every provincial of liberal education was conversant with both tongues, as well as his own native language. Along the threads of this mighty web passed a constant flow of human exchange of thought, culture, and merchandise. To the east were the lands of ancient civilization and culture, to the west were lands still immersed in barbarism. Chiefly through the medium of Athens the advantages of the former were passed to the latter and received by them with suspicious reverence and credulous fear.

With these means, even the partial pyramid system, the pyramid of external government rather than social thought and heart, was beneficial in its results to mankind. With the exception of eighteen months which included the last months of the reign of Nero and extended to the victory of Vespasian, the first two centuries of Empire from Augustus to Commodus passed in an unwonted and enduring internal peace. "The tranquil and prosperous state of the Empire was warmly felt, and honestly confessed, by the provincials as well as the Romans. 'They acknowledged that the true principles of social life, laws, agriculture, and science, which had first been invented by the wisdom of Athens, were now firmly established by the power of Rome, under whose auspicious influence the fiercest barbarians were united by an equal government and common language. They affirm that with this improvement of arts the human species was visibly multiplied. They celebrate the increasing splendour of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden; and the long festival of peace, which was enjoyed by so many nations; forgetful of their ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger.'"[1] And Gibbon characteristically adds to his quotation that though such glowing

[1] Gibbon, I, p. 50.

language is suspicious—it sounds too like greatness for Gibbon to admire it without this reservation—nevertheless, it is perfectly agreeable to historic truth. Indeed, he names the consecutive reigns of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines as the period in history when the human race was most prosperous and happy.

It was during this first two hundred years of the Empire that the Roman world produced her greatest art. It is customary to regard the Roman art as merely the somewhat rude imitation of the Greek art modified and combined with some Etruscan elements. But though Rome inherited from both Etruscans and Greeks, her art was a spontaneous outburst of the expression of joy and pride. She had Etruscan and Greek inheritance; she was indeed a Helleno-Italic state, but the combination of these elements in a peculiar spirit, a Roman imperial spirit, was an historical fact that made her art a spontaneous expression and denied and destroyed the possibility of a mere reflection of the spirit of past peoples.

The art of the Romans was essentially that which always distinguishes a great people. It was monumental and architectural. The art of the Greeks had in the post-Alexandrian period dwindled down to that of small ornamental objects. The loss of religion and racial faith, two qualities closely allied, took from the Greeks the impulse from which can spring temples, palaces, or other monumental art. Into this broken and trivial spirit the hard-proved valour and the unconquerable pride of the Romans infused a new and vigorous life. Amongst the Etruscan elements of Roman art was the round temple with the porch, expanded by the Romans to the Pantheon of Rome, the amphitheatre expanded by the Romans to the Colosseum, the circular sepulchre, the circular arch, the triumphal arch, the peculiarly massive quality of walls and structures, in short elements which comprise the most distinguishing characteristics of the Roman

art. With the Greeks came all that was Grecian in the post-Alexandrian period and imitations of the more beautiful previous art of Greece, as displayed in the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian styles of architecture. For the expression of Rome, as has been said, was in the greatest of the arts, that of architecture. The home of the national spirit, the temple, had always been the home of the other arts. In Rome, though temples were erected, the stern ancestral religion had already yielded to the diverse influences that mutilated and re-shaped it. The worship of the emperors was the chief religion of the Empire, but no great man had come forward and bound the whole mass of peoples in the common bond of one religion fervently believed and fitted to the people. A mixture of faiths prevailed and were tolerated, permitting Gibbon the famous saying that these varied modes of worship were considered by the people as equally true, by the philosophers as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful. Consequently, in the ruins and remnants of imperial Rome the artist does not see the greatness of temple buildings, as he sees in Athens and in Egypt. One temple, the Pantheon, alone seems worthy of her imperial grandeur, a temple which served as the home of the deified emperors. It was Etruscan in style, with the addition of Greek ornament. As was suited to the home of ancestor worship, it was in the form of the circular tomb of the Etruscans, with a dome and an Etruscan portico. In the Pantheon were housed the statues and busts of the emperors. As to its effect I can give no personal description, for I have not been to Rome.

Fergusson calls the Pantheon one of the first temples of the ancient world, and after some criticisms declares "there is a grandeur and simplicity in the proportions of this great temple that render it still" (in spite of the changes and ugliness it suffered in the hands of Papal Rome) "one of the very finest and most sublime interiors in the world."[1]

[1] Fergusson, I, p. 321.

This grandeur of vastness and strength is the essential Roman quality that was added to and overrode the more tender beauty of Greek art. There is a vastness of scale and structure in the Roman art that the Greek never attempted, and which makes it in this respect co-equal with that of Egypt. Something of the stupendous power of the pyramid lived again in the stupendous power of Rome. Fergusson, betraying the delicate feeling of the modern, speaks of it in the contradictory and impossible term, "vulgar grandeur," for grandeur cannot be vulgar except to the vulgar. A certain rudeness of the Aryan doubtless prevailed, a lack of taste, a lack of that subtle sensibility to perfection of proportion and shape both in detail and as a whole, which distinguished the Greek. But the Helleno-Italic Empire replaced this sensibility by a quality worthier of admiration, namely that of grandeur and strength.[1] Lübke-Semrau, indeed, find the harsher forms of Roman ornament as skilful and beautiful as the more tender forms of the Greek.

The first spontaneous outburst in the positive expression of art occurred during the reign of Augustus, who boasted that he found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble. It was the Augustan golden age both in literature and building. The second period began with the brave and noble Vespasian, founder of the Flavian dynasty and builder of the Colosseum, and reached its zenith in the reign of the only artistic genius who sat upon the Roman throne, the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117–138). The whole Empire was seized with an enthusiastic joyousness, and in a thousand monuments the pride and mastery of man over life found utterance. The Roman subjects in Italy and in the provinces to the limits of the Empire vied with each other in their eagerness. Cities which had warred with cities in deadly feud now entered into rivalry to test who could build

[1] Lubke, I, p. 381.

the noblest temple, the finest amphitheatre, the most splendid baths, the handsomest streets. Rich citizens were proud to spend their money in public buildings of beauty and utility. Wheresoever the Emperor Hadrian visited in his restless travels throughout his extensive domains, baths, temples, and theatres sprang up as if by magic. And everywhere in the temples, in the tombs, in the stupendous amphitheatres, the vast public baths, the palaces, the triumphal arches, the far-reaching aqueducts, and the basilicas was seen the characteristic of the Roman architecture, its power and massive strength. They impress all who see them now in their present ruined state with a feeling of the strength and imposing grandeur of the spirit that so found its expression. Fergusson and others repeat again and again in their accounts of Roman architecture how, in spite of their "better judgments," by which they detect its lack of artistic taste, its lack of delicacy of sensibility, its constant outrages of sensibility and taste, its blemishes, faults, disproportions, disharmonies, diversities of styles, composite incongruities, mixtures and mistakes, they are overwhelmed by the expression of power and greatness of this art of the Roman Empire, and forced to acknowledge a grandeur and strength unattained and unapproached even most distantly by any other European art.

Such was the expression of the mighty Aryan city, when, with the aid of the Greek intellect, it gave expression to its exultation in the imperial system of Cæsar by which it ruled over the diverse peoples, nations, and countries, who lived in peace and harmony, the contented servants and children of its sovereignty.

This imperial conception of Cæsar, its fulfilment and its expression in art, constitute one of the most astounding phenomena of history. The chaos and anarchy of the late Republican period, the negativism and cruelty of the Roman Aryans struggling for power and wealth, within the space of

a few years, were by a master genius converted into order and balance and were expressed in a great art.

It is true that the Aryan spirit remained. The force of the standing army and of the law always maintained what in Egypt had been maintained by the simple acquiescence of the people. Nevertheless, though not so positive in spirit as the Egyptians, the people of the Empire were positive at this period. They accepted their rulers gladly. Yet even then one feels it was almost an accident that so many good emperors arose. The production of paternal rulers is a quality of positive patriarchalism only, and the Roman patriarchal family system was by no means generally positive at this period. The treatment of the slaves alone is evidence.

Consequently, it is easy to understand how it is that the critics feel a crowning greatness in the Roman art, which overcomes the constant outrages of taste and the lack of sensibility to decorative qualities, which also distinguishes it. It could not well be otherwise, when the Empire and its people, of which it was the expression, are remembered.

Thus it is that there is only one art which rivals it in power and strength, but far surpasses it in taste and beauty. The sovereign calmness of the Sphinx nowhere has its counterpart in Rome, nor does the simple, but mighty symbol of the pyramid find its like in the only European people whose system ever had the power which it symbolized.

Rome was great in strength and great in her imperial system, but the positive spirit of the Egyptians, which exhibited itself in simplification and reciprocity, as well as power and permanence, was not hers.

CHAPTER IV

ROMANESQUE

JULIUS CÆSAR was the supreme ruler in Rome for two years and some months, and during that brief period he founded the pyramid patriarchal system or imperial system. His successors endeavoured to carry out the mighty project and reformation his brain had conceived. They maintained peace within the Empire, and, as is most essential, preserved its limits and definiteness by refraining from further aggression and conquest for over two centuries. Nevertheless, the imperial system of Rome did not show the permanence that characterized it either in ancient Egypt or in China.

The reason why it failed to show this permanence, why the Roman Empire decayed and fell, had usually been said to have been its loss of military power and prowess, a loss resulting from this very internal peace it had established.

Yet, looking at history in general, it is not, as is generally supposed, a fact that long-continued peace leads of necessity to degeneration. Ancient Egypt, when forced to war by her Asiatic rivals after her long peace and seclusion, took to it with a glad heart and was rewarded with success. In modern times Japan proved her strength against China and Russia, and in trade against Europe and America, after two and a half centuries of complete seclusion from the outer world and complete peace within. These cases entirely refute the dogma of the dangers of degeneracy from peace. It may be true of the Aryan, it is decidedly not true of the Mongolian or Egyptian. Both in Egypt and Japan ruler quality and

the filial obedience of the subject lived and survived unforced or unthreatened by an army, and when needed for war, were aroused to a strength and devotion equal to and even surpassing that of nations long inured to war.

But the imperial system of Rome was infected with the Aryan negative spirit. The Roman Empire had been gathered together by force, and it was by force it had to be maintained. The superiority of the Chinese convinced external peoples of the advantages of their rule, to which they submitted voluntarily without the previous test of arms. The Incas of Peru are said to have won over tribes to their Empire by similar means. Rome did not win her way by such means, but by force. Having won her dominions, however, the genius of Julius Cæsar organized them on a system which required little force for its support. It was accepted gladly by the people. But it was not sufficient fully to persuade the Aryan barbarians beyond its boundaries. They were awed and impressed, yet they did not voluntarily submit. They were dominated by fear rather than approval. They could not approve, for approval was foreign to their negative character. They were not, one must suppose, as intellectual as the peoples who came in contact with the Chinese civilization. Their attitude towards the Roman imperial system was, then, what it has since been throughout European history, the negative one of non-understanding, of fear and awe when the system was strong, of aggression and revolt when it was weak.

Under Cæsar's system the Roman Empire was strong as long as it possessed strong emperors. Its chief defect compared to the system of the Chinese and the Egyptians was, what has already been noted, its lack of the positive patriarchal tradition and spirit. It was too Aryan to be positive. Its second defect was also Aryan. It lacked the higher ruler qualities and conceptions.

Had Julius Cæsar lived, probably he would have so

organized the system that ruler quality would have been detected, placed, and preserved in the highest places of the Empire. He would have organized it so that the idea as to what was power and ruler quality would have been preserved, and the rulers embodying that idea would have acted up to its conception. His murder destroyed such probability, and there was never formed a clear concept of ruler quality, that quality which can maintain an ideal and cause the actual to rise to it.

It is difficult in the English language to describe exactly what is meant by this ruler quality which can create and maintain an ideal and cause the actual to aim at and rise to it. It is difficult, for not forming a part of the equipment of the modern English mind, it lacks a suitable adjective by which it can be conveyed. At least, there is no common one. The word esoteric in the Aristotelian sense, the sense in which Aristotle also used the word acroamatic, as describing the more profound and inner meaning of things, the quality worthy of the study of philosophers, and opposed to the exoteric or more superficial characteristics which the ordinary man can understand, is a fit word, provided it is stripped of the idea of something purposely kept secret. The word ideal, relating to the idea, as opposed to the actual, is also a fit word, were it not that it also connotes the notion of something imaginative, and vague, and beautifully foolish. The rarer adjective ideational does convey the meaning, describing as it does the faculty of forming a distinct ideal or idea of what qualities a person or object should have, but its rarity and its smack of technicality are objections to it. Nevertheless, when one cannot use a periphrasis, the word ideational is the best word that can be used.

As a homely example to the ordinary mind an object presents itself as an object seen by the eye in three dimensions. To the ordinary subject's mind a spade is a spade, and a knife is a knife. But the ruler mind is ideational

in thought. To it the knife becomes the embodiment of a quality, desirable or undesirable, as well as measurable, the quality of sharpness. The ruler mind perceiving a knife perceives only the quality or faculty it represents and of which it is the means, its sharpness, which can be valued, measured, and connated to other qualities. The ideational aspect alone concerns the ruler. So in ruler societies and in the patriarchal system the ideational factor of a person is of supreme importance. It is the important thing, the thing in itself about him. So it comes about that each man in a positive patriarchal state represents some particular quality, and it is the preservation of this quality, far more than the preservation of the man, that is important. Life as such is unimportant, it being merely the means by which a certain quality lives. The rebellious or independent subject, for instance, is clearly a contradiction of the ideational or ruler outlook upon society, and in so far as the matter is not fulfilling its ideational function, and is not the means by which the quality of obedience lives, it must be destroyed.

Similarly, an ideational conception of the ruler distinguishes these people. They have an ideational outlook upon the ruler, which necessitates that he acts up to certain traditions and ideas as to what he should do. The fact that he is ruler means that these qualities live. Should they die in him, then he is no longer ruler and is as legitimately banished or assassinated as is the rebellious subject. Such, for instance, was the teaching of Confucius, who preached that if a ruler destroyed the qualities and traditions associated with rulership, his subjects had as much right to get rid of him as the true ruler had to punish a subject who had destroyed the qualities and characteristics of the subject.

The ruler in patriarchal states was the embodiment of certain traditional ideas of rulership. These he was expected to fulfil and obey, and as a reward he himself was free from all subject's duties. He was free of the law, he was

free from the ordinary laws of marriage, etc. A different code of conduct applied to him to that which applied to the subject. He was allowed, for instance, a greater freedom for sport and pleasure, but such amusement must never interfere with his at once embodying the idea or quality of rulership when called upon to do so. Thus, when called upon by a subject to give a decision, a ruler must at once respond. If he did not the subject and those who were witnesses would hold that the ruler had yielded up the moral right to reign. Not only would this be the subjects' opinion, it would also be the ruler's. "There never has been an Asiatic sovereign, however bad, or however accustomed to profound seclusion, who would not have admitted that this was his duty, which he sinned in neglecting, or who, if caught unawares, say on a hunting party, would not have fulfilled it to the best of his ability."[1] It is, in fact, only an example of the mutual reciprocity of the positive patriarchal system.

This ideational quality of the king or kingship requires for its establishment a clear and definite conception of the relation of man to man, ruler to subject and subject to ruler. When established, tradition will confirm, strengthen, and preserve it.

It was in this ideational quality that the system of Cæsar was wanting in sufficient degree to lead to instability, if not to disaster. No great philosopher came forward to support him. The system produced no such thinker as Confucius, and the rulers themselves showed their inferior quality when compared to really great rulers in the slight attempt they seem to have made to discover such talent or genius within their vast dominions and to make use of it to establish themselves.

In the same way, there was confusion and lack of that simple clarity of outline, which denotes power, not only as to what was the kingship or emperorship, in what qualities

[1] Meredith Townsend, *Europe and Asia*, 1904, p. 238.

it consisted, but also as to him who should embody them. First, the idea of the emperorship was confused, and therefore depended far too much on the personal caprice and character of the ruling emperor, and, secondly, there was doubt and confusion as to who actually should be emperor. The appointment was neither clearly elective nor clearly hereditary. The Aryan tradition was that some member of the family that traced most direct descent from the common ancestor should be elected by the council of elders. Something of the same sort prevailed at the inception of the Empire. The emperors were confined to the house of Julius. But the election on the part of the senate, or even the approval of the senate, was purely nominal. They were entirely subject to the living emperor. Augustus, grandson of the sister of Julius Cæsar, died without leaving a son and was succeeded by his stepson. Tiberius died without leaving a son and was succeeded by his grand-nephew, Caligula. Caligula left no son and was succeeded by his uncle, Claudius. Claudius died without leaving a son and was succeeded by Nero, whose mother, the sister of Caligula, Claudius had married. By these desperate means the Julian family was perpetuated in power, and in the last three emperors found a madman, a fool, and a monster.

This method of rulership, that subjected the whole Empire to the vicissitudes of human temperament, was finally questioned by the Empire, and its verdict was given in the execution of Nero, which was ordered by the senate. After a period of confusion the admirable Vespasian seduced the Empire into a repetition of this method, and it showed itself during the Flavian period in a far more favourable light.

The second experiment ended with the murder of Domitian, but in the meanwhile the imperial system itself had been hardening and became regulated and confirmed by tradition.

A new method of deciding who should be supreme ruler was adopted, a method that proved itself in a wonder-

ful succession of men, and in a wonderful period for the Empire. It was the method of selection from the prominent men of the time of him who seemed most fitted to rule. The selection, in the first case, was made by the imperial household, and it was confirmed by the senate. In the second case, the Emperor Nerva himself chose his successor. He adopted Trajan, and during his own lifetime invested him with the purple. In a similar manner Trajan adopted and invested Hadrian, Hadrian adopted and invested Antoninus Pius, and the elder Antonine adopted and invested Marcus Aurelius. By this method the ideational quality of emperorship was conferred upon the future successor during the lifetime of the emperor himself, and the invested successor acquired thereby the reverence and respect that was due to his high office, and was himself able to gather and conform to those qualities that were expected of him. It was eminently successful. It selected the most notable series of rulers Europe has ever witnessed. The method has also been adopted with success and stamped with a divine approval in the Catholic Church, in the doctrine of the laying on of hands and the apostolic succession.

The investment of the purple in the ceremony of the imperial succession was once more converted to direct hereditary succession by Marcus Aurelius. With a blindness and a folly that has puzzled all historians, the virtuous and philosophic emperor permitted his son Commodus to succeed to his throne, although the irredeemably vicious and cowardly character of the youth was already apparent to the world.

The prætorian guard chose Pertinax, the successor of the murdered Commodus, and commended him to the senate, who obediently approved. The prætorian guard murdered him after three months. Septimius Severus succeeded Pertinax, and after a strong military reign left the power to his family, to his son, the insane but powerful Caracalla, who was assassinated, and his grand-nephews, the effeminate

Elagabalus and the brave, virtuous, but weak Alexander, who was murdered in A.D. 235. It seemed, in fact, the inevitable fate of any Roman hereditary dynasty to begin with the strong, and swiftly to swing to the further extreme of viciousness and insanity, and to end in assassination.

Nomination of the most capable men had proved its great superiority. It became readopted after the death of Caracalla, but readopted in a different manner. The prætorian guard and the soldiers now chose the new emperor on the death of the old. He was not nominated and invested as were Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, during the lifetime of the emperor. He was chosen after the death, usually by assassination, of the ruling emperor. From the choice of the successor of Alexander until the dynasty of the family of Constantine and the transfer of the capital to Constantinople, the emperor was chosen by the soldiers, because he possessed qualities which were approved of by the soldiers.

Militarism was now dominant. Force became the measure and the conception of rulership. Aryanism had triumphed. Force and fear once more prevailed and ruled. The negative quality of rulership had overcome and crushed out the positive. The very successor of Alexander, Maximin, was a Thracian peasant, and had won his way to notoriety by his astonishing physical strength. He at once displayed those very qualities which must sometimes arise when severity and force form the ideas of the quality of rulership, and when at the same time they are given free play in the hands of the ruler. Revenge, and a brutal savagery flourished under Maximin and made all tremble, until at last his guards summoned courage to assassinate him in his tent. Ambition found only the weapons of force to enable it to rise. Civil wars and assassinations enabled some popular general to aspire for a short time to the coveted purple, until his adversaries brought his career to a close by means similar to those which initiated it.

The Aryan barbarians beyond the boundaries of the Empire saw little to convince them in this later period of the Roman Empire of superior wisdom, but of superior wealth and military force they were convinced. They coveted the wealth, they feared the force. When the force was relaxed, then these rude barbarians, possessing little agriculture, crossed the boundaries of the Empire and fell upon such prey as came within their grasp with the fierceness of wild beasts. Again and again Roman armies were gathered to beat them back and ruthlessly to inflict upon them the lesson of slaughter, which alone seemed capable of impressing itself upon the barbarian brain. For a time the memory of punishment would restrain them from exercising their envious greed. But as a new generation arose, the memory of previous defeat began to fade, courage reawakened, and once more the Roman and barbarian Aryan would meet in the clash of arms. So the contest continued through the centuries, force against force, tooth and claw against tooth and claw, destruction against destruction, until one or other should prove victorious.

Militarism was dominant, and militarism, ideationally considered, means force. It is essentially negative, and when it represents rulership, rule can only be by fear and oppression. It knows only how to fight, to win, and to enjoy until a stronger comes. Such was the fate of the rulership of the Roman Empire. As a consequence all the Roman subjects suffered. A general decadence set in, the population diminished, and lands which once formed flourishing estates, under the spoliation and exaction of the military class became desert wastes. The inroads of the barbarians became more frequent and more destructive, until finally, three hundred years after the death of Marcus Aurelius and the beginning of the fall of the pyramid patriarchal system of Cæsar, Italy became a province of the barbarian Odovacar.

It is sufficiently clear, then, that in the pyramid imperial

system devised by the great Cæsar, the positive spirit, which enabled the Pharaohs without armies to rule by the willing acquiescence of their people, was never definite and rapidly degenerated to the negative spirit, which always is most amply displayed when militarism rules.

In the first two centuries of the Helleno-Italic Empire, the expression of which was described in the last chapter, the positive spirit was more marked. There was, except during the brief tenure of insane or vicious emperors, peace, happiness, and prosperity. The Empire was content with what the Republic had won. There was a definite shape to the Empire and a definite shape to its government. For a time it seemed that there would be a definite shape to its spirit, a positive shape. There was a general growth in kindness as well as in loyalty. It was marked in that class who depend so greatly on the character of the spirit of the times, the servile or slave class.

During this period there were no slave revolts. The slaves also became protected against brutality on the part of their masters. The right of life and death over a slave, previously belonging to the masters, was transferred to the magistracy. Slaves were also allowed by law to marry, to own property, and their opportunities of gaining their freedom were enlarged.

Julius Cæsar was, as are all real rulers, aware of the need of a definite spirit to the social system he had organized. He knew the necessity of each member of his vast dominions having a definite conception of his attitude to those over and to those beneath him. He realized the need of this definite quality or spirit, which must permeate through all ranks from the highest to the lowest. He knew the necessity of linking his system to the ideational conception of power over life by which alone man can live healthily and happily, for without power over life he becomes sickly even unto death. In his brief period he attempted to establish and

organize this recognition of the mastery of life, or, as it is also put, to found a religion. But in his vast Empire there were many divergent faiths and forms. He did not discard them all. He preserved the old Romo-Grecian, the dying gods of Olympus. Upon them he engrafted his new religion, the religion of loyalty. He made the imperial throne the symbol and embodiment of the power over life, in the form of the will of the gods, and in especial of the gods of Olympus.

Here again, however, the Aryan lack of ruler-mind brought about failure. As do all inferior minds, it confused the object with the idea, and instead of making the object conform to the idea, which is the true artist's, the true ruler's, and the true creator's method, it made the idea dependent on the object, which is the method of the subject, the prophesier after the event, the observer of what has happened, the scientist. The deification of an Emperor became dependent on his mode of rule, on his merit, and was decided after his death. The personal nature of the sovereign and the idea of the kingship became inextricably confused. A sovereign was created, with little or no set of values by which he could be judged, of traditions to which he was expected to adhere, of definite qualities it was hoped he would display. He was put into power. It was sheer chance how he would act; vulgarly it was a toss-up. If successful, on his death he was deified. If unsuccessful, he lost the honour. The principle was overpowered by the personality. The biography prevailed over the racial quality and ideal. The object was regarded and the idea fogged and hazed. It was essentially a material outlook, essentially an Aryan outlook, a subjects' outlook, an after outlook, like that of the modern pragmatist.

The Aryan Roman failed to distinguish clearly between the office and the filler of that office, as his successors in Europe have always failed to do.

It is interesting briefly to contrast the Aryan lack of ruler mind and the lack of comprehension of the ideational quality of rulership with the regular understanding of the Mongol, the Egyptian, and the Semite.

In Japan the distinction made is well known to modern readers. The real sovereign was, until 1867, the Shogun, the ideational sovereign, the Mikado. In Thibet a similar relation exists between the real ruler, or the Chinese Desri, and the ideational ruler, the Dalai Lama, living in the seclusion of the mystical palace of Potala.

Perhaps in Annam the ideational nature of the kingship has received its most unique expression. The royal town of Hue is built in the form of a square with high walls, in which are gates through which only the privileged can enter, or for necessary work Annamese workmen with special permits. Within this square-walled city live the Court of the King of Annam. Five concentric walled enclosures exist within the square wall in which, as the centre is neared, dwell more and more lofty personages. Within the last circle dwells the king, to see whom is death to a soldier or a subject. It is even said that no one has ever seen the king, and that his very existence, enclosed wall within wall, is perhaps merely that of the esoteric kingship free from all earthly incarnation. In Hindooism the ideational and divine nature of rulership is also preserved in a remarkable manner. The Rana of Oodeypore is neither king, high priest, nor pope of Hindooism, and yet in order to obtain the divine right of government every Hindoo sovereign asks of the Rana his consent not to his throne, which he may win by heredity or by his own power, but to his consecration.

In ancient Egypt and Babylon the ideational quality was clearly conceived by the greater minds and is expressed in all their art, in their forms of government, and in their religion. In the Egyptian religion over and above the polytheism and the innumerable statues of gods which

engaged the devotion of the people, existed the conception of power over life to which no name was given.

In Babylon there was a similar conception, and amongst their religious heirs, the Jews, it is forbidden for the name of Jehovah ever to be spoken, with one exception. On one day of the year, the day of Atonement, one Jew only, the high priest, pronounces the sacred name.

The Roman Empire, however, was never penetrated by a body of ideals of power and rule, which compose not a morality, which is something quite distinct, but a religion. It was for this reason, this lack of the ideational and ruler quality, that it gradually failed, and, as it failed and rotted, there grew up from its decay its successor, the Catholic and Roman Church. It is this transformation of Cæsar's system into the system of the Church, and the expression of that system, which is the fact the rest of this chapter has to establish.

From 270 A.D. to 275 A.D. the occupant of the imperial throne was the son of a Pannonian peasant. Yet in the brief period of rule which was allowed him before he was wantonly assassinated, the Emperor Aurelian, as soldier and statesman, showed himself the truest and most capable successor of Julius Cæsar. The Emperor Aurelian was great enough to recognize the enormous need the Empire had of a religion, great enough to receive from Gibbon the attribute of superstitious, and from Hermann Schiller this praise: "His powerful hand gave at once to the disordered Empire strength, unity, and safety; the impulse which he gave to the machine of government was so lasting, that the age from which he was so swiftly separated believed that his spirit yet lived and worked. If anyone deserves the honourable title of the Restorer of the World, it is he."[1]

By the time of Aurelian, the Julian religion of Emperor-

[1] Hermann Schiller, *Geschichte der römischen Kaiserzeit*, 1883, Vol. I, p. 852.

worship had utterly failed and the gods of Olympus had lost their power. There were two religions, both of Eastern origin, which were sufficiently widely spread through the Empire to make the attempt of converting them to Imperial religions feasible. One was Mithraism, the other Christianity. Christianity in the eyes of a ruler of Empire had one supreme disadvantage. The Christianity of that time absolutely refused to countenance war. The religion spread through the Empire during the centuries of peace. It spread mainly amongst the slaves, who were never admitted to the profession of arms, and amongst the lower classes, who were but little distinguished from the slaves. These classes had also suffered more than any class from the exactions and oppressions of the militarism that followed the centuries of peace and more kindly rule. The Christians were, therefore, bitterly opposed to the ruling and military class, and Christians refused, with rare exceptions, to take civil office or join the army, or aid in the maintenance and the defence of the Empire. They were, in fact, *peaceful anarchists*, rejecting both war and government.

Apart from the question of civil government, with the Emperor who had been compelled to drive back the Juthungi, the Alemanni, the Vandals, and the Sarmatians across the Danube to save the northern limits of his Empire from pillage and destruction, who had to drive the Goths and Germans out of Italy, who had fought battles against superior forces and under the hot sun on the borders of the Syrian desert, and who, having with indomitable perseverance and masterful energy crushed all rebellion in the East, at once went to the further end of his Empire and with equal success drove the barbarian hordes across the Rhine and restored the Provinces of Gaul, a religion whose adherents could not recognize the legitimate need of war was scarcely likely to find favour.

Aurelian, therefore, adopted the older religion of Mithraism,

which was not opposed to the necessity of war. The Persian religion of Mithraism, or sun-worship, was widely diffused throughout the Empire. Many monuments, for instance, devoted to Mithraism have been found in England amongst the Roman remains, whereas none devoted to Christianity have been found. Little, however, is positively known of it, for on Christianity becoming the imperial religion, all that appertained to the rival creed was destroyed. What little knowledge of the god Mithra has survived shows that he was held to have the qualities of a mediator and to be a redeemer, the son of the Most High, yet nearer to man than the Most High and the preserver of mankind against the onslaughts of the Evil One. His holy day was the day of the Sun, or Sunday, and his principal festivals were at the time, now known as Christmas, to celebrate the turn of the solar year, and a festival of a luni-solar character with consequently a movable date at the period of the year now known as Easter. The mysteries connected with Mithra included his burial in a rock tomb symbolizing the death of the sun and a consequent rising from the dead symbolizing the rising of the sun, and a service which consisted of the giving of bread and wine to the faithful and marking them with a mystic mark.

As is well known, Aurelian failed to established Mithraism. Two generations later the Emperor Constantine succeeded with Christianity. The successor of Julius Cæsar adopted the religion that professed as founder and lord the Jewish teacher, Jesus Christ.

I have already outlined the imperial system which Julius Cæsar founded in his brief period of power and to which his whole life was aimed, and I have also indicated how his imperial system suffered many things at the hands of his successors and their subjects, and from the negative spirit of Aryanism.

The ministry of Jesus Christ, towards which the first

thirty years of his life was aimed, endured for a period of time similar to that of the ruler ministry of Julius Cæsar, namely, two years and some months, and like that of the great Roman was closed by violent death.

Julius Cæsar was at the head of the vast Roman world. His message was the message of rulership. His was the master message from above.

Jesus Christ was a member of a nation which a century before his ministry had been brought by the stern hand of Pompey into subjection to the Roman rule. It was a nation inured to subjection and servility at the hand of others, a nation which by the frequent infliction of hostile fate had become a race widely scattered throughout the Roman world, to whom in exile the nationality of the kingdom of Judæa and the land of Israel was more a name and a religious memory than an actuality. Jesus Christ was, however, a Jew born in the land of the Jews. He was a subject of the Roman power, and his message was to his fellow-subjects. To them the rule of Rome was a something as much apart and as inevitable as the rule of the English is to the coolies and agricultural natives of India. It was the rule of a foreign race decreed by irresistible fate. It was not the rule even of an allied race, such as had been the case when Babylon swayed the destinies of the Jews.

It is of fundamental importance to remember this in adjudging the value and place of the doctrine of Christ in the world. His message had nothing whatever to do with the system or quality of rulership. His message was to his subjects under, and in no way to the rulers in, Cæsar's system. On the nature and value of ruler quality, Christ, in striking and eternal contrast to Confucius and Socrates, never spoke. The need of questioning or discussing ruler quality never seems to have occurred to him. Like all of his time, he accepted the Roman dominance in the world as permanent, irresistible, and incontrovertible as the rising and setting

of the sun. His teaching, therefore, has nothing to do with ruler quality. It is the morality of servility and subjection addressed to subjects. It is a positive morality of servility addressed to the people of a land in whom the patriarchal grades did not lead up step by step to real rulers of their own race. The patriarchal order of a defined and definite system did not exist in the Jewish kingdom of his day. But it was a patriarchal people conquered and subjected and ruled by an extraneous foreign might. It was to such people and for such people, and for and amongst the lower classes of these people that Christ delivered his message. It was a message delivered from the very opposite pole to that of Julius Cæsar in the Roman world, for Julius Cæsar was the master, whereas Jesus Christ was one of the lowest subjects of the Roman world.

In his life Jesus Christ exemplified this complete submission to the Roman power. He was not opposed to the civil and military authorities as were the Christians of Aurelian's time. He was, on the contrary, an obedient subject. He never opposed the civil law; he paid the tribute money; he stated the duty to the Cæsar in the famous saying, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"; he was, in fact, friendly towards the officials, and warmly appreciated and praised the centurion, who likened the power and authority he exercised over his soldiers to the spiritual power and authority of Christ.

Not only was he in no manner rebellious to Cæsar's system, but he even prided himself on his obedience, and was indignant when they came out to take him with swords and staves, as against a thief. When taken before the ecclesiastical inquisition, he calmly stated what he was, but attempted no defence. When handed over to the civil authorities, he stated with equal dignity that which he was, but made no other defence, and answered Pilate's question—Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee and

have power to release thee—with a simple and definite acknowledgment of the divine right of the ruler.

Such, then, was the attitude of Jesus Christ to rulership, namely, one of unquestioning submission. His message was to those who were with him submissive and servile to the Roman name.

As to the nature of the message, there are and have been many sore disputes. But turning away from these disputes to the Gospels, one finds that Christ himself was questioned on this very point. The account is that in the twelfth chapter of St. Mark, and is as certainly an actual account of question and answer as anything in the past can be certain.

"And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?

"And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.

"And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

"And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he:

"And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices.

"And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."[1]

Christ's attitude to the Roman officials was, as I have

[1] St. Mark xii. 28-34.

said, one of unquestioning submission. But this summary of his doctrine shows clearly how unrelated that attitude was to his heart or emotions. To him, as to all subjects of Rome at that time, the power of Rome was an unalterable fate and therefore to be accepted unquestioned. But the patriarchal attitude of the subject, namely, loyalty and filial obedience, is wholly absent from his message. The love of the whole heart, the whole soul, and the whole understanding is to be given, not to the paternal ruler or rulers, but to God. The things rendered to Cæsar were tribute money and obedience, but to God were to be rendered all the treasures of the human heart. So it comes about that the most significant part of Christ's message, as summarized in the twelfth chapter of St. Mark, is in its omission, its entire and complete omission of that most vital and important relation in social and human life, namely, the relation of subjects to their rulers.

The Jews were a patriarchal people, but owing to the many servitudes they had had to undergo to foreign powers, their filial obedience and love towards their earthly rulers had become more and more spiritualized in their God. Their relation and recognition of the need of power over life had become entirely disembodied and fixed not on earth, but in the heavens. At the time of Christ, the Roman dominion perpetuated this condition. Therefore any positive patriarchal feeling was divided into the spiritualized portion, which was given to their God, and an earthly portion, which was devoted to their fellow-subjects or neighbours.

Christ's neighbours were poor Jews like himself, and therefore, though positive between poor Jew and poor Jew, this doctrine of servility was essentially negative to all ruler types, to all vigorous natures enjoying life, power, and pain, and in the power that pain gives them over life and the zest it gives to joy. The Sermon on the Mount shows this singularly clearly. All those who are blessed are the servile

and the weak, those who are oppressed by life and not masters of life. The outlook of this sermon is the outlook of a subject among his fellow-subjects to a foreign dominion. Of love and gratitude to those in power there is none. There is, indeed, no mention of power or of rulers in the sermon. But Christ turns to his fellow-subjects to the foreign yoke, and says, We have no mastery of life here, but in a future world we shall have the mastery. Though we suffer here and are inferior to our masters, let us bless each other. And so he blessed all the servile sufferers of a nation whose obstinacy had provoked the harshness of the Romans. All the qualities and characters he blessed, therefore, were weak and feeble. He blessed the poor in spirit, not the high-spirited; the mourners, not the brave rejoicers in life; the meek, not the confident; the hungerers after righteousness, not after power; the merciful, for the weak need mercy; the pure in heart, not the passionate in heart; the peace-makers, not the warriors; the persecuted, for the Jews were persecuted; the timid, who get reconciled quickly with their adversaries, lest they should suffer pain or prison; them, who dare not give themselves up even in thought to the natural desire for the possession of woman; them, who if their eye offends cannot master it, but have to pluck it out; them, who submit readily and gently to the more powerful; them, that dare make no show before the eyes of men; them, that fear to be led into temptation and cannot deliver themselves from evil; them, that desire to be forgiven their faults; them, that dare not and cannot lay up treasure upon earth; them who, unlike the ruler, need not take thought for the morrow; them, to whom each day represents a sufficiency of evil, not of good; them, that never value or judge, for fear they shall be adjudged; them, who fear the storms of life and desire safety above all things; these, says Christ to his hearers, who were subjects and therefore weak, are the blessed, the salt of the earth, the light of the world. As such it was

the creed of those who, with a less positive, less loving, less spiritual nature than Christ's, were at heart the enemies of Cæsar's imperial system. It was slave morality, as Nietzsche so well named it, and as such opposed to the ruler system of Cæsar. Consequently it spread rapidly among the lower and discontented classes, especially during the military period of the Empire. It became a real danger to the stability of the imperial system, and Constantine in A.D. 324, after two generations of Mithraism, adopted it as the imperial religion, and so robbed it for the time of its anti-imperial nature. For one fact in history is clear and certain, namely that the Catholic Church, the successor to the Roman Empire, is the capturer and enemy of Christianity. The Church is Cæsar's and not Christ's offspring, and for long was the successful rival and overcomer of Christianity. It took command of the Christians and lower orders and peaceful anarchists and made them do what the state was unable to make them do.

Moreover, at the time that Christianity was adopted by Constantine, the gentle, submissive morality and poetic imagery of Christ had been embittered and hardened by a strong infusion of Aryan negativism of the spirit of revolt instead of submission of the lower classes. This negativism is described with admirable irony and accuracy by Gibbon in the famous fifteenth chapter. A single long quotation must suffice:

"The condemnation of the wisest and most virtuous of Pagans, on account of their ignorance or disbelief of the divine truth, seems to offend the reason and humanity. But the primitive Church, whose faith was of a much firmer consistence, delivered over, without hesitation, to eternal torture the far greater part of the human species. A charitable hope might perhaps be indulged in favour of Socrates, or some other sages of antiquity, who had consulted the light of reason before that of the Gospel had arisen. But it was

unanimously affirmed that those who, since the birth or the death of Christ, had obstinately persevered in the worship of the dæmons, neither deserved, nor could expect, a pardon from the irritated 'justice of the Deity.' These rigid sentiments, which had been unknown to the ancient world, appear to have infused a spirit of bitterness into a system of love and harmony. The ties of blood and friendship were frequently torn asunder by the difference of religious faith; and the Christians who, in this world, found themselves oppressed by the power of the Pagans, were sometimes seduced by resentment and spiritual pride to delight in the prospect of their future triumph. 'You are fond of spectacles,' exclaims the stern Tertullian; 'expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold proud monarchy and fancied gods groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot flames with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal, not of Minos, but of Christ; so many tragedians, more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers——!' But the humanity of the reader will permit me to draw a veil over the rest of this infernal description."

Such was the negative spirit within Christianity. It was not, of course, the whole of the Christian spirit, for the positive relation of the servile to the servile continued. But it was more than tolerated. It was authorized. Nor did the elevation of Christianity to the religion of the Western World and the passage of time lessen its severity. It appears in its hideous repulsiveness in innumerable writings throughout the ages. Thus, "in his highly esteemed treatise *De Fide*, written in the sixth century, St. Fulgentius says, 'It is

to be believed beyond doubt, that not only men who are come to the use of reason, but infants, whether they die in their mother's womb or after they are born, without baptism in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are punished with everlasting punishment in eternal fire, because, though they have no actual sin of their own, yet they carry along with them the condemnation of original sin from their first conception and birth.'"[1]

The great St. Thomas Aquinas wrote: "Beati in regno coelesti videbunt poenas damnatorum, ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat"; the blessed in heaven will watch the punishment of the damned, in order to be the better pleased with their blessedness. This is true *Schadenfreude* delight in the evil that falls upon others.

I would briefly finish with this negative spirit of hatred once and for all. It never leaves the creed. It found its activity in persecutions culminating in the horrors of the Inquisition, for the authentic facts of which the reader is referred to the history of the Inquisition in Spain written by D. J. A. Llorente, formerly secretary of the Inquisition. It found further activity in the brutal and damnable persecution of witchcraft and magic, of which the first chapter of Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe* gives ample evidence. It found its further expression in the description of the horror and pains of purgatory, of which the book of M. l'Abbé Louvet, *Le Purgatoire d'après les révélations des Saints*, gives thrilling and lurid examples. Lastly, it still persists in the official doctrine of hell amongst Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Quakers, and other Protestants.

A second quality of Aryanism, besides its negativism, infected Christianity as an imperial religion, namely, the lack of a true conception of the ruler mind, and of the ideational quality, and the complete absence theoretically of any esoteric quality.

[1] Edward Westermarck, *Origin of Moral Ideas*, 1906, Vol. I, p. 416.

In the religion of the Egyptians there was a clear and definite distinction between the subjects and the ruler outlook. The spirit of power over life, to which the royal Egyptian priests gave no name, was split into a thousand objective fragments, gods, and idols for the worship of the subjects. Such objective representation has always been essential to the subjects, but has never been essential to the rarer ruler mind. The Catholic Church wisely imitated the past, and adopted for idols the statues of the sacred people of the Testament and of saints, as well as their relics, for the worship of the faithful. Such are undoubtedly essential to subject minds in their realization as far as they can of the need of power over life and the spirit of loyalty and obedience to it. They also afford the security of familiarity and of reverential affection from constantly seeing the object worshipped. The adoption of these objective representatives of power was a wisdom to be expected of a Church that modelled its construction on Cæsar's system. So also the art that gradually passed into the buildings and services of the Church also owed its existence to that same system of organization, of which it was the expression. The Church modelled itself on the imperial organization, the Christian art modelled itself on the Roman imperial art. Both these qualities, the adoption of images and relics and the free use of art, are evidence of the definite system by which the Church was organized, the system directly adopted from the system of Cæsar.

It has, however, always been the mainstay of the patriarchal system that both ruler and ruler mind were above the ordinary exactions of law and opinion. There has always been that ruler opinion, which, in Aristotle's sense of the word "esoteric," was too deep for the common mind and only to be understood and felt by the philosophic or ruler mind.

This distinction Aryanized Christianity neverly and clear definitely comprehended.

The esoteric faith of the ruling Egyptians was interpreted by legends and statues to the multitude. To the multitude the statues were held to have personal power, the legends were believed to be essentially true, and to be accounts of events which actually happened. The ruler mind, on the other hand, believed in the ideational quality of these legends. The masses believed in them as actual incidents of brief occurrence, the rulers believed in them as illustrating types and qualities desirable over long periods or even as eternal qualities in man. This belief in the qualities or idea of which the object or legend was vehicle always distinguished the ruler mind from the subjects' mind, which believed in the legend as an actual event.

For example, when, according to the Egyptians, the soul at death went to join the setting sun and in company with the gods lived in everlasting light and was saved from the darkness of the night over which the sun had triumphed, the ruler mind was not forced to accept it, as did the commonplace mind, as an actual fact, but as symbolic of the spirit with which the virtuous or manly soul was imbued during life and which would be perpetuated after death. It was a strong, manly, giving spirit that brought light, warmth, and happiness to the earth. Similarly, when it was taught that the robe of Osiris was one, indivisible and without seam, this need not be believed by the ruler mind to be an actual fact, but as the symbol of the universal light of the sun poured forth by the divinity. Again, the divine element which entered into the mothers of Egyptian Pharaohs was believed actually to enter by the multitude, but by the ruler mind to be symbolic of the divine quality of the kingship. So too, when the Pharaoh, who shed the light of his countenance upon his subjects, was said to borrow his power from Horus the son of Isis, the Virgin Queen of Heaven, it was believed in as an actual fact by the people, but was understood in its ideational sense by those initiated into the esoteric doctrine.

Again, the beautiful legend of Child-Sun-God, who rising at his birth escaped the massacre which robbed all the stars of their being, was believed in only by the commonplace as a massacre of innocent young children, in which one only escaped.

Similarly, when Theseus is said to have been born of a virgin, in the ancient Greek legend, the philosopher sees only the story that is so common of the birth of heroes, which ideationally conveys the superhuman quality which distinguishes them from ordinary mortals. He is not compelled to believe in any of the many virgin births, any more than the esoteric Buddhist is compelled to believe and does believe the common legend that the Buddha, Gautama, had no earthly father, but was born of the purest of virgins and descended from heaven of his own free will into her womb. To the ruler mind it is the quality that is all important, and the vehicle is only to be regarded in so far as it can convey that quality.

Such a strange miracle, for instance, as that when Peter, by Christ's command, took a coin out of a fish's mouth to pay the tribute money, is not significant as a fact, but for the idea of obedience to authority which was conveyed by it. If it is necessary to believe it as a fact in order to get even a dim conception of its meaning, then it is well; but if its meaning is comprehended without the need of a decision as to whether it was a fact or not, then it is equally well. The first is the comprehension of the subjects' mind, the second of the ruler mind.

Aryanized Christianity made no such distinction. Where possible everything was reduced to the level of the subjects' mind, even as the ideational rulership of Cæsar's imperial system was confused and vulgarized.

All miracles and legends had to be believed in by all people, the greater minds as well as the commonplace, as actual events. This reduction to the level of the daily events

and commonplaces of earthly life was a process to be anticipated when Eastern thought, the thought of the long civilized peoples, became interpreted by the Aryans. Not only did the thought and teaching of Christ become "interpreted" in the terms of far lesser minds, the minds of the Fathers of the Church, but many myths and philosophic notions current at the time became hardened into actualities and actual occurrences, and were interpolated by these Fathers into Christianity. The quality of man's power over life, nameless to deeper meditators, became described as God, who consisted of one nature, two productions, three persons, four relations, and five notions, and the description of His Cosmos became so minute and accurate by the time of St. Thomas Aquinas, that the scholastics were ironically considered to be able to state as to how many angels could balance on the end of a needle.

This Aryanization of Eastern thought and teaching had, however, a sterner and gloomier side. In these actual facts and occurrences, or dogmas, as they are named, the faithful were compelled to believe. The hardness and cruelty of the Aryan clothed the dogmas themselves. They became law unto the mind. Should the mind openly transgress them, then the Aryan spirit they really concealed at once displayed itself. Force and Fear stood forth revealed and did their worst to the unhappy aberrant. Anyone who ventured outside the barriers they prescribed came into grave danger. In them was the same hardness, narrowness, and stiffness that seems so characteristic of the Aryan, whether seen in Rome, Sparta, India, or Christian Europe, and which prevents that moulding of all sorts and conditions of men, that recognition of the wide variance of their different values, which characterizes the great civilizations of the East.

With this large infusion of negativism and subjects' mind, it could not be expected that Christianity would express itself in any notable art.

And yet it did do so, in two notable arts, the Romanesque and the Gothic.

The cause of these arts, however, was not Aryanized Christianity. They were not expressions of Aryanized Christianity, but of the system of Cæsar.

It was this system which, after the fall of the military Empire, the Church continued and in many ways strengthened and improved. It is to the perfection of this system that all her greater minds were bent. It is in this system that ruler quality was preserved. It is of this imperial patriarchal system that the art of the Romanesque was an expression. At the time of its full development the Roman Church was a singularly exact replica of the Roman Imperial system. At that time Cæsar had overcome Christ.

The Pope was the Emperor invested with the purple. If his reign and life were approved, after his death he was canonized, even as the good emperors were deified. The Council of Cardinals then elected a new Pope after the death of the reigning Pope, much as the prætorian guard and senate had elected Cæsars, and often with the same confusion and uproar. The Council of Cardinals represented the senate, the archbishops the proconsuls of the provinces, the bishops the counts or rulers of towns, the abbots the rulers of country districts. Under these dignitaries were a host of minor officials, the clergy and monks, who represented the freedmen and clients of the Roman noble, and in the case of the monks sometimes falling to a condition of actual slavery.

The Pope was theoretically master of the Western Christian world. He was the final authority to whom all could appeal. He made peace between kings and princes, prevented war by his intervention, called upon kings to fight in his own or his Christian cause, watched over the morals of sovereigns, and even had the right to take away the throne from a disobedient king, such as John of

England. The upper classes appropriated and held the positions of ecclesiastical power. The bishops and abbots were nearly always of noble origin. The abbots became masters of great estates, owning the villages and lands about the monastery or abbey over which they ruled. The bishops became the rulers of towns, and the bishops of Cologne, Mayence, and Treves were the three foremost princes in Germany. This ecclesiastical aristocracy rivalled and exceeded in importance that of the secular lords and barons, many of whom sank so low as to become knights-errant and marauders. In villages the priest was supreme, and the villagers had to obey him, and he too became owner of land.

The ancient privileges of the Roman citizen were also inherited by the ecclesiastics. A clergyman could only be tried by an ecclesiastical court, and as these courts were lenient to the brethren and never condemned offenders to death, this privilege was greatly cherished. No layman could lay hands, therefore, on an ecclesiastic, and the latter possessed that appeal which the Roman citizen had and which is so well known in the case of St. Paul. Finally, as true inheritor of Rome, the Church was notable for its own law, the canon law, which governed all her subjects. Such was the Roman imperial spirit in its fullness.

Nevertheless, before it attained power it had to fight against and overawe the hordes of northern Aryans who swept down upon the dying Empire. The history of Europe in this and for some succeeding centuries is a chaos of conflict, the rise and fall of kingdoms, battle and strife, a savage mêlée, in which all culture was threatened with complete destruction.

But the Roman spirit was unconquerable. Having lost the dominion over Europe which it had held by the sword, it once more began slowly and painfully, by means of mind processes in place of military force, to attempt to solve that problem which still baffles the ingenuity of man, the unity

of Europe under one rule and the destruction of those national jealousies and petty quarrels which keep her in constant agitation, and which prevent the growth of an European culture distinguished by its power, its joyousness, and its glad acceptance of life.

Through the Dark Ages the Roman Church, suffering many disasters, making many mistakes, but with a courage as superb as that which distinguished the early Romans, maintained the spirit of organization and rule. Had the Church been overcome and this spirit extinguished, perhaps—one cannot tell—Europe might never have risen above the rude condition of the savage and warlike peoples who lived mainly by hunting, plunder, and rapine, and who in force and warlike skill excelled, but in intellect scarce excelled, if they excelled at all, the negroid peoples of tropical Africa, whom they now despise.

Leo the Great in A.D. 449, twenty-seven years before the fall of the Western Empire, first definitely asserted and assumed the supremacy of the Pope over the Christian world. He was, with feeble power, the first acknowledged Papal Emperor. Further recognition was slow. It was not, for instance, until A.D. 664 that the Roman ascendancy was established in our island.

The power of the Pope in Italy was constantly in peril. Gregory III (A.D. 731–741) was forced to call in the aid of Pepin against his enemies the Lombards, and from that time was established the precedent of an alliance between the German Emperor and the Pope of Rome. This precedent was strengthened and confirmed by Charlemagne, the famous son of Pepin, and after the welter which was caused by the death of so forceful a ruler had subsided, the alliance was renewed by Otto I of Germany in A.D. 962. The alliance was known as the Holy Roman Empire.

This alliance with the German Emperor served the purposes of the Pope for three centuries following Otto. As

the Popes grew in European power and significance it no longer served their purpose to be bound in alliance to a sovereign, even though that sovereign were the most powerful in Europe. The papal ascendancy now extended all over Christian Europe, with the exception of the Eastern Church, which unwillingly accepted and finally rejected the supremacy of the Pope. The Pope claimed a superiority over the Emperor, or, in the words of Innocent III (A.D. 1198–1216), the most masterful of Popes, the papacy took precedence of royalty as the sun does of the moon. The previous allies now regarded each other more and more in the light of rivals, and a long duel took place between Pope and Emperor for supremacy in Europe.

The emperors and partners in the Holy Roman Empire, who struggled with the Popes, were men of no mean capacity. The Emperor Frederick II, who fought the final duel with the papacy, was so highly skilled not only in war but in all the arts and intellectual pursuits of the age, that he earned for himself the title of the Wonder of the World.

The papacy could not have had a more powerful and accomplished opponent, and yet the papacy won. From A.D. 1250 to the time of the revolt of the particularist Aryans against Rome (see future chapters), the voice of the Pope was the most powerful in Europe.

This in brief is the history first of the dominance of the Roman spirit over the Aryan destroyers of the Roman Empire in the form of the Holy Roman Empire, and then of its triumph over its partner in that Empire.

Mr. Bryce dates the commencement of the Holy Roman Empire as A.D. 800, the year in which Charlemagne was crowned in Rome by Leo III, but it only became a continuous actuality after Otto was crowned in A.D. 962.

The Romanesque art began about this date, namely A.D. 962, and continued until about A.D. 1250, when the

Holy Roman Empire came to an end owing to the victory of the Pope over Frederick II and the death of Frederick in A.D. 1250. In this way the Romanesque art fits in with historical dates.

As regards its relation to the countries of Europe, on looking at a map of Europe during this period the distinctions of countries are seen to differ very much from those of modern times.

The Western Roman Empire or German Empire extended from the shores of the Baltic to a line striking across Italy between Naples and Rome. The Hungarians and Poles bounded it on the east, the kingdom of the Franks and Burgundy on the west. Spain was divided into several Aryan kingdoms, at war with each other and with the Moors, who held the greater part of southern Spain. The Franks occupied the modern kingdom of France, except Burgundy, which encroached in the south-east and the extreme south, where the Frankish influence was but slightly felt. The Normans not only occupied Normandy, but they were also the rulers of England and Sicily.

All of these kingdoms, except two, the Holy Roman Empire profoundly influenced. The two were Spain and the kingdom of the Franks. Spain was divided between the Moors and Aryans, who were engaged in a long struggle for her land. France was also little influenced by the Church. The reason was that the Franks, living on their farms and country estates in the northern three-quarters of France, in Belgium, and in Flanders, were a peculiar people, a *particularist* people. They were a separate people from the patriarchal Aryans, though themselves Aryans. The significance of this distinction between the patriarchal and particularist I have reserved for the next chapter. It belongs more peculiarly to the description of Gothic art and the periods that succeeded it. Here it is only introduced in order to state the fact that it was because these Franks were

particularist that they took no share in Romanesque architecture. Their social system was of an order different to the Roman system, which was patriarchal, and from that of the patriarchal Aryans. Only the system of the Saxons was particularist like that of the Franks, but the Saxons in England at this time were a conquered people, and the Saxons in Germany had been slaughtered or scattered broadcast by Charlemagne and had not yet recovered from their severe punishment.

Otherwise the Aryans, whether Normans or subjects of the German Empire, were patriarchal, and therefore ready and even glad to submit to a patriarchally organized government, as was that of the Holy Roman Empire.

The point of these distinctions is that they prove, in addition to the dates, that the Romanesque art and architecture were the expression of a definitely organized system, like that of the pyramid system of Egypt or of Cæsar's imperial system, namely, that of the Holy Roman Empire. For the German Empire was the home of the Romanesque architecture and art, say Lübke-Semrau, and it also flourished in England, in Normandy, and in Sicily. In France, on the other hand, these authors mention only thirteen towns as distinguished by Romanesque architecture. Of these, three were in Normandy, the other ten either in Burgundy or in the south of France. They were none of them Frankish towns, but were Roman, dating from Roman times, and were ruled either by a bishop or a count on the Roman patriarchal system.

So much for the distribution of the Romanesque art, a distribution corresponding strictly to those regions which in character were patriarchal and were organized patriarchally under the Church or successor to the Roman Imperial system.

The last question is the character of the art. It was, primarily, essentially ecclesiastical, and, as all expressions of

great systems must be, architectural. The minor arts of painting, sculpture, wood-carving, brasswork, and music were subject to its ecclesiastical nature, and were housed within its architectural protection. It was ecclesiastical because the ecclesiastical aristocracy and organization formed the essential patriarchal bonds of these peoples. Bishop rulers of towns, it is true, could be called upon sometimes for military service, but in general the sanctity of their office protected them from the need of taking the field. Abbots and monasteries enjoyed a similar security. All the other dominant classes in Europe were busy fighting with each other. Thus ecclesiastics not only were the dominant and ruler factor in patriarchal Europe, but they also alone enjoyed peace and security, and were not engaged in lives of continuous feud and warfare. They, therefore, alone had the stimulus, the security, and the leisure for an art expression. Consequently the Romanesque architecture was exclusively ecclesiastical, instead of being that of theatres, of amphitheatres, of baths, triumphal arches, columns of victory, etc., which distinguished the wider latitude of the well-ruled and peaceful Roman Empire. Only within the shadow of the Church was safety to be found from the untamed and yet barbarian Goths and northern Aryans, and consequently it was only under her protection that art found a home. Art and artists both gladly obeyed her, for in her they found the only great unifying force in Egypt, the only imperial system of valuations. The architects and artists were actual servants of the Church. Their products were devoted only to the Church in so strict a sense that they were the sole property of the clergy and for their sole use. The great buildings, for example, were mostly abbeys, belonging to monastic establishments, into which the laity were admitted only on sufferance and by favour of the ecclesiastics.

So the Romanesque architecture was the expression of the Roman imperial system or spirit, which, as chief partner of

the Holy Roman Empire and chief influence in patriarchal Europe, had reconquered the rude northern Aryans who broke up and overran the Roman Empire which Cæsar had founded. Nevertheless, it took the ecclesiastics, in the safety and seclusion of their sanctified lives, five hundred years of apprenticeship to the Roman spirit before this was accomplished, and before they could express the completion of their system and its definite and peculiar character in stone buildings, which were not composed of fragments and raw imitations of the past. Such was, in the words of Athaulf, the successor of Alaric, "the untamable barbarism of the Goths," which could only be quelled by the tradition of Rome.

Even then these expressors in architecture owed nearly everything to the Roman imperial expressors in stone, even as their system was the successor of the Roman imperial system. The vaulting, which is the distinguishing characteristic of mediæval architecture, had already been used by the Romans for greater services. Almost all the peculiarities of this mediæval vaulting had been employed by the Romans "on a far grander and more gigantic scale."[1] Similarly, the Romanesque temples were directly derived from the Roman basilicas, those vast halls in which the government, justice, and business of the Empire were conducted. A basilica was rectangular in shape and supported by rows of pillars; the famous basilica of Trajan, for example, was divided into five aisles by four rows of pillars. Above the side aisles was a gallery supported by an upper row of columns, and from these same columns sprang the arches of the broad and lofty central aisle roofed with an ornamented wooden roof. At one end was an apse, and in front of the apse was placed an altar upon which sacrifices were made before the commencement of any important public business. Such was a typical basilica.

[1] Fergusson, Vol. I, p. 331.

The Christians at first either used such basilicas as temples or built their churches in the same style. The Christian altar remained where the pagan altar had originally stood. The priests and choir occupied a portion of the central aisle adjacent to the altar and were separated from the laity by a low screen. In the wealthier churches the frieze, the wall above the columns, and the apse were richly ornamented. The internal roof was wooden, flat, and highly ornamented. Such was the original Christian Church, as exact an imitation of the Roman basilica as the Catholic system was of the Imperial system. Judging from photographs of St. Paul's, Rome, and from seeing St. Boniface, in Munich, I conceive that no Christian interior since that time has ever equalled the early basilica in nobility, clarity, simplicity, and serenity.

Gradually with the growth of the number and importance of the clergy and choir the central screened area became insufficient, and so the Church was widened at this part, a widening that led to the creation of transepts and a church shaped by convenience into the form of a cross. This evolution was not imitative of the cross, for in certain churches a second choir was used and a second set of transepts arose at the western end of the church. This change of shape in the Christian temples is interesting, and is commonly ascribed to the need for more space. This scarcely seems to be the real reason, for Trajan's basilica covered a larger space and attained greater height than any Christian building of that and, with few exceptions, of any subsequent time. As a fact, the evolution of the shape of these Christian temples was the enhancement of the importance of the clergy, and the increasing emphasis that was laid upon the sacred nature of the altar and of their service to it. It was essentially expressive of a separation of the sanctified officers of the Catholic system from their subjects. The Roman spirit was, as it were, a superior spirit ruling over, feared but not understood by the Aryan peoples. This will

be further illustrated in the description of a Romanesque and Gothic cathedral. But from the time the transept was introduced and the apse was extended as the choir eastwards to form a peculiarly sacred home for the altar, to which the laity could only approach with the deepest reverence, from the time that smaller chapels and accessories were added to the main building, from the time, in short, of the abandonment of the Greek and Roman right-angled temples in favour of complicated and protuberant forms, the unity and simplicity of the temple was lost. To see a Gothic cathedral simply and as a whole is impossible. There is always a confliction of elements, a conglomeration of parts, rather than a complete and dignified whole. Even in the Romanesque period this conflict is apparent. Though the part where the laity attended divine service and poured out their prayers altered little, the ecclesiastical part went through stages of more and more pronounced emphasis. One feels the difficulty the imperial spirit of the Roman Church had in bringing the barbarian Aryans into an order that was in some way in accord with those profounder truths of human nature, of which it alone had intimation. It was not adopted by these Aryans because they understood its superiority, but because they felt and feared its superiority. Hence this exaggeration of clerical and altar importance, this emphasis of sacred superiority, this standing out for attention, this bold claim, this isolation of sanctity and threat of divinity.

The awe with which the barbarian had once regarded the god-sanctioned power of Rome had to be transferred to the Roman Church.

So the grace and brightness of the Roman basilica in the hands of the Church evolved to a more sombre art. A stern fortress severity replaced the simple exterior of the basilica, and the dark shades and glooms of twilight replaced the brilliancy and clarity of day. The interior of the first Romanesque church in Lombardy, Fergusson says, must

have been in comparative darkness even on the brightest Italian day, and gloom is a quality all writers ascribe to this art, and is apparent to anyone who has studied the effect of the temples of this period still surviving, such, for instance, as that of the Norman cathedrals.

As the obedient subject of the Roman Church approached a typical temple of this period he would at once be impressed by the massive power of the building, a power to which was added a quality not apparent in the Roman imperial buildings, namely, a certain grim fortress-like severity, shown by the massive walls and small deeply-splayed windows. In many temples two towers, one rising on either side of the central entrance, loomed over him. The doorway was central and framed by a series of round arches supported on strong columns, and over it sometimes were placed, in a row of niches, the saints which represented the transfer of his ancient ancestor worship from the strong in fight to those superior to him in character and quality, a superiority of which he was dimly aware, but which was clothed to his eyes in impenetrable mystery.

Passing through the door his first impression would be one of gloom and darkness, but as his sight became accustomed to the dim light, his attention would be seized by the repetitive pillars on either side, and be led to and fixed upon the central choir, which was situated at the intersection of the central and cross aisles. Behind the choir he would catch glimpses of the high altar, the throne of the spiritualized Cæsar, half encircled by the concluding apse. In the later Romanesque temples, the sternness and mystery of the view which gradually grew upon his eyes was enhanced by a number of devices or expressions. The flat wooden roof, which had so frequently been the victim of fire, was dispensed with and replaced by stone vaulting. This gave the dominance of height and an upper atmosphere of gloomy light, contrasting with the blue sky roof dotted with golden

stars of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman temples. This darkening of the light—so different to the softening of the light by the rice paper of Japanese temple windows or of the light filtered through thin marble slabs into the Grecian temples—was further estranged by filling the clerestory windows with stained glass, which darkened and gave weird colours to the light, the coldness of deep blue, the mysticism of green, the passionate violence of purple, passing through the church in spots and blotches as the sun progressed. Again, the graceful columns of the Roman basilicas were replaced by the enormous piers which had a solidity of power comparable to the massive utilitarian piers of the Roman aqueducts. Finally, the mosaics and colour, which brightened and beautified the temples of all preceding periods, is of less use here, is seen glimmering in gold from the dark hollows of the apse, but nowhere is master of the gloom, and leaves great spaces of cold stone, which speak not of the common peasant gaiety and love of bright colours, but of a sober and suppressing severity.

Of the superiority of the clergy, who were the presiding genii of this awe-inspiring temple, the subject-worshipper would have immediate evidence. He would see that the choir, where they sat, was raised on a platform above the lower level of the nave, from which he was allowed to offer his humble devotions, and that they were isolated from his more vulgar presence by a surrounding screen. Beneath the choir he would see the crypt, in which were lodged the bones of a saint or patron of the temple, and above it, especially in the Italian churches under Byzantine influence, the church reached its greatest height in the misty atmosphere of a dome.

The ornamentation of the temple appealed in a strange and mysterious manner to his sense of ancestor worship and the religious veneration for great men and fathers of his people. The apostles, evangelists, the patron saints of the church, and the ancient prophets, either as statues or in

frescoes or mosaics upon the walls and in the concavity of the apse, replied in the same awe-inspiring and strange way to his natural desire for objective gods, and supplied him with an objective polytheism and a spiritual world that he felt accounted for those forces, which though invisible, had such powerful influence upon his life.

Nor were the objective representations of his ruder devil worship absent. Strange beasts like centaurs and satyrs, monsters and grinning devils found a home in these temples. Indeed, it seems they were loved with a peculiar tenderness by the sculptors.

So the Goth felt the gloom of the negative spirit, the power of fear, and the strange mystical superiority of the Roman spirit, the inheritor of the god-sanctified eternal Roman Empire. He saw these spirits enshrined in that which he admired and reverenced, namely, in the objective strength and power of the massive piers and mighty walls which with their grim power commanded as by nature his obedience. So he left the temple of his worship, not crushed and weakened, but, though awed and fearful, nevertheless with a certain exaltation, and certainly with that conviction of strength, which awoke in him feelings of reverence for the greater strength, which lies in the master-fate of all and which finds for its utterance and its understanding the genius of the ruler mind.

CHAPTER V

GOTHIC

THE Franks had little or no share in the Romanesque architecture, yet they created the Gothic. This is very singular. A people distinguished in one age for being the only people of western Europe who did not build Romanesque abbeys and monastic churches, are in the next age distinguished for creating an unique architecture, for being the first Aryans who expressed themselves in an original architecture. Silent in one age, silent almost to apparent stupidity, they were eloquent in the next with the most notable eloquence in the history of Europe; a strange phenomenon indeed. One would expect to find something peculiar about these Franks, something that singles them out from other Aryans. One finds actually something peculiar, something that singles them out almost from any other people in the world.

The late Mons. Henri de Tourville has devoted his singular discernment to these people. His book, entitled, *Histoire de la Formation Particulariste*, or in the English translation, *The Growth of Modern Nations*, is the most interesting of any modern book I have read. I am glad to be a pupil of Monsieur de Tourville, and to attempt to illuminate certain obscurities of modern Europe with the light that he has given me.

It is necessary to trace the origin of the Franks. The Aryans leaving their Bactrian home adopted a second home in the southern steppes of Russia. From there they migrated. The first migrations entered Greece and Italy.

The second set consisted of the Celts and passed along the course of the Danube, south of the Carpathian mountains, into Austria, Bavaria, and France. The third set of migrations consisted of Germans. They passed north-west to the north of the Carpathians and reached the shores of the Baltic and the plains of northern Germany. Some of these Germans passed across the Baltic, to the plains of southern Sweden. The Slavs merely extended centrifugally from southern Russia. All these Aryans were patriarchal. They were pastoral and they migrated slowly, feeding their flocks as they went. The first Teuton expeditions were led by Odin and his family. They were not primarily military, they were pastoral, but the force of arms was ready when needed.

These Germans were called by various names: Getae, Jutae, Scythians, and Goths. The Goths became masters from the shores of the Baltic to the banks of the Don. To the west of the Dnieper were the Visigoths or Western Goths, to the east the Ostrogoths or Eastern Goths. They came into contact with Rome when they were driven by the pressure of the Huns to invade Italy. This invasion of Italy under Alaric and other leaders, in the fifth century, was the second invasion of Italy by Aryans. The first occurred many centuries before, and was composed of the Aryans of Latium, who became the Romans, and the Celts, who settled in the valley of the Po.

Mr. Bryce records that Athaulf, the successor of Alaric, said: "It was at first my wish to destroy the Roman name, and erect in its place a Gothic Empire, taking to myself the place and the powers of Cæsar Augustus. But when experience taught me that the untamable barbarism of the Goths would not suffer them to live beneath the sway of law, and that to abolish the laws on which the state rests would destroy the state itself, I chose the glory of renewing and maintaining by Gothic strength the fame of Rome, desiring

to go down to posterity as the restorer of that Roman power which I could not replace."[1]

The saying of Athaulf was prophetic. The patriarchal Goths adopted the civilization of Rome as the patriarchal Celts in Lombardy and Gaul had adopted it. For the civilization of the Romans was patriarchal in principle, and, therefore, though superior, was of similar nature to that of the Goths. Thus it came about that all patriarchal Aryans who were brought in contact with Rome adopted the Roman civilization. The nature of this civilization and its expression were traced in the last chapter.

Some Germans, however, went through a different process. They passed by the Baltic islands into the plains of southern Sweden. In eastern and southern Scandinavia there are plains where flocks can be fed, where man can live in communities, and where patriarchal conditions and traditions can continue to prevail. By pressure some of the people of Scandinavia were driven once more to seek their fortunes westward. They passed over the mountains to the land of the fiords.

The Norwegian fiords are the most peculiar habitations man has ever chosen, and in them occurred the transformation from the patriarchal to the particularist family. In my travels I remember no interest equal to that experienced when first slowly steaming up a Norwegian fiord. On either side rose steep and precipitous mountains. As a rule they fell sheer into the deep, smooth water. Occasionally between precipice and water was a small patch of cultivable and cultivated land. These patches studded the fiord shores at rare intervals with emerald vegetation. Each patch was separated from its neighbour by a considerable distance, each was only approachable by water, each had a single house upon it and each a boat or two moored to the bank, which formed the sole means of communication with the outer world. Other fiords present the same picture, that of the loneliest isolation

[1] James Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, 1904, p. 18.

man has ever chosen. The picture is still present and but little different to what it was when the Scandinavians first settled in these fiords. It is a remarkable and unforgettable picture, for it is the objective picture of the particularist family, the small isolated family, which formed the Frank and Saxon unit of civilization, a family of some half-dozen people —say the parents and four children—in the place of the fifty or more people of the patriarchal family. "Of all changes which nature has wrought in the human race by her influence alone, that is by far the greatest."[1] I do not attribute this change entirely to environment, as does De Tourville. There is no doubt that there was something in these Aryans' natures which responded to the fiord life. I will not argue, however, with a writer who has conferred such benefits on me. All one can say is that tribes and peoples settle where their natures permit; where not, they do not settle. For instance, no English families or colonies have permanently settled in India, bought estates there and founded families.

Be that as it may, the Norwegian fiords formed a sieve into which was pressed the mass of the large patriarchal family, and from which emerged the single threads of the particularist families. These particularist families were enabled to live in the Norwegian fiords owing to a peculiar fact which De Tourville traces with masterful clarity. The strips of soil that wound in and out amongst the projecting rocks afforded the settlers some vegetables and grain, but this food was not sufficient. It was supplemented by fish, and these fish themselves lived upon infusoria that were borne upon the Gulf stream from the warm regions of the tropics. By this singular sustenance, carried by that remarkable ocean stream, an event was permitted by which a great part of the world's civilization had been changed. The Hanseatic League owed their fundamental fortunes to a similar natural event, to the warm waters which enable

[1] De Tourville, p. 1.

herring to live and breed in the waters of the Baltic. Salt fish was at that time the main winter animal food of Europe, and the Hanseatic towns the main providers thereof. But the influence of the Hanseatic League, though at one time considerable, has left few traces. The influence of the Norwegian fiords, on the other hand, is now the predominant influence throughout the world.

But neither fish nor the cultivated patches of ground could support more than a meagre population scattered in single small families of half a dozen persons or so in isolated spots upon the shores of these winding inlets of ocean. Families could be smaller yet than half a dozen, for one man could cultivate the small area of soil and spread the nets as well. Each family was isolated, and therefore each self-governing. Occasionally the families of one fiord would meet together for common purposes; sometimes fiord communicated with fiord. But isolation, independence, freedom from the restraint of a community and its social rules, these were the characteristics which the nature of the fiord forced upon or selected from the peasant-fishermen.

When a family enlarged urgent questions arose. The food would only sustain parents and perhaps a single son or daughter. Younger sons and daughters must starve or leave. The sea winding inwards through the deep fiords offered them the means of solving the dilemma. They were expert navigators, and the water formed the natural path of emigration. Young men of one family mated with the girls of another family. A few such couples would band together. Their parents and home people provided them with ships, provisions, weapons, and other necessities, and bid them a last and final farewell. Down the quiet waters of the fiord these young couples rowed, bound south on a voyage in search of a home. Though bold, they were not adventurous. Beyond these traditions of their homes they possessed little imagination. The narrow and sunless life of their northern

homes had moulded them to an equally narrow character. The provision of food, the warding off of cold, the care of the small family, and the love of independence and isolation, such was the stock of qualities that wended its way slowly down the coasts in the high-prowed Norwegian boats, bearing with them, strangely enough, the destiny of the modern world.

Their coasting course led them naturally to the southernmost point of Scandinavia, and from there the islands of Zealand and Laaland gave them protection from gales and bad weather until they reached the root of the Danish peninsula and the Baltic shores of the modern Holstein and Mecklenburg.

In this way the German patriarchal Aryans passed to the plains of Sweden, filtered through Norway and now drop by drop reached the mainland, with, however, a very different, more narrow, and more rigid set of traditions.

These particularist northmen were accustomed to making the best of poor and limited soil, and they set to work to re-establish the conditions of their childhood and youth in their new homes. They established small particularist farms, families, and traditions. The eldest son would inherit the homestead, but younger sons and daughters must mate, seek land, and set up their own homes and particularist families. It is difficult for the English peoples and the people they have influenced to realize the need of attaching the epithet "particularist" to family. They have for so many centuries themselves belonged to a social organization of which the particularist family is the unit, that the word family means to them the particularist family. They are so accustomed to regard a family as consisting of husband, wife, and children; they so expect children on attaining adult age to claim independence; and, as the parents, they are so accustomed to enable their children, as far as they

can, to set up homes of their own, that they overlook the existence of a totally different type of family, a far more ancient and wide-spreading family—the patriarchal. Yet a knowledge of the clans of Scotland; or a knowledge of the Irish people; or a walking tour through Bavaria or the Tyrol, where they will see great farm-houses in which dwell grandfather and grandmother, eldest son and wife and their children, younger sons, more rarely, with their wives and children, and younger daughters as well as widowed daughters, forming a large family community, and where in the village each man is the cousin or the nephew or the brother-in-law, or some relation of every other man, and where all these relations and people of kin live like a large family with the greatest freedom of familiarity; or outside Europe a knowledge of India, Japan, China, almost where you will; such knowledge will soon impress upon the mind that it is the particularist family which is the peculiarity and requires the epithet, and not the more universal and ancient patriarchal family.

The particularist Norwegians, or Saxons, as they were called, augmented by increasing families and small continuous emigrations, and spread gradually southwards. An Atlas like that of Professor Dow's of European History gives a graphic picture of their spread. They spread in a wedge-shaped manner, reaching to the modern Saxony eastwards, to the Netherlands westwards, and the level of Frankfort-on-the-Main southwards. Such is their position approximately in the year A.D. 476, the year of the fall of the Western Roman Empire.

They were farmers only, now that they were removed from the sea. They lived in isolation and independence from each other. But they met occasionally, as their forefathers had done, for common purposes, such, for instance, as war or the appointment of a chief in case of war. Tacitus describes them as a quiet, peaceful, and solitary people,

ready voluntarily to combine together to form an army if the occasion so demanded, separating again to their solitary estates when the occasion had passed.

Again, looking at a map of the fifth century one sees south of the Saxons and covering a larger area, including the country between them and the Rhine and between the Rhine and the northern boundary of France, a people called the Franks. They fit in the map like a cap upon France. France at the time was inhabited by Romanized Celts, the people of the second Aryan emigration, and by Goths and Burgundians. Both Celts, Goths, and Burgundians were patriarchal. The Franks were not patriarchal. They were particularists. They were, in fact, Saxons.

In time the Saxons found the bleak and sandy soil of north-west Germany insufficient for their growing numbers. South and east of them the lands were already occupied by patriarchal peoples. Force was necessary to effect an entry and to gain permission to cut down virgin forests and clear and cultivate the land. Force the particularists had. They were a singularly self-reliant and brave people, long hardened both traditionally and actually to danger. But they had no leader. The particularist system with its isolation and independence cannot breed leaders as does the patriarchal community. It bred no leaders then; it breeds none now. Consequently the Saxons had to seek elsewhere for a leader. They chose one from some neighbouring German patriarchal tribe, who, in the hope of booty, readily accepted their offer. He became their warrior chief and they obeyed him—while they had need of him. They allowed him to bring his family, which he used, as Cæsar used his, to form a staff of officers, a small bodyguard and an administrative body. They allowed themselves to be organized by him. They became, for the time being, in semblance organized as a patriarchal tribe was organized. They then set forth southward. Such was the

emigration of the Saxons, which is known as the emigration of a Frankish tribe.

These Franks were emigrating Saxons, only they did not emigrate in driblets or drop by drop, but as a tribe. This is the only distinction, otherwise they were the same. They were both particularists. Their object was the reverse of that of the warrior chief and his staff. Their object was not to acquire booty or perform mighty deeds, but to have the right to cultivate uncleared land or to occupy land from which they had driven their opponents. The warrior chief and his staff, on the other hand, desired booty and military fame. They desired plunder as their brethren the Goths plundered Rome and the Roman Empire.

These expeditions satisfied the expectations and purposes of the Franks. They found land, and they parcelled it out into small independent estates. Upon it they settled down and repeated the traditions of their forefathers. The results were not so satisfactory to the warrior chief and his dependents or truste. Such booty and fame as they could acquire, while the Franks were getting land, they acquired. But further plunder did not suit the Franks, and without them the chief and his truste could do nothing. They had subsequently to give way. They settled amongst the Franks in a town or close community. They occupied previous towns, and they too repeated the traditions of their forefathers, the patriarchal traditions. The conquered people worked for them as slaves. They themselves superintended patriarchal farms. The warrior chief occupied himself with ruling this patriarchal community and striving to get power over the Franks.

The Franks, however, permitted him only one relation, namely, the original military one. If the chief thought war was necessary, he appealed to them. If they agreed with him, they put themselves under him and his truste, and served him with perfect obedience until their purpose was accom-

plished. When it was accomplished, they once more returned to their farms and their independence.

By conquest the Franks spread still further south, and eventually occupied territory which included the Rhinelands, Belgium, and modern France, except Normandy, Burgundy, and the southern quarter.

By their conquests they became possessors of some of the slaves of the Romans, for not all of them went to the warrior chief. In the towns and in the urban slaves they took no interest, but the agricultural slaves were useful to them. They adopted them, and they modified them according to their own traditions. They gave them something of their own independence. They were forced to do so, for it was the only system they understood. The slaves became serfs. They had to work so much time for their masters, but they were given their own pieces of land, where they could build a house, have their families and support them. They did not live with their owners. They were found on the land by the Franks, and the Franks regarded them as part of the land. They lived upon or grew from the land. They belonged to the land and were part of it. They did not belong to the master. They could not be sold by the master separately from the land, nor could the master take away their land, their houses, and their families. They were, in fact, treated in that manner which the Franks alone understood, namely, to let man have land, to let him live upon it, and to let him alone, except when service was demanded of him. This service consisted of three days' work at least in the week under the master's orders. The freemen of France were also admitted to the estate by the Frankish conquerors. They, too, were granted a piece of land on which they could build a house and which they must cultivate themselves and from which they must live. In return they rendered certain services to their master, one being that of military service.

Thus the Frankish kingdom was divided into two antago-

nistic types. On the one hand was the patriarchal truste with the warrior chief at its head occupying towns, often old Roman towns, and organized on the patriarchal system, with such Roman improvements as they could adopt. On the other hand was the particularist estate with a Frankish master at its head, utterly opposed in spirit to all things Roman and patriarchal, based on the possession of land and on the freedom and independence of each man, from the lowest to the highest, with his own home upon the land. Around and about the Frankish territory were patriarchal peoples, Visigoths, Vandals, Bavarians, Alemanni, Burgundians, all of whom were allied in system to the warrior chief and his truste, to the Roman system, and to its successor the Roman Church.

To decide between the protection of the warrior chief or count, as he now became called, and that of the Frankish master or lord of the estate became important for those who lived in the kingdom and in its neighbourhood and whom the Franks had not ousted from their possessions. The Frankish system clearly gave them the preferable conditions. It gave them independence upon their own land and the security of the united military power of the estate. It freed them from taxation, which was irregular and sometimes exorbitant, and in exchange exacted a regulated time of labour in the interest of the lord, who himself lived on the land and whose son would succeed him and would also live on the land. There was, therefore, stability of lordship as well as security and freedom in the system. If, on the other hand, they submitted to the count, they would submit to one whose main interest, in those ill-organized and uncertain times, was to discover for how much they could be taxed, and who might change to another town or be off on some adventure at any moment.

The Frankish landowner was chosen. All who owned any land whatsoever handed it over to a large landowner and

received it back from him as his freeman, guest, or vassal. Thus all the land eventually came into the hands of the Frankish landowners, and the particularist agricultural social system known as the feudal system came into being. It reached its most complete and stable condition in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The Frankish feudal system was peculiar in purity in France only. The northern Franks and Saxons had been almost exterminated by Charlemagne and the survivors scattered throughout Germany. The Franks of France lived quietly on their great estates, free from the struggles of the Holy Roman Empire in which the German Empire was involved. "The isolation of the domains cut short the 'history of great events' during the tenth and eleventh centuries, whence came the idea of the 'darkness of the Middle Ages' and of the 'chaos of feudalism'; an allusion to the isolated life of the little feudal estates. But that is a totally wrong way of representing things. There is no darkness and chaos excepting in the minds of those who are ignorant of the social organization of that time, who cannot see anything clearly, and, therefore, think everything must be in confusion, at a period when no more 'impressive historical dramas' were being enacted. The saying, 'Happy is the people that has no history,' shows a better understanding of social truth. We shall verify this statement by taking the case of the peoples who lived in Frankish territory in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Those two so-called 'iron' centuries were the greatest and happiest of any."[1]

So wrote De Tourville, and if greatness is to be judged by peaceful agricultural content, then he is right. No doubt, too, it was the best possible system of a people whose characteristic was to be isolated and separated from each other and whose bonds were only those of extreme necessity. It was a system based on a character which regarded its

[1] De Tourville, pp. 183, 184.

neighbour with suspicion, avoided him, certainly was averse to intimacy, a system in which man held himself aloof, only associated on affectionate and happy terms with his wife and children, in which his relations to his superiors and inferiors was a business one, in which the free social intercourse from which arise wit, brightness, enlarged culture and character was lacking, a system in which exercise, health, vigour, physical strength, and sport made up the category of life to the exclusion, ignoring, and contempt of culture and refinement. I shall have reason to contrast this system more fully with the patriarchal later. There is no doubt it was a system based on a character in which dwelt the sombre isolation of the Norwegian fiord. Nevertheless, as there was, and still is, a particularist system, this agricultural feudal system must be acknowledged as its purest, greatest, and happiest social expression.

It was the purest expression, for during these centuries it was dominant in France. It had freed itself to such an extent from the warrior chief or kingly authority, that the very title of king was tacitly dropped by the lords of the Royal Domain who could have claimed it. Each estate formed a little republic by itself, each self-protecting and inspired with loyalty when its common existence was threatened. Each was self-supporting. Agriculture was the sole interest. War was reduced to an affair of a few armoured knights. Commerce was almost entirely suspended, and the towns, which lived by commerce, dwindled under the Frankish dominion into insignificance. The simple isolation of the country life, free of art, free of towns, free of commerce, free of ecclesiasticism, free of taxes, free of culture, free of government, free of war, free of all that which results from the intercourse of men, the isolation so dear to the heart of the particularist, be he Norwegian, Saxon, or Frank, was attained.

Herein lies the reason why the Franks alone developed no

Romanesque art in these centuries, when elsewhere that art was at its zenith. They were, in fact, utterly un-Roman, the opposite of patriarchal, the passive and active resisters to all that acceptation of the Roman system, which was exhibited by the patriarchal Aryans, and the expression of which was the Romanesque art. Theirs was a system of separation utterly opposed to the association which is the basis of art.

Nevertheless, in the midst of the Frankish particularist system were implanted people inclined to the patriarchal system. First there was the family of the warrior chief, which had Paris as their capital, and which had once received and in the person of Hugh Capet again claimed the royal title. Secondly, there were the bishops and clergy, who dwelt amongst the Franks. They were, it is true, largely feudal. Many of the abbots and dignitaries of the Church were feudal lords. Many of the clergy held lands in fief, i.e. on feudal conditions. They owed homage and military service to their overlord. Nevertheless, the clergy tended to be in sympathy with the other members of their order, and to acknowledge the Pope, the power of Rome and of their own bishops, as well as that of the Frankish lord. Lastly, there were also Celtic and Visigoth elements, which, though accepting the system of their powerful masters, nevertheless could readily revert to patriarchal conditions. Such were the patriarchal elements which were in the midst of the Franks themselves. The most powerful of these were the king and the Church, both claiming that the isolated Franks could not remain isolated from the world about and without them. The king and Church were also in actual alliance. Bishops and abbots were feudal, and yet they differed in one respect to lay feudal lords. Their titles were not hereditary. They were appointed to their estates.

The ecclesiastical appointments were not made by the Pope. In the Frankish kingdom these appointments had

been delegated by the indifferent Franks to the warrior chief. Appointment was part of the patriarchal system. It was, therefore, logically the duty of the patriarchal chief, and actually came into the hands of the king; at the least he had the preponderating voice. Consequently the clergy depended more on the king than upon their feudal lord, and they began to look up to the king instead of to the feudal lords as their temporal lord and protector. Thus the king or warrior chief of the royal domain, which was not much bigger than the Île de France, had scattered adherents throughout the Frankish kingdom, in case he should dare to dispute for power with the feudal system.

One fact actually told immensely in his favour, or rather one principle. It lay at the very root of the particularist system, namely, the principle of independence from one's fellow man, freedom from one's master, isolation; in a popular phrase, "personal liberty." Owing to it the feudal system was a kingdom, not of cohesion, but divided against itself. For in it each unit strove not for unity, but for separation and independence. In it each man was negative to his fellow man. Negativeness is the very root basis of the Saxon and Frankish particularist system. There is no single fact in history more important to grip than this negative character of the particularist. I have already been through his characteristics, I repeat them here, and I shall have cause to repeat them frequently in later pages.

The Aryan mind, as has been said, has marked negativism, and in the isolation of the Norwegian fiords this characteristic hardened and gained the strength of self-reliance. From the fiords the Aryan emerged bravely self-reliant, but in no way social, or associative, or communicative, but very much the reverse; trusting to himself, satisfied with himself, desiring to be let alone, desiring to let others alone; isolate, independent, intent on being let alone and being independent, intent on all that negative relation to his fellow

men which is spoken of as liberty. It was this desire for separation and isolation which led to the disruption and falling to pieces of the particularist feudal system, and made it an easy prey to its patriarchal opponents. It is the most instructive of historical lessons, and it is admirably conceived and recorded in De Tourville's book.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries feudalism was at its height. Its dismemberment occurred in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It was to be expected that agriculturists who had maintained an existence in the scanty soil of Norway and the sandy soil of northern Germany would gain prosperity in the fertile lands of France. This happened. With the improvement of agriculture, the clearing of new ground, the fertility of the soil, and the exclusive devotion to the soil, the prosperity of the estates increased, and as each worker on the estate possessed his own portion of land, the prosperity of each worker also increased.

This increased prosperity led to two important results: first the claim of each worker to a greater share of the spirit and basic principle of the Franks, namely, independence; and, secondly, to the rise of country towns.

There was neither religion nor the devotion to a royal house nor the patriarchal spirit to bind the vassals and villeins to their lord with a bond that overcame the calls of self-interest. The bond between them was one of strict utilitarianism to be decided by each personally. Forced service they disliked, as interfering with the principle of independence. The Franks were now in a condition to offer to the lord the surplus produce of their own lands in place of the produce they cultivated on their lord's land. The villeins or serfs in the same way gradually gained exemption or partial exemption from forced labour. In a similar manner the Franks, leaguing together for the purpose, obtained exemption in part from military service

by payment in kind or in money as rent. The serfs had never been subject to military service. Thus the Franks obtained the Frankish right, already owned by their lords in relation to the warrior chief, to decide whether war was necessary or not, and if they considered it necessary, to limit their services to a duration of forty days from the date of the departure of the expedition. At the end of this time they were at liberty to turn round and go home to the peace and solitude of their farms.

Consequently, the feudal lord from a military standpoint found himself master for only a brief period of a small and unwilling army.

In the days when wars were confined to mere border fights between adjacent estates on a scarcely more dangerous scale than those fights which in the last century occurred in the United States, this was not very serious. The vassals and lords housed in iron armour formed a series of movable fortresses, in which each knight was a little host in himself, and was able by individual prowess to decide the fortunes of the day. But when this particularist or isolated individual mode of fighting had to oppose united and organized opponents, the smallness and unwillingness of the army became a very serious defect. A single foot soldier, armed with a long pike and sufficient boldness to engage a mailed knight, overcame both his fear and his opponent by a single vigorous thrust, which pushed the mail-encased warrior from his saddle and left him helpless upon the ground, imprisoned in his own iron fortress.

Such foot soldiers the Frankish towns came to possess. These towns arose in particularist lands and were themselves of a feudal character. They were different, therefore, from the Roman patriarchal towns.

The patriarchal towns were the resorts of the owners of the land, who lived in the towns for the sake of society, culture, and amusement. These landowners did not live on

their estates as did the Frankish landowners. The slaves on the patriarchal estates provided not only the agricultural produce, but also manufactured many goods that were required by the inhabitants of the towns. Any overplus was disposed of commercially. In the towns, therefore, lived the lords and their households, the merchants who disposed of the country produce and goods, and some manufacturers and artisans. The towns were governed and heavily taxed solely in the interest of the king or emperor. A like system existed in the towns of the patriarchal Goths and Germans.

Such Roman patriarchal towns existed in France when it came into Frankish hands. Some were occupied by warrior chiefs. Many, however, to escape the burden of taxation, ceded their property to a Frankish landlord and received it back from him under the title of a fief. But set in the midst of a people devoted to agriculture, these towns did not flourish. Their inhabitants adopted the prevailing mode. They went out into the land to earn their livelihood and the towns were deserted.

With prosperity, however, towns once more arose, but they were of a very different nature to patriarchal towns. They sprang up in a particularist country, and were particularist in their character. They were not residential towns. They were not inhabited for the sake of culture, amusement, and the purposes of government or society. They were not towns which formed the homes of a ruler and aristocratic class. They were strictly "country" towns. The villages, which were scattered amidst the estates with prosperity, grew into these towns. They were manufacturing and market towns, manufacturing and selling and exchanging what was locally required by the estates. The mode of manufacture was particularist. There were no gangs of slaves working in large workshops, but the goods were manufactured in small family workshops, just as they were in England until the introduction of machinery. The in-

habitants were subject to the lord of the estate. They had to contribute forced labour or rent, and they were bound to the town precisely as the serf was bound to the estate.

The Frankish lord did not treat the urban people with the same respect as he treated the agriculturist. The traditions of the agriculturist, to which he was accustomed and to which he was bound, did not apply to this new population. Whereas, therefore, he gave the agriculturists a fixed rent and demanded fixed service, he began to tax the prospering towns not by a fixed scale, but according to their profits. The peasants with their fixed rates of service or rents, by diligence or owing to favourable seasons, could obtain a surplus with which they could trade. The townspeople, on the other hand, were not only subject to a variable tax, but they were not essential to the agriculturist, who only bought their goods and luxuries when crops had been favourable. If necessary, the agriculturist could go on in the old way without them and without the goods they manufactured; for the agriculturists themselves produced essentials, the manufacturers largely luxuries. Not until the former had created a surplus wealth could the latter exist. Consequently, it was not until many generations after the former had obtained exemption from direct service to the Frankish lord that the latter possessed sufficient strength to dare to oppose his exactions.

The owners of the small workshops were powerless individually against the lord, and their first step towards strength was to unite and form a modified guild. The guild was not a Frankish institution, but belonged to the patriarchal peoples. "The guild, unlike feudalism, which was a coalition of domains, was founded essentially on personal bonds. . . . It thus formed a distinct society in the midst of the tribe or nation."[1]

In southern France, where there was a predominance

[1] De Tourville, pp. 305, 306.

of patriarchal influence, these guilds were prominent and widespread, uniting the artisans of similar professions of many towns. In northern France and Flanders, on the other hand, they were opposed by the particularist Frankish spirit; consequently, in these northern towns a guild uniting the artisans of like nature in many towns did not come into being. The isolation of the particularist separated town from town. In its place all the workmen of one town banded together for defence, just as the Saxons banded together for defence and self-assertion. They chose a time when the lord was absent, armed themselves, overcame the small town guard, closed the gates, and awaited the arrival of the indignant lord. When he arrived he, with his handful of armoured knights accustomed and fitted for fight in the open field, could do nothing against a walled and protected town. He was forced to come to terms and to sign a charter, by which he agreed to a fixed annual tax in place of a variable tax, and by which he granted the town self-government and permission to maintain a militia for their own defence. The town, in short, became an independent feudal entity, like an estate or like one of the small divisions of a large estate or duchy. These independent Frankish towns were known as communes.

So, in the passage of time, the particularist spirit of independence separated the lord from all over whom he formerly held personal sway. In its place he received rents and taxes in the form of money. He became rich, but nevertheless he could not buy the services of others. The money was given him by subjects who wished to get out of, not to enter into his service. Finally, therefore, he too became once again the pure particularist, isolate on his own estate, alone, dependent on himself to maintain his prestige and his power. The rents and the taxes he received freed him from having to rely on the agricultural produce of his estate. He depended for his name and fame more and more on his

individual bodily strength and skill in arms. He cultivated these assiduously and sought opportunities of personal distinction. Dukes, lords, and knights, with immense, large and smaller estates, all suffered in a similar manner. Each Frankish lord was pensioned off by his subjects, and was in danger of earning their contempt for the "idle rich," unless he showed his personal quality in the way of military leadership, the only type of leadership the Franks had ever allowed or understood. There was nothing for the nobleman to do at home in the way of war amongst these peaceful Franks. Mock war and tourneys he could have, but not the real thing. He was obliged, therefore, to go elsewhere in search of adventure.

With an astuteness that indicates either brilliant intuition or well-calculated reason, the popes, bishops, and abbots, who were the Frankish nobleman's rivals at home, gave him an ideal, which took him abroad and left them a free hand at home. They told him to conquer the Holy Land.

This gave the Frankish nobleman plenty to do, for he met in the Mohammedan an exceedingly stubborn foe. In spite of the Christian army consisting of what was called the flower of European chivalry, and in spite of immense crusades being fitted out for nearly two hundred years (A.D. 1096–1270), the Mohammedan remained master and beat back the European invaders. Only where the Mohammedan had invaded and occupied European soil did the Frankish nobleman find his efforts repaid by success. These wars against the Mohammedans kept him occupied at the only profession for which he was fitted, now that he had been forced to become an absentee landlord without culture or opportunity. They kept him occupied, they gave him fame, and they earned for him that reputation for pugnacity which has caused him to be so evilly handled by peaceful modern historians. Yet, though rough, rude, uncultured, and a vandal, destroying priceless art treasures in his greedy sack of

Christian Constantinople, he was the greatest sportsman the world has ever produced. He was frenziedly keen on exercise, and he could eat meat and drink ale in a manner which excites the envious admiration of the milder sportsmen of our day. When there was adventure abroad he sought it; when he returned home he spent his revenues in great hunting, in jousts, tourneys, and battles of arms, ending the day with a feast at which he ate with great appetite and drank healths five fathoms deep.

Christians sometimes sigh to establish the kingdom of heaven upon earth. The Frankish lord established the heaven of his Teutonic ancestors on earth, the heaven in which each morning at cockcrow the warriors marched forth to do battle amongst themselves, and in the evening, with all wounds healed, they strode back through one of the vast and numerous doors of the hall of Valhalla to the feast that the gods had prepared for them. Clearly, however, he was no ruler of men; he was no head and guide to a settled social system.

Such was the later stage of the Frankish feudal system. It was a system which consisted of independent estates, farms, and towns, loosely united, and with a chief only properly occupied when at war in a distant country. As such, it possessed none of the mutual positive relation of parts and reciprocity, upon which the power and permanence of a social system and art of life depends. It was, therefore, doomed either to fall into complexity and chaos, or to be captured by some stronger organization and more real mastery. Certain masters, the royal masters, with the restored title of king, and the support of the Church, had long been on the watch, and had taken every opportunity to undermine the authority and power of the Frankish lord and feudal system.

Philip Augustus (A.D. 1180–1223) was the king who succeeded in converting the feudal into a royal kingdom.

Philip determined to unite the Frankish kingdom under one crown. His predecessors had already pursued this aim; he was to fulfil it. His policy was to ally himself to everything which was opposed to the feudal lords, and to try to gain over everything which they had lost their hold of.

The Church was already on his side. His father, Louis VII, in his endeavour to extend the power of the royal domain, had established friendship with all the most powerful ecclesiastics. Philip maintained and augmented this policy. His own uncle, the Archbishop of Reims, crowned him, and he signalized the opening of his reign by repressing Humbert III of Beaujeu, William III, lord of Châlon-sur-Saône, Giraud, lord of Vienne, and other feudal lords, who, not being occupied with Moors or Turks, amused themselves by marauding expeditions against wealthy abbeys and churches. This gave Philip excuse for military force. He also claimed patriotic reasons for establishing and maintaining a thing unknown to the Franks, namely, a standing army, for at that time England was a constant menace to France. To repel her attacks Philip collected and maintained a standing army. All knights, highwaymen, troopers, and brigands who were out of or dissatisfied with their employ he pressed into his service.

Philip was the first king or feudal lord to use his revenues to maintain a standing army to fight at home, instead of gathering an odd following to fight abroad. With this powerful and exceptional weapon, and with the support of the Church, he carried all before him. He even forced the powerful lord of Flanders to submit to him. Wheresoever feudal lords submitted to him there he established right over as much territory as possible. His ambition brought him into rivalry with the German Emperor. He waited his opportunity, and when the Emperor involved himself in a quarrel with the Pope, Philip astutely appeared as champion of the Church, and finally established his power by defeating his rival at Bouvines.

Philip was now military master of France. His next object was to make himself actual ruler as well. He continued to maintain his standing army and forced the militia of the communes to serve him. But his principal method was to spread agents and officials paid by him and personally responsible to him, to represent him, to collect taxes, and to administer justice. The king's justice gradually excluded the judges of the feudal lord's courts. In the latter the accused was presumed to be guiltless; the accuser had to prove the case. This was the custom, for there were no written laws. The officers of the king's justice, on the other hand, were trained in Roman law. Roman law was already the model of the law of the ecclesiastical courts; it now became that of the civil courts. It was a written law, in which the accused was presupposed to be guilty, and the judge used what means he could to extract a confession of guilt. The collection of taxes, the administration of the towns, the executive adopted by Philip, were all modelled on the Roman basis. When the feudal lords yielded to the king and Church, particularism ceased to be a power in France. The old and more universal system of patriarchalism in the form of a royal truste, supported by the Church, triumphed. Court and Church, with Paris as their capital, ruled over a rural peasantry with strong traditions of independence. These conditions prevailed in France until the particularist liberty, marred and distorted, turned against its rival, and with a single weapon, that of the guillotine, restored for a brief space its anarchical ascendancy.

This triumph of the warrior chief and of patriarchalism in the Frankish kingdom was a great joy to the adherents of the king, of the Church, to the people of the communes, and perhaps to the patriarchal Celts and Goths who had for long served Frankish masters. It found its expression in a remarkable art, the Gothic architecture. It was an art remarkable not only in its emphatic evidence of the

dependence of art on a patriarchal and more reciprocal or positive system of social organization, but also in that it was the only original art the Aryans have ever produced.

This is the fact. The Aryans produced one really original art only, the Gothic, and they produced this when they surrendered the particularist system of marked independence and negativism and adopted in its place a system of graded dependence and of greater positivism.

Philip and the Church were so closely allied and were so bent on making an united kingdom out of the disunited Franks, that even the Church, later known as the Gallican Church, tended to be as much national as Papal. Together the Church and king bound together the enlarged royal domain. This, even at Philip's death, by no means covered the whole of France, but it was the chief influence in France. In it the patriarchal system was first re-established. In it the Church first obtained definite power. In it the national spirit of France was born. Within it the Gothic architecture found its origin and its consummation. The country north of the Loire, previously distinguished for its absence of Romanesque churches, now became far famed for its Gothic cathedrals.

Most writers deny enthusiasm to the builders of the pyramids and great temples of Egypt. They speak of slavery, misery, oppression, tears and groans, and would be forced, were they logical, to believe a magnificent architecture the expression of the lowest despair. But no writer denies the positivism and enthusiasm with which mediæval cathedrals and churches were erected. The nearest parallel to this enthusiasm, says Mr. Charles Moore, was that with which the Greek temples were built. For the Franks returned to a wonderful institution, an institution by far the most wonderful ever produced in Europe since the fall of Rome, namely to the Catholic Church at its height. From A.D. 1198–1216, the most important part of Philip Augustus'

reign, the lofty and courageous will and ideal of Innocent III formed the crown of the pyramidal system which bound all discordant Europe in one great unity. To him all the smaller kings and sovereigns of Europe bowed. He brought the passionate King John a suppliant to his feet to receive the kingdom of England as the gift of the Church of Rome. Even the haughty and successful Philip Augustus and his Church he broke into obedience to his indomitable will. This master of Europe had no humble or slavish ideas of his position. The imperial system of the Church inspired him. "The Roman pontiff is the Vicar of God Himself," he declared. "To him belongs not only the rule of the Universal Church, but that of the whole world." He disdained the humble position of partner of the Holy Roman Empire. He alone had the right to be master, and he claimed the highest and loftiest title: to be lord of the whole world, by the divine right and direct choice of the Creator. Great boast though this was, Innocent III was the man to make it actual by his personal dignity and indomitable ruler will. Throughout western Europe were dispersed his agents, the clergy, bishops, monks, and lay brethren, all of whom looked to him proudly and reverently as the mouthpiece and divine leader of the most exalted ideal Europe has ever entertained, namely to organize the whole world into a governance ruled by the direct representative of the Maker and Ruler of that world.

It is scarcely surprising, then, that the Church of France and the Frankish people should turn from the feudal isolation, and subsequent confusion, with a shout of exultation to this vista of power, plan, and unity, which the Church of Rome had so long been building up, and which Innocent proclaimed with such unfaltering conviction and positiveness throughout the kingdoms of Europe. How strangely different this enthusiasm and response to great purposes, this eager perception of the might of God and His rule over the whole

vast body of mankind, to the lonely and isolated negativism of the particularist Frank and Saxon! Each servant of the Church felt his position in the great system which gave a definite meaning and value to his life. The same positiveness, that lived without doubt in each man who helped to drag the mighty stones of the pyramid, in each shaper of the marble drums of the Parthenon, lived also in each man who added his quota to the building and adorning of a cathedral or a village church. His whole life was wrapt about by the church, which presented to his dull understanding a symbol of the mighty purpose, which throbbed through the Catholic world. Birth, absolution, marriage, masses, death, from the cradle to the grave, it sanctified every step of his life. The church or cathedral was the symbol of this collective divine quality of mankind. There, as in the Grecian temples, all classes met. There, as in Greece, was the pride of the town, for private dwellings were small and unimportant and domestic architecture comparatively insignificant. There, in the quiet of the evening, labourer and merchant, master and man, servant and mistress, met in a temple dedicated to something far beyond all individual and temporal considerations in the meaning it gave to life. The church or cathedral was theirs, not, as so often was the case in the previous age, the monks' or abbot's. It was common property of the town or village it adorned. To that adornment each gave that which he could. The poor man gave his labour, the merchant paid for the stained-glass windows, the guilds and the wealthy gave altar cloths, lecterns, lamps, shrines, and copes, and local talent in painting, sculpture, and masonry, gladly devoted itself to the sacred service.

For the larger churches and cathedrals there were trained bands of workmen headed by a master-builder, himself chosen by the bishop or chapter or abbot.

Throughout the kingdom each and all gave something, either personal service or money, to that which represented

to them the higher unity of man, which seemed capable of uniting all the warring and turbulent diversities of Europe, and in the proud prophecy of Innocent III would one day unite the whole world to that order and governance which proclaims the mastery of life, and thus fulfil the noblest, indeed the only purpose for which mankind has received the gift of life.

With this enthusiasm of religious fervour it is not surprising to find that the home of the Gothic was in the limits of the influence of the French Church, which in the main was similar to that of the royal influence. The ecclesiastical towns of Senlis and St. Denis were its first homes. There, during the reign of Louis VII, father of Philip Augustus, the first indications of Gothic appeared in what is known as the transitional style. In the reigns of Philip Augustus, of his son Louis VIII, and of his grandson St. Louis, the Gothic attained its zenith. "Gothic was first cordially adopted in A.D. 1295, when the cathedral of Bourges, one of the marvels of the new style, was commenced in the manner of the Île de France. This region is unique," Mr. Porter continues, with this notable statement, "in that it shows no period of hesitation or mixture of Gothic and Romanesque." [1]

The Gothic architecture sprang up, then, after the Franks had submitted to the royal patriarchal truste and to the Roman Church. They submitted more than gladly, for their previous condition had been one of progressive dissolution and resulting confusion.

Wonderful as was this union of a people, who had taken no part in the Romanesque art, and enthusiastic as it was in finding itself allied to that order which claimed to borrow its authority from heaven, yet enthusiasm so recent, with so little patriarchal tradition, convention, and environment, so much particularist tradition and environment, such an

[1] A. K. Porter, *Mediæval Architecture*, Vol. II, p. 108.

imposition of patriarchal organization upon a people still fundamentally in thought and habit particularist, would lead one to expect that their expression in architecture would lack that simplicity which is a sure sign of mastery, that permanence which is a sure sign of content and unity, that distinction of parts with, at the same time, the mutual reciprocity that is due to a long established intermingling of individuals in close relations and communal families, and which distinguishes the expressions of long established patriarchal societies.

One expects the emotionalism and aspiration, which arise from the desire for something that is conceived of as better and happier, but which contrasts markedly with the calmness and power, which arise from actual possession of that something. One expects the emotionalism and enthusiasm and aspiration that something great will come and be, in contrast to the Egyptian feeling that something great existed and only needed expression. This mixed particularist and patriarchal social state would desire stability, permanency, and simplification, showing the power over life of the long established patriarchal state, but would lack that clear training of the individual to the larger social life, that perfection of the social in the stead of the separate and isolate personality, which is the basis of such art of life and its expression.

This emotionalism, aspiration, crowding and assertion of separate personality and individualism, absence of simplification and calm power and control, are precisely the characteristics which the Gothic architecture clearly expresses.

For example, the first quality which impresses one approaching a Gothic cathedral, such as that at Amiens or Rheims, is its multitudinous detail, its lack of the simplification which characterizes the exterior of Greek, Egyptian, and Japanese temples, its gathering together of a number of different entities. One can never see a Gothic

cathedral as a whole, and in the mind one thinks of it piece by piece, detail by detail. I remember, when standing opposite the façade of Rheims cathedral, being struck by the fancy that it consisted of a number of diverse elements, feudal, communal, and Celtic, tied together by the imperial spirit of Rome. This façade, it is true, is a composition of a later date than the body of the cathedral, which belongs to the early Gothic. But all these façades have the same quality, and that of Rheims is generally acknowledged as the most beautiful of Gothic façades.

It is composed of circling, semicircling, arched, lancet, triangular, right-angled, transverse, and upright elements. It has no simple surface, it projects and recedes, is full of hollows and exuberances, minarets sprout upwards, cut stones like stalactites hang downwards, figures in their hundreds crowd into every space not occupied by doors or windows, and the eye is made to wander from set to set, from group to group, detail to detail, which individually and separately are at variance with each other, asserting their separation, but are bound together as a whole because they are united by the Roman and ecclesiastical spirit and tradition. The beautiful rose window, for example, is totally at variance with the canopy over the central portal, at variance with the window in which it itself is set. It does not form a centralizing attention area framed by the façade. It is even made to retire. But in itself, and looked at alone, it is beautiful. The same applies to the rest of the exterior of a Gothic cathedral. It bristles like an excited porcupine with turrets, minarets, points, spires, and towers. There is something almost hysterical in its enthusiasm and emotion. It is clothed with feverish protuberances, flying buttresses, leaping gargoyles, ecstatic monsters, and grinning demons. No less than seven towers were the ambition of the Gothic architect, an ambition so ebullient that it was rarely fulfilled. The feverish activity of restless experiment is embodied

again and again in these buildings. There is little or none of the mutual reciprocity of the Grecian and Egyptian façade, there is none of the slow addition to a tradition and system found so valuable and so good as to be worth most carefully conserving. There is no conservatism, no calm, no sedateness, no control, no quiet, no mastery, but the Franks and the people of France have been caught by an enthusiasm for something they feel is stronger, but do not understand, something which carries them out of their accustomed ways, something which startles and excites them, gives them the heated emotions of the revivalist, something which unsteadies and unbalances them, makes them hope and aspire —a result clearly showing that they lacked that ruler spirit which, having its definite values, meets that which is strange with calm confidence and an ability to judge quietly and soberly. The grave dignity which the Oriental admires so and so carefully cultivates, that dignity to which the Greeks also gave careful heed in their dress and their manner of walking in the street and talking to friends, is replaced by that display of excited emotion, of arm waving, hand circling, and shoulder shrugging, for which the Oriental has so great a contempt.

John Ruskin[1] is an admirable example of a modern writer whose facts and observations are valuable, but whose valuation of those facts is often that of modern progress and confusion.

These qualities of the Gothic he observes, describes,—and praises. He praises the savageness, the changefulness, and the redundance of the Gothic art.

Savageness clearly denotes the lack of the ruler mind, the lack of that quiet confidence and inner feeling of mastery, the opposite of the content and mutual reciprocity of a long and able civilization. Changefulness denotes the need of change and experiment, of dissatisfaction, discontent, and

[1] See *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II, chap. VI.

hope of something better in the future. It is the very reverse of the long, steady aim at perfection which resulted in the Greek and Japanese art, or that conservatism which preserved the Egyptian spirit from century to century. Redundancy shows the love of quantity rather than quality, of excess beyond control, of lack of simplification and ordering. Only by the presence of these qualities of control, simplification, and ordering does the redundant become an organic part and lose its redundancy, become essential instead of being superfluous, become rightly placed by the master, instead of being left superfluous by impotence unable to place it.

Ruskin praises Savageness on grounds of moral sociology, and because to him imperfection is better than perfection.

He praises Redundance because it is "the uncalculating bestowal of the wealth of its labour," a very modern reason, justifying a great deal that is modern.

His praise of Changefulness is yet more illuminating. It discovers the Gothic mind, whether now or then, so admirably. "The strange *disquietude* of the Gothic mind that is its greatness," he says, and italicizes the word "disquietude" as if to utter for all time the sentence of his own and the Gothic's damnation. He continues: "that restlessness of the dreaming mind, that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine knots and shadows along wall and roof, and yet is not satisfied nor shall be satisfied." All this is in the Gothic, it is true, but it is not praiseworthy, as Ruskin would have it. It has none of the serene tranquillity of the Egyptian art. It does not show strong mind, and will, and mastery, but the reverse. It shows weak will, emotionalism, sentimentalism, romanticism, hysteria, and neurosis. Is the mood of feverish fretfulness the mood in which to enter a temple of meditation, the house and expression of the eternal and the unchanging ideal of power over

life, a mood such as an hour in the centre of London traffic, itself an expression of the strange disquietude of the Gothic spirit, can produce?

Far better are the words of Lübke: "What a contrast to the earnest, restful masses of the Romanesque building, which, only broken by small windows and outlined by quiet string-courses, friezes, and cornices, preserved the character of aristocratic reserve! What a contrast is presented by this moving upwards and downwards of the components of the framework, in which all the single forces of the building struggle for logical expression, and in their general effect render difficult, yes, impossible, the essential, namely, the clear comprehension of the whole and of the several parts in the whole."[1]

In the interior of a Gothic cathedral this restlessness is less apparent. One becomes immediately aware of the soothing influence of the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman element, namely, a row of piers. Columns pass on either side, carrying the eye easily to the high altar. This quietening effect tends to change the feverish fretfulness to the calm of order and the trust in power and mastery.

Porter quotes the words of the famous Abbot Suger. They were written at the dawn of the Gothic architecture. They express well the aspiration of the Gothic cathedral rather than the fulfilment and the sense of calm which result from an Oriental temple, such as the Chionin in Kyoto, or, in Europe, the interior of St. Mark's, Venice. "When the house of God, many-coloured as the radiance of precious stones, called me from the cares of this world, then holy meditation led my mind to thoughts of piety, exalting my soul from the material to the immaterial, and I seemed to find myself, as it were, in some strange part of the universe, which was neither wholly of the baseness of the Earth, nor wholly of the serenity of Heaven, but by

[1] Lübke, Vol. II, p. 289.

the grace of God, I seemed lifted from this lower to that upper sphere."[1]

The same restlessness and redundance, which is so conspicuous in the exterior of the Gothic cathedrals, also find themselves in the interior. Fergusson, for instance, says that the cathedrals of Rheims and of Chartres even now contain five thousand figures scattered about or grouped to give pictorial representation of events in sacred history. In addition to these Bible stories there are statues of the kings of France and other popular potentates who played a part in profane history. The ancient animism of the Aryans is made to live in torture and vain desire, strange animals, half bird, half beast, half man, half monster, looking down with grins of malignant hate or with expressions of infinite sadness at their lost state. Lastly, fruit and foliage are accurately carved.

There is, therefore, not only redundance of detail, but much imitative realism and pictorial illustrative representation, which though decoratively arranged tends to distract the mind with the closeness of its resemblance to familiar objects or the nature of the story it illustrates. All this is only another expression of the lack of the Aryan mind to comprehend the ideational and its limitation to the objective of which I spoke in the last chapter. It is very different to that complete freedom from imitation or subjects realism which makes the Mohammedan temple unique amongst the architectural religious expressions of the world.

These diverse elements in a Gothic interior tending to make it distracting and to claim the attention to it piece by piece rather than as a whole, were, however, originally largely unified by a prevailing brightness and brilliancy, due to the positiveness of colour. The absence of this colour makes one apt to misjudge Gothic interiors. Taine, Lafcadio Hearn, and others complain of the gloominess of a

[1] Porter, Vol. II, p. 252.

Gothic interior, but in the centuries in which Gothic art flourished creatively an interior was vivified and brightened by a rich profusion of colour. Stained glass had been brought to a great perfection, and the clerestory windows were so fashioned as to allow of its greatest possible display. This colour of the stained glass is the only colour that now remains. The colouring of the carved stone, the pillars, etc., has faded. To reconstruct the colour, says Porter, is impossible, yet all was coloured. The colouring is supposed, reasonably enough, to have resembled that of illuminated mediæval manuscripts. In that case it was brilliant and positive, and with this colour, clothing all the details of a Gothic interior, the confusing effect of so much detail must have been largely conquered by the brilliance of colour. It was, in the words of Suger, "many-coloured as the radiance of precious stones."

This redundance, restlessness, disquietude, emotionalism, and assertion of separate parts, all of which contrast so markedly with the mutual reciprocity, simplification, and permanence or stillness of Egyptian architecture, was united and made whole by a quality which in itself is a confession of incompleteness, imperfection, and dissatisfaction, the quality of aspiration. The Egyptian art is the expression of completeness and mastery over life, both social and individual. The Gothic, on the other hand, expresses the yearning which springs from discontent with actuality, and the restless hope and passionate longing that change may bring about something so desirable, that change itself may cease and the reign of conserving begin.

All the architectural elements and modifications, which expressed this aspiration, were adopted by the Gothic architects. They adopted the pointed arch. They did not invent it. It had been in use since the eighth century B.C. But they adopted and developed it because it answered their need. The pointed arch has none of the completion

and self-reliance of the rounded arch, nor the simplification and clean valuation which differentiates mass from support, such as the pillars and lintels of the square arch show. It itself expresses a certain dissatisfaction. It is not complete in itself, but its lines, instead of being continuous, end in a point which directs the gaze upwards. The pillars of the interior are modified similarly to express aspiration. The bundle of slender shafts, and especially the shaft which rises from the ground in an uninterrupted upward course to bear the ribs of the vaulted roof, all exaggerate and enhance the upward tendency, to the detriment of the completeness that is expressed by definite horizontal lines that close and explain the upright lines of support.

It is the same with the exterior of the Gothic cathedral. Its stone fragility, coruscated with flowers, leaves, and carven ornaments, its slender balustrades, its round windows, roses with far-flung petals, the figures of saints, the doors, a multitude of details, are all dominated by the pointing of the lancet arches. The pointed niches and canopies that crown saints and portals, the slender lancet windows, the spread wings of flying buttresses, the perpendicular lines of upright buttresses capped with minarets, the thousand needle points, the high-backed roof and the towering and attenuating spires, are borne heavenwards in an impelling uprush of aspiration.

More masterful people such as the Italians could not brook the Gothic style. The cathedral at Milan was German, not Italian, a German imitation of the Gothic, built by Heinrich von Gemunden. The protuberances and excrescences of the Gothic architecture were distasteful to the Italians, and it was they who gave it the name of Gothic as a name showing contempt for its restlessness and savageness.

These qualities it possesses without any shadow of doubt, yet as it is the only architecture that was purely an Aryan expression, as opposed to Pelasgian or Egyptian, one must

share the aspiration it embodies. It was the first truly Aryan expression in architecture, and as such, though it is incomplete and with many faults and imperfections, it is at least something which compels attention, demands admiration, and creates hope. One must admire the wonderful attempt of these people, who, following the disintegration of the feudal period in France, strove to unite themselves as a people, and to express themselves by a great art. It seems astonishing that a people, who had no share in the Romanesque art, should suddenly, as it were, display this passion for expression. It is another proof, if proof were needed, of the astonishing potentialities that lie in man's nature. Were this Aryan beginning to appreciate an art of life to be continued gradually by a firm tradition and an increase of master spirit leading to greater simplification, completion, and power, what might not one expect?

Yet, within the very substance of the Gothic, there is something vitally and fundamentally important which seems from the start to prophesy disaster. Mr. Charles Moore, following M. Viollet-le-Duc, considers this something so important that he makes it the deciding and distinguishing feature of Gothic. When it is present, the cathedral is a Gothic one; when absent, it is not Gothic. It may look like and be an imitation of but it is not true Gothic. By this measure, he declares, "that Gothic architecture, as I define it, was never practised elsewhere than in France."[1] Gothic was created and flourished in the kingdom of the Franks only. The Gothic found in England, Germany, and Spain is not true Gothic.

Schopenhauer has pointed out the distinction between a wall and a pier. The first is mass and support blended together; the second is mass and support definitely differentiated into entablature and columns.

Carrying this elucidation of Schopenhauer's further, one

[1] Charles Moore, *Gothic Architecture*, 1899, p. 7.

sees that in the rounded arch of the Roman and Romanesque, such differentiation is less clear and distinct, mass running into and intermingling with support. In the pointed arch the distinction is still less clear. Support becomes also mass in that it itself leans against support. It is support by the mutual antagonism of two different masses. It is this feature of the lancet arch—though Mr. Moore does not use the arch as an illustration—which on a large scale forms the distinctive feature of the Gothic architecture.

"The whole scheme of the building is determined by, and its whole strength is made to reside in, a finely organized and frankly confessed framework rather than in walls. This framework, made up of piers, arches, and buttresses, is freed from every unnecessary encumbrance of wall . . . the stability of the fabric depending not upon inert massiveness (except in the outermost abutments), but upon a logical adjustment of active parts whose opposing forces neutralize each other."[1]

It is dangerous to advance into regions which belong to the technical expert, but this quality of Gothic seems to me very significant. A logical adjustment of opposing forces constitutes the supporting framework of the Gothic. There are many who will say this is merely a necessity of construction. I do not think so. I believe that everything objective is an expression of man's mind. I believe this to be peculiarly true in all things made and shaped by man's hands. The technical structure of a cathedral is in itself an expression to one who can read, and a very vital expression. For a cathedral indicates not an individual mind, but a general mind or spirit, the spirit of the people. Personally, I find these "thrusts and counter-thrusts," which anyone can see in a Gothic cathedral, disturbing, and inferior to the principle of valuation and consequent differentiation of function. But they are to be expected in the Gothic, in which particularist and patriarchal traditions were thrusting and counter-thrusting.

[1] Moore, p. 8.

Such was the skeleton of the Gothic cathedral, a skeleton the stability of which depended on the adjustment of the particularist and patriarchal elements. Upon it was supported all the beauty, pattern, height, and splendour of the Gothic art. All this decorative and beautifying quality of art and culture was imposed upon this skeleton of counter-thrusts. It seemed as if it was an imposition upon rather than a growth from the people. And as the centuries passed the skeleton supported that which became more and more flamboyant, more advertising of technical skill, yet more concerned with detail, more ornate, more frail, more delicate, less simple, less restrained, more licentious, more fond of the odd and aberrant, more profuse, more showy, more pretending, more subtle, more vague, more uncertain, more separated from the skeleton, more separated from the people, more separated from religion, more belonging to palaces, more courtly, more foreign, more mongrel, more intermixed with Barock, yielding to Barock, becoming merely a court art, becoming Rococo, dainty, fragile, profligate and weak, and finally being blown to perdition by the great particularist eruption at the French Revolution.

CHAPTER VI

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

GOTHIC architecture was of Frankish origin, and was, in the words of Mr. Moore, "never practised elsewhere than in France." The peculiar structural framework was Frankish and confined to Frankish cathedrals, with rare exceptions. These rare exceptions—such, for instance, as Westminster Abbey, Cologne cathedral, and the choir of Lincoln cathedral—are situate in Germany and England. The discussion. of Gothic, therefore, leads easily to the question of the relation of Germany and England to art during the mediæval and later periods of Europe.

In the German Empire arose and flourished the Romanesque architecture, and custom naturally continued that architecture which had been a more or less natural and spontaneous expression. It was the spontaneous expression of patriarchal peoples organized to form the Holy Roman Empire, and the great mass of these peoples were Germans. The duel between the two chiefs, the Pope and Emperor, went strongly in favour of the papacy when Innocent III occupied the papal throne (A.D. 1198–1216) and with the death of Frederick II in A.D. 1250 terminated with the final victory of the Pope.

The same date, A.D. 1250, is about the zenith of the Frankish or Gothic architecture. Moreover, the same date, A.D. 1250, is about the date of the adoption of Gothic in Germany—that is to say, a century after its invention in France.

Such are the historical facts. Their interpretation clearly

depends on the key which discovered the reason of the Gothic, namely, the particularist key.

The particularist Saxons and Franks in Germany had suffered very severely at the hands of Charlemagne. They had continually and obstinately threatened his power until, finding defeat in battle not sufficient to overawe them, he finally resorted to slaughtering them *en masse* or transplanting them systematically amongst the patriarchal Germans of his kingdom. The scanty numbers left in Saxony and Franconia he organized on the Roman patriarchal system under counts directly responsible to the king. But in order to conciliate these brave people he appointed ecclesiastical rather than civil counts. He ruled them through bishops. After his death the particularist peoples gradually recovered strength and numbers. The Emperor's power began to weaken as the ascendancy of his rival and partner, the Pope, increased.

In A.D. 1250 the power of the Imperial throne had fallen to its lowest level. For the next twenty years there was actually no Emperor at all. The particularist element accordingly reasserted its ancient traditions. In the anarchy that prevailed, the German particularists re-established their independence and set about forming a feudal system similar to that of the Franks. They returned, in fact, to particularism, and they accordingly vanished from the history of active events.

The great towns in the Saxon and Frankish territory, old Roman towns mostly with strong particularist elements, also asserted their independence and became self-governing like the communes in France. They also became feudal in the Frankish sense. Many of them were rich. Cologne was especially wealthy. It, Wurms, Trier, Speyer, Mainz, all towns in the Frankish area, gained practical independence. They were situated on the Rhine or its tributaries. In those days there were no roads or vile roads. To send merchandise

by road incurred extortions from local lords through whose territories it passed, as well as the risk of being plundered by highwaymen. Rivers were, therefore, the quickest and safest routes. Consequently these communal towns situated on rivers formed, at this time, the most united, safest, wealthiest, and strongest elements in northern Germany. Southern Germany—that is to say, Bavaria and Austria—was patriarchal and remained so, and therefore was glad to be dependent and accept the rule of the house of Hapsburg.

Thus, after the extinction of the house of Hohenstauffen at the death of Frederick II in A.D. 1250, the changes that occurred in the German Empire consisted in the return to particularism and feudalism of all Germany, where the particularist spirit prevailed, and the gradual upbuilding of the Austrian Empire under the Hapsburgs, where the patriarchal spirit prevailed.

The struggle of the particularists for independence began about A.D. 1250, the very time when Gothic architecture was being introduced into Germany, and in A.D. 1356, a century later, the Saxons and Franks received a charter declaring their feudal freedom from the Crown. The feudal system thus became established amongst the particularists in Germany some two to two and a-half centuries later than its establishment amongst the Franks. The Gothic architecture or architectural elements, which are found in Germany, occur in this Frankish territory almost exclusively. Of the seventy names of places given by Lübke-Semrau as having these elements, no less than sixty-six are situated in the particularist area, and only four in southern Germany and Austria. Nearly all the dates of these undertakings lie between A.D. 1220 and A.D. 1380. Gothic elements, therefore, were adopted in Germany when the particularist element was gradually freeing itself from patriarchalism. When it did free itself and particularism was restored, the art ceased, and neither in art nor history are the particularist Germans prominent, except negatively

for their seclusion and their silence. For some two centuries they quietly pursued their agricultural ways, and were only aroused from their peaceful solitude when, in A.D. 1517, Martin Luther nailed on the church door at Wittenberg the Saxon challenge to the Roman world.

Such was the particularist element which gave a soil for Gothic elements to be implanted upon the Romanesque architecture. The true Gothic framework, Moore says, is extremely rarely found in Germany. The nave of Strassburg cathedral has a great deal of French character, but the Cologne choir alone is pure Gothic. But the choir of Cologne cathedral is "in no sense a German product. It is wholly an importation from France. . . . An instance like that of Cologne, where a structural system radically different from the native one is fully carried out, is exceptional, and in fact unique."[1]

Briefly, then, such Gothic as appeared in Germany was imposed upon the Romanesque, ornamentally rather than structurally. It was imposed in those towns where particularist elements were being imposed on the old patriarchal elements. When the particularist element became predominant and replaced the patriarchal, architecture ceased.

. . . . . .

England differs from Greece, Italy, Germany, and France, in that she has never created a great art. Her relation, in fact, to art and the art of life is so unique, that her racial history must be considered at greater length than that of Germany. The history of Germany is largely a repetition of that of France some two centuries later. The history of England, on the other hand, has a peculiar, an unique stamp. It is the most unique history in the world, and in the light of modern times the most important.

[1] Moore, p. 253.

Although the Romans spent some four centuries in our islands, they made very little permanent impression. The reason usually given is that the climate was so totally opposed to the Roman temperament. England shares with Germany the odium of inclement skies, a clouded sun, a frequent mist, and a prevalence of raw cold. Consequently the Romans merely held England for military and trading purposes. They spent official years in the island, and, when these were over, gladly escaped to the south and the sun. They made as little impression upon the inhabitants as the English will be found to have made on India when they leave that vast peninsula. Neither their laws nor their language nor their customs survived amongst the Celtic tribes who inhabited Britain.

After the Romans had left, these tribes were constantly at war with one another, and this led to a Celtic chieftain, Vortigern, calling in the Jutes to his aid. With the Jutes came also a few Saxons, who were their neighbours. The Jutes were merchants and pirates. They belonged to the patriarchal Goths or old Germans. They founded a kingdom in Kent for trading and marauding purposes, but were hard pressed to avoid being overwhelmed by the Celts. They in their turn called to their aid the particularist Saxons. The first body of these people arrived in A.D. 477, and with their arrival the peculiar history of England begins. It is the history of particularism protected in the only island, except Ireland, of significance in Europe. Upon the strip of waters between the Continent and the island depended the comparative freedom of particularism from external influence. Shaped in the fiords, particularism became perpetuated and purified in the island with results of world-wide consequence. To put it romantically, the destiny of the modern world hung upon the silver thread of the Channel.

These Saxons did in England what they did elsewhere. They sought for, found, and settled in small private estates

on the fertile and profitable land. They chose the Weald of Sussex and Surrey, and this country became named the country of the South Saxons. They did not want a sea coast, like the Jutes, to carry on trade and piracy. They were agriculturists, and the steep ramparts of the chalk cliffs of Sussex were an advantage to them as a barrier against sea-rovers.

Further expeditions of Saxons led to further acquisition of land, until all England south of the Thames, and in addition Essex, became plotted out into the small, independent farms of the Saxons. This includes the most fertile land of England. Further conquests they did not make, because they were not robber conquerors, who looted what they could and taxed the conquered people for their own benefit. They were colonists who wanted land. The Celts yielded before them after many sharp fights and took refuge in the Cornish hills, in the mountains of Wales, or passed over to Brittany. The Saxons settled down on their independent estates. They assembled occasionally in a public assembly, the Folkmot, to decide questions of public interest. But as their estates absorbed their time, they grudged the time spent in attending these public meetings, and the assembly shrank to the wealthier landowners who had leisure and to others distinguished for their wisdom. This assembly was known as the Witenagemot, and decided on matters of general importance, such as the need of war or the election of a king or leader in case of war. They settled taxes for three purposes only: first, the construction and maintenance of fortresses; secondly, of bridges; and thirdly, the support of men who carried on war. A landowner, known as the sheriff, collected these taxes from each shire or division. Local matters were arranged by a general meeting of the local Saxons, each of whom had a vote, in the shire-mots and tun-mots, or village meetings. Towns the Saxons did not frequent, and the Roman towns fell into decay, until all trace of Roman occupation, except some roads and ruins, vanished.

As the Celts had been expelled and the Roman influence had vanished, the Saxons of England, unlike their brethren in Germany and France, were free from patriarchal peoples in their midst. Consequently no feudal system arose before Norman times among the Saxons, such as was found necessary in France as a counter organization to the warrior chief and his truste and to the Roman towns. The Saxon king or warrior chief possessed no truste. Nor did he live in a large town after Roman fashion, but was a landowner looking after his estate in ordinary Saxon fashion, when not called upon to lead the Saxons to battle or to organize defence. Justice was arranged locally. A landowner, chosen by common consent, managed trials, received accusations, and chose juries from amongst the local proprietors. This landowner was often nominated by the king with the consent of the farmers. Thus arose the principle of justice being dispensed by landowners as magistrates. Such was the simple and effective social system of the Saxons.

They were not to continue their occupation of southern England undisturbed. The Angles, patriarchal Germans, invaded and overran northern England, conquering, according to the old German manner, as much land as possible—not like the Saxons, only so much as they were able to cultivate—and then occupying themselves with fratricidal struggles for supremacy. But the Saxons finally absorbed the Angles. In describing how the Saxons accomplished this feat, M. Henri de Tourville makes an historical comparison of peculiar interest. He has previously shown the similarity of the Saxon settlement of England with the later Saxon settlement of North America. "Agriculturists belonging to the particularist form of society came to the United States, just as they did to Sussex, in the track of merchants, in order to found free estates on a wooded coast in a country inhabited by restless, warring tribes accustomed to the system of clan government, who were driven out in spite of natural bravery

or else withdrew of their own accord from an unconquerable dislike of a toilsome sedentary life. The new-comers were not slow in spreading across the immense continent as far as the chains of mountains in the Far West, making the natives recoil before them, just as the Saxons on the small British continent quickly drove back the Celts to the foot of the high mountains of the West. And though the new American population was composed of many different European nationalities, the particularist group won the lead in the end and gave its form to all the rest. Exactly the same thing happened in Great Britain, where other tribes came after the Saxons with their peculiar form of society."[1] The Saxons "acted in exactly the same way towards the Angles in Great Britain as the English in modern times acted towards the French, with whom at the start they came into contact in America.

"Anyone who compares a map of England in the sixth century with a map of North America in the eighteenth—that is to say, before 1713—cannot help being struck by the extraordinary resemblance of the situations.

"Just in the same way as the Saxons, after the settlement of the Angles, were congregated between the Channel and the hills that rise to the north of the Thames, while the Angles filled, or seemed to fill, all the rest as far as the undetermined and distant boundaries beyond which dwelt what was left of the native population, so the English before 1713 occupied only the strip of territory between the Atlantic and the Alleghany Mountains from New Hampshire to Georgia and Florida, while the French extended their possessions behind the Alleghany Mountains to the north, to the west, to the south indefinitely in the enormous regions which now form Canada and the United States: Hudson Bay, the basin of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, the huge valley of the Mississippi, all belonged to them. The names

[1] De Tourville, p. 229.

of Maine, Quebec, St. Louis, Louisiana, and many others bear witness to it. Well, a century had not elapsed before that English race which had settled on the shores of the Atlantic had absorbed everything, assimilated everything, reduced everything to its own type." [1]

The Saxons and absorbed Angles or the Anglo-Saxons were not left in peace. Another patriarchal German people, the Danes, invaded and ravaged England and occupied the whole land by force of arms. They were finally expelled by the Saxons from England between A.D. 905 and 934. The second horde of Danish invaders and conquerors were driven out of England by the Saxons some twenty years before the battle of Hastings.

The Normans were a medley of men belonging to the patriarchal Germans. Their leader, Rollo, and his followers came from the plains in the south of Norway, which adjoin the plains of Sweden. He and his truste were joined by the Vikings. The Vikings were the Gothic chieftains, who originally held land on the shores of the Baltic, but had been ousted from their possessions by stronger chieftains and had taken to a roving, piratical life upon the sea, having as their refuge and home a vik or inlet of the sea. They were not like the original Saxons, who lived peaceably in the Norwegian fiords cultivating the little patches of soil and augmenting their food supply by fishing. The Vikings lived by piracy and raids. Rollo and his followers were joined by the Vikings. They sailed to the Hebrides, where they received additional recruits, and then this medley of adventurous and high-spirited Northmen sailed up the Seine and took possession of Normandy. In Normandy they adopted both the French language and the feudal system which they found there, but they modified the latter by intermingling with it their patriarchal mode of government. Normandy was not broken up into separate self-governing

[1] De Tourville, pp. 250, 251.

estates, but was organized as one duchy under the duke. Feudalism in Normandy consequently possessed a centralized organization, which enabled among other things the Norman dukes to maintain an army and continue military expeditions as their chief amusement. One of these expeditions was against England, resulting in the Norman Conquest, a military occupation of the land.

William the Conqueror parcelled out the land to the people who had accompanied him, but they were bound to him by a strict vassalage, and each and every landowner was dependent directly upon him and not on a greater landowner, as in the Frankish feudal system. The Normans did not themselves farm the land, but exacted dues and taxes from the Saxons. The Saxons remained farmers, but were no longer independent landowners. They became subject to taxation, and had also to do such forced labour as their Norman lords demanded of them. Their lands, moreover, at their death passed to their descendants only at the good pleasure of their lords. The Saxons continually opposed this exploitation. They claimed the land for their descendants, they claimed to be reasonably not exorbitantly taxed, and to receive compensation for forced labour. Under these conditions no adjustment between the two peoples was possible. The Normans lived as strangers in the land, maintaining their arms, only venturing out in armed force, and living in castles secured against the people. Their strength lay in their close military association under their king. The king on his side feared their strength, and was careful in the distribution of estates not to allow an aggregate of several estates to belong to one lord. When such a lord had to be singled out for especial reward, William gave him estates in different parts of the country. Moreover, the king did not allow his vassals any share in the administrative or judicial functions, but caused these functions to be carried out by sheriffs, or royal agents, whom he could dismiss at will. The autocracy of the king was, in fact,

the autocracy of the chief of a patriarchal community with a mere semblance of the feudalism of France attached to it.

Not all the barons were Normans. Some were Franks who had come over with William in the hope of acquiring land. Moreover, the Norman barons had learnt in France to view with envy the independent Frankish lords. They all realized the peril of their position. They were entirely dependent on the king. They had no direct relations with a hostile peasantry, from whom they had to force rent and taxes without being able to bind the peasants to them by compensatory services. Consequently, in the later years of William's reign one reads without surprise that it was the lords rather than the Saxons who rose in rebellion. The Saxons acted as they had acted under the Danes. They paid their dues, and set to work patiently to retrieve their fortunes and strengthen their position. Many of the Normans, realizing their own precarious condition and wearying of an idle or warfaring life, quitted their positions as petty lords and took to honest farming in imitation of the Saxons. By so doing they tended to escape from forced military service, and to lead the more peaceful and profitable lives of agriculturists, and by the time of Henry II farming knights were not uncommon. They paid the king a tax (scutage money), and were allowed freedom to remain at home to attend to their land instead of going to the wars.

Henry II was a man of great power. The power of the Norman king was nominally supreme. In his hands this supremity did not fail, but Richard I used it to extort taxation for his foreign wars, and John abused it in the form of unlicensed tyranny. The oppressed lords had only one course to take. They left the king's side and went over to the Saxons. Many of the petty lords had already taken to Saxon ways, and the Saxons had by patient labour regained some of their former fortune. By the help of the Saxon support the barons overcame the king. The Magna Charta

was signed in A.D. 1215, in which not only did the barons receive guarantees against the despotism of the king, but the Common Law of the Saxons, embodying the customs of the Saxons, and drawn up in the reign of Edward the Confessor, was recognized. "In it England found itself for the first time since the Conquest a nation bound together by common national sympathy. In words which almost close the Charter, the 'community of the whole land' is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen, the rights of all are claimed as English rights."[1] No freeman was to be dispossessed of his liberty or his rights, except by the judgment of a court of law and according to the law of the land. Thus the Saxon form of justice was to be restored. There was to be no taxation without the consent of the Great Council. The Saxon system of taxation by the National Council (Witenagemot of the Saxons) was to be restored. The great Council consisted of the prelates, earls, and greater barons, who were summoned by special writ, and all others tenants in chief, who were summoned by a general summons of the sheriff, a distinction which eventually led to a differentiation into a House of Lords and a House of Commons.

Thus in the Magna Charta the Saxon spirit triumphed theoretically, but in practical effect it was not yet dominant. Gradually, however, the farmers and farmer knights began to regain the old Saxon powers, the local administration of justice, the construction and maintenance of bridges and roads, the care of prisons, public administration of labour, the relief of the poor, etc. In A.D. 1360 certain of them were chosen as justices of the peace for the county. Thus the Saxon system of local self-government or magistracy and local independence, as opposed to the centralization of the

[1] T. R. Green, *History of the English People*, Vol. I, pp. 348, 349.

patriarchal system, triumphed in England. The particularist system once more proved its strength. England became strictly rural, and the towns were market or country towns, large towns being very rare.

But the power of the Norman system and the Norman aristocracy was not entirely destroyed until the Wars of the Roses, in which the Norman aristocrats exterminated each other. Henry VII had to create a new nobility, and he chose them from the more wealthy Saxon gentlemen farmers. But he chose such of them as would do his will, and for a time their power was overwhelmed by the power of the two Henrys. Nevertheless, no kings, however powerful, could now attempt to subvert the victorious Saxon spirit. No standing army was permitted to the sovereign, nor could he tax the people without their consent.

With the consent of the whole nation Henry VIII overthrew the old Roman spirit in its ecclesiastical garb, a spirit that had never exercised the same power in England as on the Continent. The Pope had constantly striven to gain supremacy, but in vain. The most conspicuous instances were when the great Innocent III, who brought King John to his knees, was defied by the barons after the Magna Charta; when Boniface VIII was defeated by Edward I; Edward III's legislation to prevent appointments by the Pope to Church livings in England; and, chiefly, Wycliffe's revolt in the same reign against papal and ecclesiastical claims, and the spread of his sect, the Lollards, in the following reign.

Thus by the time of Elizabeth the Saxon spirit was once more dominant. The land was completely rural. There were only four towns whose inhabitants numbered over ten thousand. The country districts were self-governing; the country towns were self-governing, and Elizabeth, to whom, as to her father, the Saxons with their old reliance in the warrior chief and his truste in times of danger had given

and permitted a wide range of power, found her powers greatly curtailed in her latter years.

The relation of the Tudors to the people of England, and especially that of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, is the most interesting of any English monarchs' relation to the people. The Norman kings and their successors had been kings in reality, who could enforce their will by the armies they could gather. The Tudors possessed no standing army, and their power did not rest on their military power. Nor were they chiefs of a patriarchal people as were the Norman kings. In the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth the country was thoroughly Saxon. The position of the monarch and his court is best to be comprehended as that of a patriarchal truste adopted by the Saxons at a period of peril. This adoption of the patriarchal truste was an old custom of the particularists. By it the Saxons under Henry VIII were able to overthrow the Roman Church. The Anglican Church, which remained as a residue, was completely under the thumb of the king. It was the court religion and the religion of the ruling classes, of the classes that always had to remain patriarchal. Under Elizabeth the Saxons were able to throw off and defeat the attacks of Spain, and to maintain England as the stronghold of anti-Roman power. The Saxons were glad to have these Tudor trustes, since the Norman barons, who had been the military caste, had exterminated themselves.

The Saxons, who were at the extinction of the Norman nobility the dominant quality throughout England, were not yet ready to elaborate a form of rule suited to themselves. They were glad to allow royal power to a Celtic house of chieftains. "The landowner," says Green, "shared with the trader a profound horror of the war and disorder which they had witnessed, and an almost reckless desire to entrust the Crown with any power which would prevent its return."[1]

[1] Green, Vol. II, p. 568.

Moreover, the larger landowners were glad of the power of the Crown to resist the progressive disintegration that is always going on in the Saxon system of holding land. As in France so in England, when the Saxon system became paramount, the smaller landowners and peasant proprietors began to free themselves from any lordship on the part of the larger landowners. The king, by giving the latter monastic lands, bound them to himself. But all were glad to accept the only means by which peace and order could be restored and the Saxon permitted to follow his agricultural pursuits.

But when the Welsh dynasty died out and a Scotch line came to occupy the English throne, the reasons for the adoption of a royal truste by the Saxon particularists were waning, and had indeed largely vanished.

Consequently the attitude of the Saxons to the Stuart dynasty was very different from their attitude to the Tudor dynasty. Moreover there was a further change. The wealthier landlords had joined the royal side. Henry VIII's policy of giving monastic lands to the larger landowners had succeeded. The lesser Saxon landlords, farmers, and merchants were always opposed to these greater landlords in their desire to be free and independent of them. Consequently two parties formed, the king and the lords on one side, the farmers, the small merchants, and the tradespeople on the other. The Dutch, Flemish, and Huguenots, who had been driven by Continental persecution to take refuge in England, one would expect to find on the popular side, but I know of no evidence of this. Suffice that such definite cleavage of royal truste and nobles against Saxons occurred. It occurred in every expression, in religion as well as in politics. Puritanism and Nonconformists typified the Saxon, the Anglican Church typified the royal truste.

The result of this cleavage was finally the Civil War.

Charles I, the most artistic who ever sat on the English

throne, utterly mistook the Saxon temper of his people, and by his death the particularist spirit, which had already overthrown the patriarchal spirit in its ecclesiastical or Roman form, for the first time overthrew it in its royal form. After the successful destruction of the royal truste headed by Charles I, the country of England became typically Saxon.

The Puritan particularist Saxon, to whom "beauty was a curse and luxury a crime," became dominant. His close-cut hair, his broad-brimmed, severe, and forbidding looking hat, from which the modern hat is a feeble descendant, his sombre garments, betoken his character. A few quotations from Synge's admirable *Short Social History of England* will suffice to give the picture of England under the ascendancy of the Saxon particularist farmers.

"The people learnt that the war was at an end; that after a trial, famous in history, the King had been beheaded; and 'the House of Peers in Parliament was useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished,' and, finally, 'that the office of King in this nation was unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people, and ought to be abolished.' Such revolutionary measures must have filled the people's minds with that idea of instability which must needs accompany rapid change. With the victory of Puritanism fresh measures of suppression took place. Cathedral worship was put down, buildings were defaced and injured, altars and tables of stone in churches were abolished, communion tables removed from the east end of the church, rails pulled down, candlesticks taken away, crucifixes, images, and crosses destroyed. How careless men had grown about public worship is shown by Evelyn: 'They read and pray without method, without reverence or devotion. I have beheld a whole congregation sit with their hats on, at the reading of the Psalms . . .'"[1] and so on, with further accounts of restraint and suppression,

[1] Synge, pp. 216, 217, and 218.

"till the country wore an air of gloomy satisfaction." For "the idea of the Commonwealth was to make men religious and temperate by Act of Parliament." How familiar these features are to-day of Saxon democracy!

The English petty landowners were not forced out of their retirement to the unaccustomed and undesired task of government. That was largely undertaken by such men of talent as arise at revolutions, the so-called practical men, men capable of doing the thing to hand, but quite incapable of comprehending the value of tradition and familiarity, nor of the value, after the revolution has been accomplished, of establishing a firm conservatism. Tailors, draymen, brewers, valets, pedlars, hawkers, etc., capable practical men but no rulers, drove Cromwell to assume autocracy, and, when the strong man was dead, led the nation that had cut off the head of the father to welcome the restoration of the son. But Charles II did not understand the temper of the Saxon people better than his father had done. He was, however, wiser in that he did not interfere. He and his gay and beautiful court scarcely affected the Saxon. Buckle shows how substantial was the "progress," in his learned chapter on the history of the English Intellect, and sums up from the Saxon standpoint: "If we look only at their rulers and at their foreign policy, we must pronounce the reign of Charles II to be the worst that has ever been seen in England. If, on the other hand, we confine our observations to the laws which were passed and to the principles which were established, we shall be obliged to confess that this same reign forms one of the brightest epochs in our national annals."[1]

So the process of social disintegration and the growth of independence and liberty from one's fellowmen proceeded. It would have mattered little had it been confined to an agricultural people living on small estates. As such the

[1] Buckle, Vol. I, chap. VII.

Saxons were one of the completest and most competent agricultural people the world has seen.

But a new element had been introduced into England at the time of Elizabeth, a manufacturing element. The Protestants of France or Huguenots, and those of Flanders and the Netherlands, had been driven from their communal manufacturing towns to seek refuge in England from the Catholic and patriarchal governments of France and Spain. Elizabeth welcomed them as likely to increase the wealth of the Crown, and forced each of them, in return for a home and protection, to apprentice her subjects to their trades and factories. So the manufacturing element arose in England finally to oust the rural agricultural Saxon element. Large factory towns arose, and the Saxon, knowing nothing else, applied his particularist agricultural methods and customs to the new and vast populations. The history of this belongs to the chapters on modern times.

Sufficient has been recorded to show the introduction of the particularist element into England in the fifth century and its predominance; the introduction of the Norman patriarchal element in the eleventh century, and its gradual yield to the particularist spirit in the fifteenth century; the fight of the particularist spirit against the patriarchal spirit in its ecclesiastical form; the particularist's relation to their chiefs, such as Henry VIII and Elizabeth, in time of peril, willingly submitting to their rule, but keeping the power themselves by allowing no standing army or royal control of the treasury; the particularist spirit overcoming the patriarchal spirit in the form of the chiefs or Stuart kings of the patriarchal Scots; and lastly, the growth of the manufacturing element.

Such being the history, how does the record of art fit upon it?

As in France and in Germany, so also in England the national art depends on the patriarchal element. When the

patriarchal element is dominant, then there is such expression. When the particularist element is dominant there is no artistic expression.

Fergusson writes of the Saxon period before the Norman influence: "Art had consequently no place in their affections." (The reason he gives is a wrong one, but no matter.) "Their churches were probably small and rude, just sufficient for their purposes, and no more; and designed, like railway stations, to last only till necessity compels an enlargement. Most probably, too, the greater number were built of wood; and for the Saxon style we ought perhaps to look to the Norwegian wooden churches as types of the style rather than to the towers erected, probably, as additions to the original wooden churches."[1] I should most certainly confirm this "ought." The original style of the Saxon buildings is practically sure to have been similar to that of their Norwegian ancestors.

The Normans brought with them the powerful Romanesque style, of which type of architecture they were such admirable exponents, and built famous abbeys and monastic cathedrals.

William of Sens first introduced the French Gothic into England in A.D. 1174, when he was called from France to build the choir in Canterbury cathedral.

But Gothic in England, introduced a century before it was introduced into Germany, suffered the same fate as in Germany. Both countries were moving from patriarchalism to particularism, and not vice versa as was the case with the creators of the Gothic style. The fate of Gothic in England, therefore, was similar to its fate in Germany. There was a particularist element which enabled the Gothic elements to be implanted on the patriarchal Romanesque basis. But as the true Gothic framework is only found in Germany as a French importation in the choir of Cologne cathedral, so

[1] Fergusson, Vol. II, p. 337.

it is in England. The true Gothic in England is extremely rare. The choir of Lincoln cathedral is the best example. Of Lincoln cathedral as a whole Moore writes: "Structurally there is no other building in England which has so much Gothic character, except Westminster Abbey, in which the French influence was equally direct and strong."[1] But the enthusiasm which infused the French building bands and the people of France and of the French towns had not its counterpart in agricultural England. The architecture remained ecclesiastically like that of the Romanesque. It was not communal or national, as in France. "Ecclesiastical corporations and private individuals alone, under the Crown, held in England the powers which in France were possessed by the communes. The cathedrals here did not generally spring up as central objects in active towns; they were placed often in remote places, and in connection with monastic houses. Salisbury, Wells, Peterborough, Worcester, Canterbury, and many others to this day surrounded by little more than country villages."[2] The Gothic elements, such as the pointed arch, were used more as decorative additions than structurally, and the Gothic framework being absent or only partially adopted, the great clerestory windows of the French cathedrals, which are so marked a feature, were not fully adopted. The wall as a support always remains, although a partial use of the framework compromises with it, but "rarely, if ever, in England does the wall wholly disappear, so that the rib of the vault and the archivolt of the aperture become one and the same member, as in the clerestory of Amiens and other French monuments."[3] Lübke confirms this view in the following significant words: "The English Gothic does not conceive the building throughout as an organic system of supports and members—as was the essential spirit of the French Gothic—but seeks to escape from the massiveness of the Romanesque style and to effect an impression

[1] Moore, p. 201. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 425, 426. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 226.

of livelier lightness."[1] In short, the "pointed architecture of England is, with few exceptions, very different in its nature to that of the same period in France; and while possessing much beauty of its kind, it does not, like the architecture of France, bear the marks of a spontaneous structural development; and that in constructive principle it differs little from the Norman Romanesque, of which it is substantially but an ornamental modification."[2]

The only architecture of the Gothic period which is acknowledged to be at all English or Saxon in character is the perpendicular or Lancastrian style (A.D. 1329–1483), which arose in the period when the Saxon spirit was beginning to be the predominant one. This English spirit was characterized by two qualities. First, there was a coldness of enthusiasm and devotion to the Church, for "new cathedrals and great churches were very rarely commenced after the death of Edward III,"[3] in A.D. 1377. Secondly, the style was one of astonishing stiffness and propriety. It is not Gothic nor "at all comparable in merits to the architecture which it superseded."[4] Nor does Mr. Fergusson love it with undivided heart: "Though we may admire, we cannot quite adore even the best and noblest products of their age."[5] Whereas the French flamboyant failed from fantastic pliancy, the perpendicular failed from excessive stiffness. Puritanism peeps out in the perpendicular style, and, to my mind, is not wholly a fault. In itself it is cold and deathly, but to the tendency to feverish fretfulness of the Gothic it brought a certain stiff self-reliance, not without cooling and sobering qualities in a style inclining to hysterical emotion.

More truly Saxon were the parish churches of agricultural districts. The cathedrals and abbeys were in the hands of the

[1] Lübke, Vol. II, p. 311.
[2] Moore, p. 236.
[3] Fergusson, Vol. II, p. 351.
[4] Moore, p. 427.
[5] Fergusson, Vol. II, p. 339.

Normans and Norman Church. In the parish churches, on the other hand, the spirit of the people found its chance of expression. These churches were not like those in France, namely imitations of the cathedral and greater churches. They were more simple and more Saxon. They were the true possessions of the people, and stand in as close a relation to them as the French cathedrals did to the people of the communes. The English cathedrals were really Norman and the parish churches Saxon. They were the common property of the parish where people went to pray, to talk, to discuss local government affairs, and even to store their grain. Hence their dissimilarity from the continental churches. Hence such a sentence as Fergusson's: "On the Continent there is nothing to compare with them. The parochial system seems to have been more firmly rooted in the affection of the people of this country than any other." [1] Another Saxon quality was their skill in woodcarving and their retention of wooden roofs. The wooden churches of their ancestors gave them the tradition, and the carved woodwork, especially of the wooden roofs or the stone imitations of the English buildings, has always had fame for its technical skill.

At the time of Elizabeth, the Saxon particularist element in England was definitely predominant. When the unification, interdependence, and ordering of the Roman spirit had, once and for all, been conquered and replaced by the independence of the Saxon system, the Saxon's inability to comprehend art expression revealed itself. The Saxons regarded the cathedrals and architectural monuments of previous centuries with a certain horror as evidences and expressions of something foreign to them, which they did not understand. The Saxons "shrunk from what they felt as a reality; we cherish it because it has faded into a dream." [2]

[1] Fergusson, p. 397. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 340.

From the time of Elizabeth onwards art in the larger sense in England ceased. The art of the Renaissance followed the Gothic on the Continent. Two pages in Lübke's volume of 533 pages on the Renaissance are devoted to England, and open with the sentence: "Of all northern lands England showed herself least responsive to the new style."[1] A single Italian church, utterly foreign to the country, can boast of effect, St. Paul's of London, with its vast external dome, which is no true dome at all but a monstrous architectural humbug, dominating the British capital.[2] Of the succeeding Barock style and of the Rococo, Lübke again testifies to England's complete indifference. Nor did she possess any true plastic or painting of her own until the eighteenth century. When it appears, in despair and wonder at its tardy appearance, Lübke exclaims: "But the most advanced national development in Europe must at last gain its allotted place in the history of culture and art";[3] and he welcomes Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc., with joy at abolishing by their presence, but not solving, this astonishing enigma.

Yet it is, as a fact, no enigma that architecture should be wanting to the Saxons. It requires and expresses an unified people, not a people striving for isolation and separation. Sculpture and painting had always been the servants of architecture, and the disintegration of art had not yet come. Music was also wrapt up with ecclesiastical tradition. Germans, especially southern Germans and Austrians, Italians and French, particularly southern French, one would expect to be musical in the larger sense, but not the Saxons. Only one art remained to them, the art which is most individual of all arts and which ranges from descriptions of personal emotion and observation, from objective description and

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 75.
[2] See C. H. Moore, *Architecture of the Renaissance*, p. 241.
[3] Lübke, Vol. IV, p. 408.

subjects realism to the infinitely rarer esoteric lawgiving creative (ποιητής, a maker, a lawgiver) quality, namely, the art of poetry. Chaucer, who died in A.D. 1400, founded English poetry. The Elizabethan age was, as Taine rightly calls it, the Renaissance of the Saxon genius. It expressed itself in poetry and literature, a poetry of freedom as judged by later democracy, a poetry descriptive with a marvel of objective presentation and picture painting, of subjects' realism, never profound, with no value-giving, creative or, in this true sense, religious quality, rarely charged with rulers' realism, readily understood of the people, and receiving a wider homage in those European countries which in course of time came more under particularist influences. This literature of freedom and description is, in fact, a Saxon expression; it is *the* Saxon expression. It is the Saxon's only art. Other art he does not possess. His painting I will leave until later, but before ending this chapter it is well to see the Saxon as he was at his zenith in England. For the rise of the Saxon has been the most momentous phenomenon in Europe and the New World, and his influence is now ruffling the tranquil surface of Asia, disturbing her from the security of wisdom and making her view with contempt, fear, and disgust, the prospect of having to return to the vulgar cockpit of strife that she may preserve herself from pushful white peoples, who do not understand either the art or the religion of life.

With this later influence of Saxonism and Saxon principles I shall deal later. At present I wish to describe the general character of the Saxon farmer and landowner.

Emigrating from the pent fiords of Norway, preserving his type against all antagonistic influences, and emerging triumphant as the independent farmer, country gentleman, and squire, unaffected as yet by the newly-introduced manufacturing and commercial element, agricultural in thought and habit, superbly self-reliant, depending on his own innate

strength, unimaginative, not having to guess quickly the character and meaning of others from slight indications as do men who live in communities, he has a grave suspicion of all centralizing government, preferring to trust to a local man he knows than to the principles of orators or the favour of kings, admiring strong men as strong men must be admired, but not expecting them, not looking out for and encouraging them, nor capable of detecting them by slight indications, needing proof to buffet him in the face and knock him off his legs before conviction enters him; even then cautious of strong men, fearing infringements on his isolation and independence, fearing he will be forced into closer contact and communion with his fellow man, never carried away by enthusiasm for the strong man to give him free rein, to give him that supreme, divine right which the patriarchal Oriental especially allows to will and power, not acclaiming the triumphant warrior as fit to govern, but as one to whom it were better not to entrust the government or even any part of it, accustomed to do his own small work thoroughly, and expecting the strong man to be equally satisfied; giving the strong man, hero, or warrior gruff approval as one of the right stamp—his stamp—one who does his duty, or, in a word, the needful yielding him obedience as long as the need is before his eyes, but then returning to his work and expecting the hero to do the same, leaving him neglected when the obvious need is past, being only an incidental observer, not appreciating the constant need of the strong man, nor that war and danger are always present, always at work in some form, and not confined to the time when the enemy is thundering at the gate. He is pertinacious in long-considered resolves, but not quick in judgment, clear in what he wants, namely, more food, more freedom, and more comfort, but having gained it not avaricious for further conquest; given to colonize lands with his surplus population, and holding that which he already possesses by personal settle-

ment, where conditions resembling those of the homeland can be established, staunchly adhering to his traditions, if able to do so, accustomed to small company, and therefore narrow in his morality and prejudiced in his views, unable to appreciate the wider, and therefore faithful to the narrow and the familiar, but within that narrowness very just, rendering this justice to tenants or natives of conquered lands with strict impartiality and firmest faith that it is *the* justice. Similarly, not being subtle to guess or convey meaning, he is blunt and open, saying what he wants openly without art, truthful in the subject's sense—*the* truth, he calls it. Divorced by his isolation and fear of men from other methods, he relies on this truth, and deals fairly and honourably with all who take him on his own grounds, the grounds he understands, but suspicious and blundering amongst those who have a more sensitive, delicate method of handling and dealing with mankind. His pleasure he takes in exercise of his muscles and his body at games or sports and at roystering feasts of beef and ale, preserving thereby some shadow of his lost Valhalla. He cares scarcely at all for intellectual or artistic growth, and little for the minor social arts, confused before madame who pinks him with a dart of wit, preferring the homely talk of his spouse or rough jests with fellow sportsmen, or discussion with them of local affairs or government; caring nothing for culture, and discarding easily the veneer of classic education which is still given him as a remnant of the Roman spirit. He is prone to domesticity, to high walls round his house, to his house being a castle not a welcome of social intercourse, regarding his wife as a companion, as similar to his male friends, and puzzled by the difference. He trains his children, who like all children have an innate tendency to trust and to be affectionate to their fellow-beings, to his own aloofness, shyness, reserve, and self-consciousness, and sends them forth as soon as possible to carve their own way and to learn

to be as solitary as himself. Such is the Saxon, a man of hard outline, easy to comprehend, easy to get on with by adopting his methods and outlook, but cramping, non-expansile, unemotional, unlovable.

As a contrast to the Saxon are the subject people of the patriarchal types. They are a people whose characteristics are correlated to a much wider circle and who do not desire or possess isolation and freedom, but social interdependence. These patriarchal people have no privacy. Their homes are large family resorts and meeting places. They are not castles resentful of intrusion, but the doors are open to all relatives and friends, and strangers too. As the Saxon is rough, reserved, or coldly polite, so these make an art of manners. The Saxon is shy, seclusive, and reticent; they, accustomed to the many, are friends in the face of everyone. The Saxon holds to his opinions grimly; outside them his intellect falters, he is stupid. They suit their speech and their opinions to their company, preferring happiness and social charm to fighting for their private rights, for their freedom, or for what they hold as truth They are given to merriment in common, not to taking their pleasures sadly or rather gravely in individual game-contests. They prefer fêtes and carnivals, the descendants of religious festivals. They can abandon themselves to the grace and delight of these carnivals; the wonderfully joyous and happy and therefore beautiful and positive carnivals of southern France are instances. They are not self-conscious, but display as naturally as children the charm of human joyousness. They do not hug their own fireside or dine in small family isolation, but prefer a noisy company—in these modern times the café or the restaurant—to the home table. They are more talkative—indeed, talk is one of their chiefest entertainments. They make an art of talking, dealing in thrusts of wit, in repartee, in verbal fencing bouts, disguising meaning, not giving blunt truth or

weighing words in the scales of action, but tempting the imagination of the hearer and giving him opportunity to show skill and wit in piercing the subtle imagery or raiment of phantasy. They are more emotional, more naturally cultured, more accustomed to wide fellowship, and show a greater delicacy for each other's feelings—a delicacy which is that of art, the art of massed man living in pleasurable communion. Their friendship is widely spread, not that based on the narrow common utilitarian or class need such as is the Saxon's, but upon the larger interest in all sorts and conditions of men. Nor is their friendship deep as that of the Saxon, who, having adopted a friend, bares his very soul before him and is staunch until death. Their friendship is less deep and trustworthy and more widely spread. It is good fellowship, but never a plea for sympathy or help. That relationship belongs not to their friends, but to the wide circle of their family. They expect support and countenance not from their friends, but from their family, and similarly they will support and protect one of their blood as possessing a more intimate claim upon them than one without their blood. Their sexual morality is not so stern as the Saxon, who depends as much on the freedom of his home from intrusion and the isolation of his wife, as upon the isolation of his other possessions from the world of men. But people living in a community naturally have a larger range for affinities and choice. Consequently their women are more feminine, more artistic in their cultivation of the power to attract, more responsive, more loving; there is art, attraction, and sexual quality, and not the cold isolated purity which is the Saxon's ideal limitation of the great gift to mankind of the charm of woman to man and man to woman. Between woman and man too these patriarchal people differentiate, acknowledging their separate functions and characteristics, protecting and supporting all women, and typically arranging that all women should marry

in their youth, never leaving women to carve their own way as the Saxon tends to do, owing to his regarding them as a sort of queer male. Between their children and themselves they keep the same bonds of loyalty and obedience as exists between subject and ruler, neither child nor parent desiring nor considering the need of freedom and independence from a natural bond. For they are interdependent, not independent; glad to be united to their parents in obedience and love, and to their rulers in service; glad to earn praise from their rulers; glad to give them loyalty and affection; glad to recognize the strength of the ruler as their protection, their loyalty as his strength; glad to be on human relations with him, preferring his lash to the punishment of a judge; glad to make with their own hands that which will be for his personal use or the use of his house, and taking pride therefore in striving to earn the commendation of his judgment. Less trustworthy, less sturdily independent than himself the Saxon thinks and knows them to be, but views sometimes with a sigh the gaiety they possess, their freedom from self-consciousness, their pleasure in fellowship, and their occasional spontaneous abandon to a dance, on a small scale repeating the whole social expression of which the great architectures and arts of the world are the monuments. They often seem to the Saxon, in their irresponsive gaiety and simplicity and their unquestioning joy in life, to be childlike; they are like his children before these too have learnt aloofness. They have, the Saxon sometimes acknowledges, the charm which in his own race is limited to the children, and if he is wise he looks into the gloomy recesses of his own soul and wonders whether to be "just" and not be loved, to be independent and free and therefore not social to and interdependent with his fellow-men, is after all such a precious gift, and not rather the outcome of an iron and isolated inheritance which he has never realized, and which in its narrow gloominess is as cold and inhospitable as the Norwegian fiords, where it had its birth.

CHAPTER VII

THE FLORENTINE RENAISSANCE

THE history of Europe in brief consists of the attempt of the Roman spirit to organize and unite Europe into one system, and its failure, followed by the disintegration of Europe into nations, classes, and sects. The millions of Europe were never held in the unity of one system, as were the millions of more ancient civilizations and wisdom, such as China and India. This wisdom, the wisdom of the East, the wisdom born of centuries, the Roman spirit and ideal alone preserved in western Europe, and there is nothing more astounding in history than its duration and power, in spite of the violent and perpetual inimical assaults both from within and without. Of its power and beauty all the great arts of Europe—the Romanesque, the Gothic, and the Renaissance and its offspring the Barock—are expressions. Since its failure, art has partaken of the same dissolution, disintegration, isolation, separation into independent fragments, and vulgarization which constitute the history of modern Europe.

The Roman spirit, as infused into and interpreted by the German patriarchal element, expressed itself in the Romanesque, as infused into and interpreted by the Frankish element, in the Gothic. The Renaissance was the Roman spirit as interpreted by the Italians, amidst whom it had its birth, its home, and its fount of inspiration.

The Renaissance began when the Gothic had already passed its zenith. Petrarch is hailed as the father of the Renaissance and he lived from A.D. 1304–74. Michelangelo was its supremest expressor, and he lived from A.D. 1475–1564.

Contemporary with him was Martin Luther (A.D. 1483–1546). These two strong men sum up in themselves the contrasting expressions of the south and north. The one used the might of his creative genius to strengthen and beautify the system. He served with his ruler qualities. The Saxon priest used his power to separate, to throw off obedience, and to assert the Saxon principle of freedom. He used his power to rebel.

To contrast Michelangelo and Luther, however, is far from my purpose. I am concerned with Renaissance art, its cause and meaning, about which such countless volumes have been written and about which I have read as much as my time permits, and yet nowhere have I found a clear and definite comprehension and guidance. There are intuitions manifold and excellent, but withal much confusion, an intermingling and admixture, a hotch-potch of many elements, a thrashing of the waters into foam amidst the currents and cross-currents of that vital and passionate period. Some say the rediscovery of the ancient monuments of the Roman Republic and Empire produced the Renaissance. This is one of the modern topsy-turvy ways of putting a feature of the Renaissance. Men search for what they desire, and a man at peace within himself and at peace with the intimations of higher purposes does not excavate and search for consolation. Research and excavation, digging up monuments in Babylon, in Egypt, and from many-citied Troy, have their value in that they lay bare monuments to human qualities which the modern world lacks and laments. If there now lived an united spirit that could only find its expression in a mightier monument than the pyramid, what need would there be for modern tourists to go to Egypt to wonder? If the modern world were able to express these qualities in the spontaneous fashion that proves the possession of them, why turn to the ancients for these monuments?

So when some say that it was the rediscovery of old Roman monuments which led to the Renaissance, such

rediscovery was only an evidence, a symptom and not a cause. These Italians and southern French desired to find something. There was this desire behind the research. There always is the desire behind the research. Mechanical inventions, for instance, do not fall from heaven, but arise as the expressions of mechanical minds. The mechanics of the pyramid were capable of other usages, but were not so used. They were not used for machines, which are expressions of mankind, as all other things are expressions, but to erect a mighty monument. Had they been used for machines, they would have expressed another type of man and mind than the Egyptian. So now the rediscovery of the Roman monuments was the expression of a new phase, spirit, and quality of human mind. Similarly the revival of learning, of the study of history, of Greek philosophy, of Greek culture generally, were material for the spirit. Therefore when some writers point as cause of the Renaissance to the hard straits to which Constantinople and Greece were pushed by the invading and victorious Turk and to the consequent escape of many Greeks to Italy, they are pointing not to causes but to more fodder. There were manuscripts in Italy and works of art sufficient without this Greek invasion.

Again, when some point to the gallant Abelard and his captivating eloquence animating with new pulses the Paris University, or to Arnold of Brescia, or to Roger Bacon, or Wycliffe, or the Albigenses, or the evils of the Church, or the rise of the Communes, or the Saxon opposition, of which Luther became the mouthpiece, they add to the number of the evidences, yet do not lay their finger on the cause.

Yet it is not so difficult to find the cause, if one remembers a great general art is an expression of a social feeling and spirit. If this is so, then clearly all Saxon negation to the Church, all separators from the Church, all isolators from the only general European system, all destroyers of it and rebels against it, all these can have nothing to do with the art of

the Renaissance. Nor have they. Lübke-Semrau declare of England that she behaved most curtly to the Renaissance art—would have none of it, in fact; and in speaking of Germany, now particularist in the main, they are forced to acknowledge that the Renaissance architecture in Germany was meagre in amount and in spirit. France continued into the sixteenth century, and even later, faithful to the Gothic. "While the Renaissance swiftly pursued in Italy its victorious career, all other lands of Europe remained true to the traditions of the Gothic, the afterglow of which endured until the eighteenth century."[1]

The home of the Renaissance is thus narrowed to an area far distant from the oratory of Abelard, the researches of Roger Bacon, and the revolt of Wycliffe. Moreover, even in Italy, the centre of the Renaissance, the waves of which were to spread in widening circles through the land, was curiously local. Florence and the land of Tuscany, of which Florence was sometimes the acknowledged and always the unacknowledged mistress, formed the home of the Renaissance. Not a little strange, perhaps not strange at all if race has meaning, that Etruria, once the brain and cultural influence of ancient Rome, should now for a second time add the most splendid jewel to the crown of her imperial sovereignty. Not strange at all perhaps that these Etruscans, if of Pelasgian origin, should as Tuscans, two thousands years after their emigration from Asia Minor, once more infuse a civilization and an art with positiveness, joyousness, trust in man and those qualities, which distinguished the desert-girt home of the Egyptians and later the lovely capital of Pelasgian Attica. Florence has been called the Athens of Italy, the Athens of the Renaissance. If race means something, the comparison is not one of simple chance and accident.

The imperial spirit of Rome was in need of such a positive spirit. It was the next step to the establishment of positive

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 64.

patriarchalism. Its patriarchal dominance it had established. In its ecclesiastical and papal form it had bent the German and the Frank to its will, but, in order to force its order upon their unruliness, it had made use of that negativity which is so strong a feature of the Aryan. Force had been the weapon of the Empire, fear had been largely the weapon of the Church. The gloom of the Romanesque Church reflected the spirit that sometimes rent the air with the thunder of anathema and imposed upon whole nations the night of interdict. Unruliness calls for hardness, and the superstition of the crude gives countenance to the threat of fear, unless a consummate master of men's minds can manage otherwise. Such weapons seemed necessary for the conquest and control of Goth and Frank. So when the Goths drew the sword of war, Rome drew the sword of peace; when the Goth displayed a lust of animal life, Rome announced such lust as evil; when the Goth vaunted the natural passion of sex, Rome praised with equal zeal the virtue of chastity. All such animal outbreaks and passions must be ordered and controlled in an art of life, but Rome made use of the negativity that her Aryan spirit had given her to call them evil and to say no to them. Above all, such passions must be denied and suppressed in the ranks of the Church itself, and the soldiers of the Church must acknowledge as severe a discipline as ever did the soldiers of the Empire.

It was the great Hildebrand who brought about this stricter organization of the clerical army. Advisor to eight pontiffs, and himself Pope, this extraordinary man desired to infuse through the Church a chastening spirit and stern discipline, which should make it an instrument for binding kings, princes, and people to one system, by ruling, valuing, and regulating their several limits and allowances. Such was his conception, a conception he only partially accomplished, but which in the hands of the powerful Innocent III found its actualization a century later. Hildebrand's weapon for

imposing this discipline upon the members of the Church was that of negativity. Bishops and clergy at his time were worldly in the lowest grade of worldliness. The monks alone preserved a spirit of devotion to their office, but the clergy who mingled in the world, especially in the world of the Franks and the Goths, observed the practices of their neighbours and their flocks, to the exclusion of the sterner discipline that was demanded of them by their sacred office. With few exceptions the clergy and bishops were either married or, to avoid the scandal of open avowal of the marital state, indulged in the looser charms of concubinage. To support themselves and their families they eagerly possessed themselves of land, and strove to render hereditary to their own offspring that which had been granted to the Church. A further mode of increasing their incomes was to sell the sacred benefits of the Church and gain an earthly return for the dispensation of spiritual gifts. The bishops, rejoicing in a greater strength, sometimes openly became marauders and freebooters, and gained by forcible robbery that which they could not persuade the faithful, and especially the faithful merchants, to bestow.

To control these turbulent soldiers of the Church, Hildebrand made use of the austere practices, commended already for generations, and organized by the founders of the monastic orders to a system, which alone seemed capable of preserving its servants in whole-hearted devotion to the ambition of the Roman spirit to dominate Europe. Celibacy, fasts, vigils, scourgings, and the rigid vigour of asceticism, Hildebrand imposed freely upon himself and strove to impose upon his underlings throughout western Europe. He did not completely succeed, but what he shaped and ordained, with his iron steadfastness and faith in the divine idea of Church and Hierarchy, his monastic successors to the pontifical chair fulfilled, the strength of the Church culminating at the time of Innocent III.

To separate the clergy in effect from the people as a ruling caste, to free them from all civil jurisdiction and interference, to distinguish them as the Roman citizens were distinguished, was in accord with the Roman spirit of organization.

The negativity to this world, which was the distinctive mark of this caste, should have remained its mark. This was not to be. The Aryan failure to value and distinguish once more was evidenced. For the Roman priesthood, in strong contrast to Oriental priesthoods, has always failed clearly to distinguish between the esoteric and exoteric, between the ruler and the ruled. Virtues that may be admirable for a priesthood are totally unsuitable for a laity. Something of this sort has been always recognized. But the Roman priesthood, failing to distinguish between that which is for the few and that which is for the many, and between the ideational quality of rulership in their practices and their objective actuality, found it their duty to advocate those very practices as if a general and absolute virtue lay within them, a virtue which, curiously enough, if generally exercised would have led first to wrapping the world in gloom and finally to the annihilation of the race.

That women were a danger, that worldly pleasure was less profitable to them than the spiritual exercises which entitled them to ruler power, that in the contemplation of the future world the world of their subjects should seem greatly inferior, all these might be held by the priesthood or dominant caste, but could scarcely be held by the people. The ascetic ideal towards women certainly cannot be held by those who bring the next generation into the world, and a negative attitude to the world as an ideal is disastrous to those who prepare the food, pay the taxes, and carry on the general business of life.

The Roman spirit had gained control and infused some order into turbulent Europe, but it had done so by employing the shadow that force throws, namely fear. To attain to

greatness, a greatness which would enable it to compare with the Egyptian or Oriental systems, it needed a positive spirit to the world and to life upon earth. This infusion of the positive spirit was the task of the Tuscans, the people descended from the Etruscan Pelasgians.

Had it succeeded, it would have been the greatest, happiest, and most fortunate event in European history.

It only succeeded in part, but that success was Tuscan.

The spirit of the Renaissance was a Tuscan spirit. To its aid it called the allied and related Hellenic spirit. From Constantinople and Greece came the Hellenic spirit of the Helleno-Italic Empire and found in Florence a warm welcome and new home. The hitherto buried Hellenic culture was once more eagerly embraced as a true expression. In Florence, or within a day's journey, were born the founders of the Renaissance. In Florence gathered the scholars and élite of the falling Byzantine Empire. So it was that when the Roman spirit had succeeded in its re-conquest of Europe, Florence was ready with that new positive spirit which could establish it and conserve it by making it acceptable to men. In this way the tendency to disintegration, which is inevitably bound up with the Aryan system, and which has led to the history of Europe being composed of integrations by force followed by disintegrations, and again re-integrations by force, could have been overcome. For integration that is permanent can only be brought about by mutual reciprocity. It can only be preserved by that simplification which enables even the poorest to have the mastery over life. It can only be conserved by that ordering of man socially in grades of value and by a tradition encouraging and cultivating the social quality of man's individuality. In a word, integration and its conservation are only possible according to the principles of the art of life and those principles which are expressed by such a symbol as the pyramid.

The history of Florence is the history of the establishment in power and definiteness of this spirit. It was the very opposite to the Aryan spirit. Between it and the Aryan negativity there was to be the struggle for the possession of the imperial spirit of the Church.

For Italy stood at the cross-roads.

On the one hand was the unity of positive patriarchalism, on the other the disintegration and separation, which must result from negativism.

Would the Tuscan or the Aryan conquer?

As a fact, in the Renaissance movement the Florentine spirit won, though opposed by the Aryans of Lombardy, the Aryan masters of southern Italy, and the Aryan invaders from the north. In Italy the positive spirit of the Renaissance conquered. But beyond the Alps, in France, in Germany and islanded in England, dwelt unconquered the opposing Aryan spirit.

When that spirit in its peculiarly hardened form of particularism met the positive patriarchal spirit of Italy conquered by the glad and joyous Tuscan spirit, Europe stood at the cross-roads. On the one hand was positive patriarchalism, on the other disintegration into nations, classes, sects, etc. The consideration of this choice belongs to later chapters.

The history of Florence is the history first of the establishment of a positive patriarchal system within her own boundaries, and then of its expression of that spirit in an art which spread over Italy.

This history is well known to the readers of Sismondi, but must briefly be told, first, to emphasize its close resemblance to that of Athens, when that city was engaged on a similar task; and, secondly, that the misinterpretations of democratic historians may be avoided. For Sismondi, Erskine May, and others acclaim the history of Florence with loud approval as a fight for freedom, for democratic

freedom, and embrace it as if it were a relation or a parent to modern freedom, the freedom of England and France. It is merely another instance of the confusion arising from a word. A free lion and a free lamb are two very different things, and the free lamb can only claim relationship with the lion on the common ties of freedom, when the lion is dead. The republic of Florence is dead, and therefore it is safe for the lambs to claim relationship. But the struggle of the republic of Florence was something wholly different to the modern struggle for personal isolation from responsibility and from loyalty to another person. It was something wholly different from that struggle for the only power which the weak can comprehend, namely, negative power or freedom.

The people of Florence were fighting for something very different. They were fighting not for freedom, but to free something. They did not want personal isolation. They were fighting to free the positive Tuscan spirit from the German, the Norman, the French, and the negativism of the Aryan element in the Church system. They were fighting for communal freedom, and in that community dwelt the positive cultured spirit.

The cities of northern Italy were permitted by the emperor in the ninth century to build walls and to organize militia to protect themselves against incursions of barbarians, and especially of Hungarians. They were told, in fact, that they would have to look after themselves, and to such good purpose did they fulfil the command that they each began to build up an independent city life. Many of them prospered, and one of the most prosperous was the city that lay in the beautiful valley of the Arno.

The condition of these northern Italian cities in the eleventh century, each with its own peculiar spirit, has been compared to that of the cities of Greece before the Persian invasion.

Climate, country, the unity of religion and language have

been found as similarities between them. But if the Tuscans were of the Pelasgian race the homology between Tuscany and Attica was yet closer. As occasion called upon Athens to exert herself to fight for a positive unifying spirit against the Aryan spirit of Sparta, so Florence was bent to a similar fight. As Athens preserved the positive artistic and cultured spirit, so did Florence. But there was no analogy between the Italian cities and the union of the Greeks against the common danger of Persia. The Italian cities, instead of being united against non-Italian powers, were divided. They ranged themselves as partisans of Emperor or Pope, as Ghibbelines or Guelphs. The cities of Lombardy, with Milan as their chief, were Ghibellines, and ranged on the side of the Emperor; the cities of Tuscany, with Florence as their leader, were Guelphs, and supported the Church. The antagonism may not have been based on the merits of the question or on particular aspects. No doubt self-interest was a strong motive, and the cause of his city lay nearer to a citizen's heart than fate of Emperor or Pope. But at the root of selfish and communal interest lies race. The Lombards were northern Aryans settled since A.D. 569 in northern Italy; the Tuscans were Etruscans settled over twice as many years. Lombardy had formed one of the principal homes of the oppressive and gloomy grandeur of the Romanesque art. Tuscany was to be the home of the gayer spirit of the Renaissance. Lombardy bestowed the fearing and fearsome Teutonic shades, Tuscany the gayer pagan heart, upon the imperial spirit of the Roman Church.

Though Lombardy opposed the Pope and supported the Emperor and Tuscany did the reverse, yet neither one nor the other wished to reject the Catholic faith. The question waged was not one of faith, but one of government. It is difficult at first to see why Tuscany should support the Church, and why the Church with its dominating ascetic ideal appealed to its positive spirit. But undoubtedly in the

Church, in addition to the ascetic ideal, lay a more cultured spirit—the old Helleno-Italic—than in the rude northerners of the German Empire. This culture had been perpetuated in Florence by many beautiful churches in which were preserved the Helleno-Italic and Helleno-Byzantine elements, as opposed to the Romanesque and Gothic elements.

It was for this positive spirit of culture, and not for the ascetic ideal, that Florence fought. Only at one brief period, when the glory of her art was departing and the Medici had been expelled, the period of Savonarola's theocratic rule, did she give any heed to the ascetic ideal of the Church.

Florence resembled Athens in her federating power. Her range was not so wide and her power not so great as that of the Grecian city; but within Tuscany, and also over many of the cities of the Church during the papal exile, she exercised a position similar to that of Athens at the head of the Delian Confederacy. As long as such cities as Perugia, Sienna, Lucca, and Bologna accepted her gladly she treated them with friendship. Only with Pisa, her proud rival, was she forced to severer means to ensure her ascendancy. But her relation to the cities of Tuscany and those that looked to her for leadership was positive and trusting, and similar to that of the Periclean Athens. Also she was, like Athens, rich. She was so rich that her city revenue is said to have been greater than that which Elizabeth could command from all England.

Florence had been originally, like other Roman towns, the city home of the nobles or landowners. As the commerce and manufactures of the city grew, and as the land was constantly despoiled by invasions, making attachment to the city safer than that to the land, a citizen or plebeian spirit arose and opposed itself to the nobles. Moreover, the nobles indulged amongst themselves in that struggle for power which on a large scale is by no means a defect in life, but when occurring perpetually within the very midst of the

people to be governed and not confined to the various competitors and their followings, leads naturally to the greater mass rebelling against the discord and feud from which they desire to be free. For the great mass of men desire to be free from the noise and turbulence of struggle. They wish to be ruled and protected and allowed to go their customary ways. That the adventurous and ruler spirits should struggle for ascendancy is also natural and has occurred throughout the history of mankind. But this struggle must be divided from the people, even as the female holds aloof from the contests of males for her possession, or as leader wolves struggle for the mastery before the waiting pack.

As part of the governmental disintegration since the fall of the Roman Empire, this struggle for leadership was transferred from the contest for the position of Empire to the multiple leaderships of the various cities and estates. All the wonderful ruler quality that found birth in Italy was wasted in these petty struggles. A great number of capable and striking men were produced, but, in the disintegration that found place in the centuries following the fall of Rome, no strong temporal system was built up by them and crowned by a strong leader. Most of their power had been given to establishing the power of the Church, after the temporal imperial system had broken into a number of pieces.

A further result of this disintegration was, as I have said, that the struggle for rulership, instead of occurring apart from the people to be governed, occurred in the very midst of the cities themselves. The nobles and their trustes turned their palaces into fortresses. They built themselves towers of defence. They made raids upon each other in the streets. They sallied forth to rob and murder citizens and retreated again to their strongholds. They behaved in such a way that historians are aghast at the turbulence of the times. As a fact they were very spirited times, and qualities of diplomacy, skill, force, oratory, art, generosity, sternness, bravery and

swift action were most abundantly displayed on the various small stages of the struggle for rulership.

The chief fault once more lay in the lack of differentiation, for rulers and ruled were mixed in an inextricable manner. The citizens and mass of men who desired peace found themselves mixed up in all the danger, enterprise, and excitement, which was the breath of life to those who, feeling ruler quality within them, had no chance of peacefully following their natural impulses.

To obtain internal order and a definite differentiation between ruler and ruled was the first object of the Florentine spirit. The second was to federate Italy, if not in a military manner, at least in a positive spirit, and in a spirit opposed to the barbarism of the northern Aryan oppressors. In both these objects she succeeded.

When the last Hohenstauffen emperor died in A.D. 1250, and the Roman Church and the Guelphs had gained the victory over the German Empire, Florence was freed from this contest against the Aryans and turned her attention to the turbulent nobles in her midst, the heritage of the disintegration of the civil power upon the fall of the Roman Empire.

Her militia, organized against outward enemies, now turned its attention to these firebrands. It destroyed all the towers which were their strongholds, and headed Rome by over a century in the act. Florence then showed her dislike of the turbulent nobles in more cynical guise. She excluded them from any share in the government, and when other turbulent families arose she stript them of power by conferring upon them the honour of nobility. In this way she got rid of internal feuds, federated the citizens, and established a strong communal spirit. Merchants and citizens of all classes joined her militia. Dante and other famous men of literature and art fought for her. Her citizen communal spirit was strong. How to give it stable expression in a

form of government was her next problem. Here also the steps she followed bore a close resemblance to those of the Athenian experiments in government.

At one time she adopted the Athenian system of filling posts by lot; at another she invited the Duke of Athens to play the despot, like Pisistratus, but ended the experiment within a year by rejecting him. Like Athens, she encouraged citizen government, and interested her citizens directly in government. Indeed, she tried so many experiments before her Periclean age that Dante compared her to a sick man always changing his posture in the hope of relief from pain. Democracy failed her. She had been deluged with the curse of party government. There must be some chief authority, she found. The chief power from A.D. 1381–1434, therefore, she gave into the hands of the Albizzis, and from A.D. 1434–1494 into the hands of the Medicis. Both ascendancies were of Periclean mould, ascendancies in accord with the spirit of the people, gladly accorded to by the people, ascendancies like that of Pericles in Athens or the Pharaohs of the pyramid period, founded not on force nor the power of arms nor the threat of fear, but on direct personal trust of the people, on mutual reciprocity between rulers and ruled.

The system was, in short, a positive patriarchal system, and this century of Albizzi and Medici dominance was the century of the greatest art of Florence.

During this century the Albizzis and Medicis preserved unity within Florence. Both families were great patrons of art and letters. Both knew the value of expression, the passing of thought or desire from one man to another.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio are the three great Florentines at the incipience of the Renaissance.

Dante (A.D. 1265–1321), with his supreme vision, prophesied in its noblest spirit. His ideal in *De Monarchia* was an Universal Empire crowned by an emperor, as the representative of the supreme qualities of rule and power and

the embodiment of the social unity of his subjects, with his capital at Rome and with the Church subject to the imperial ideal.

Petrarch (A.D. 1304–1374) had not the vision of Dante, and, because his prophecy was fulfilled more exactly than that of Dante's by the accomplishment of the Renaissance, he has been hailed as the father of the Renaissance. But he was far inferior to Dante. He found in the classic monuments and literature the expression of the positive spirit to hand. He himself was crowned as successor to Virgil upon the Capitol of Rome. He was too content with the use of the expression he found in the classics, and too ready to father that imitation of the classics, which formed so large a part of the Renaissance. Dante, on the other hand, was too great to imitate. He was the peer of Virgil, not his disciple. If Petrarch was the father, Dante with his divine vision was the god of the Renaissance.

Boccaccio (A.D. 1313–1375) expressed particularly the positive spirit in opposition to the negative spirit, which pronounced as evil the love of the sexes for each other, and of youth for youth, and of youth for gaiety and brightness of temper and apparel.

The leading families of Florence vied with each other in aiding the expressors of the positive spirit. Not only the Albizzis, but the Pittis, the Strozzis, and the Pazzis were great patrons of art.

The name, however, that is most closely connected with the Florentine Renaissance at its most flourishing period is that of the great banker family, the Medicis.

Cosimo de Medici, born in A.D. 1389 to the headship of a commercial enterprise which had branches in all the great cities of Europe and the Levant, secured his own personal ascendancy in Florence in A.D. 1434. The ascendancy of his family endured until his great-grandsons were expelled in A.D. 1494, to be restored in A.D. 1512, in the days of

Italy's disasters, to a power that was absolute. Cosimo died in A.D. 1464, but for thirty years he occupied the position in Florence that Pericles occupied in Athens. He was the welcomed head and guide, the chief citizen, the Father of his Country. His immense wealth and capacity made him respected outside the bounds of Florence. Roscoe, for instance, says that the money he lent to our Edward IV "might almost be considered as the means of supporting that monarch on the throne."[1] Such a power tended to secure for Florence under the Medicis the friendship of kings and potentates.

In Florence Cosimo expended his money with equal fortune. He used his wealth, not as did the old Roman aristocrat and Italian noble to increase the number of his personal adherents and enlarge his bodyguard, but in mastering and leading that which was more powerful, namely, expression. He had agents throughout Europe, the Mediterranean States, and Asia Minor, and through his agents he became a great collector. Manuscripts, gems, bronzes, sculpture, coins, everything that his agents could discover, fed his avidity to provide within his Florentine palace a home not only for living artists, but for the classic channels into which their efforts were turned. He was supreme as a collector, and to all notable writers, thinkers, and artists of Florence he gave the freedom of his house, manuscripts, arts collections, and if need be of his purse. Niccoli, the literary dictator of Florence, and Ambrozio Traversari were his intimate friends, as were Bruni, Marsuppini, and Bracciolini. Poggio, of whose pen the whole world was afraid, received many kindnesses from Cosimo. Ficino was trained by Cosimo and kept by him that he might translate Plato's philosophy. Argyropulos, the Greek, became tutor to Cosimo's son. The architects Brunelleschi, whom some hail as the originator of the Renaissance architecture, and

[1] Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, p. 79.

Michelozzo, the painters and sculptors Fra Angelico, Gozzoli, Fra Lippo Lippi, Lucca della Robbia, Ucelli Ghiberti, and Donatello, were all his friends. What a wonderful table must have been his, when all these creators and men of taste gathered round his board! Truly, no man spent his money more delightfully or more wisely. All the distinguished men of Florence were part of his family circle, all watched, supported, befriended, and often guided by him.

Cosimo's son, the delicate Pietro, upheld the position and traditions of his father for the five years in which he was the chief of Florence. Upon his death his son Lorenzo the Magnificent became the chief of Florence, and remained so until his death in A.D. 1492. Il Magnifico was a fit inheritor of his grandfather's quality and tradition. He was himself a creator, a poet, and in addition was one of the most cultured and many-sided appreciators of art and letters the world has ever seen.

The spirit of the Florentine Renaissance had already been summed up by the three great writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The ideal of a positive patriarchal and universal empire, of which Dante conceived, was its highest expression. The cultivation of the classical and pagan imperial expression, which Petrarch embodied, was a second and lower feature, lower because it tended to be satisfied with a borrowed and even imitative expression instead of a spontaneous creative expression for the new art. Lastly, Boccaccio represented the claim of the subjects of the Roman spirit, not to be bound by the ascetic ideal of the priests, but to be allowed a positive relation to life and to love. This last feature, the feature Boccaccio represents, needs setting forth more fully, for it has led to the mistaken notion that the Renaissance consisted of a "return to nature."

There are few more irritating phrases with which one has to contend than this of "return to nature," this "naturalism," or "realism," as it is called.

There is no such thing as a return to nature.

There are two natures, two realisms. The first is the ruler nature, the ruler realism. The ruler nature takes the things of the world, and values, orders, arranges, simplifies them, and thereby expresses his ruler power over them. This is the ruler's realism. This is what he feels is real, and names as the real thing. When he sees chaos and disorder, he does not turn away and say, "This is the real thing." To him all stuff and things are but material out of which and with which his reality may be shaped. The ruler's realism comprehends and comprises the subjects' realisms, very many subjects' realisms, but the subjects' do not comprehend and comprise the ruler's.

The subjects' nature or realism is not to create, to order, to value, but to obey, and to imitate that type of obedience which is set up. Its relation to the things and phenomena of the world is not to order, value, and arrange them, but to recognize them as separate things, happenings, phenomena, and facts, and to reproduce them as such, for the ruler mind to order and value. Imitative reproduction is its relation to phenomena, and this imitative reproduction is called nature by democratic writers who have no idea of what the ruler mind or ruler nature is.

These differences are definite and distinct. They are distinct in art. In the Egyptian art, except for the imitative pictorial reproductions of peasant life, etc., there is no subjects' realism. Order and value are the qualities that dominate it. Imitative reproduction is not the object or aim.

But in Aryan art, as in all other Aryan things, the ruler and the subject qualities have always been intermingled and confused. Consequently, as soon as a certain decadence in the Grecian centre of art in Athens had set in, this imitative reproduction of subjects' realism made its appearance. Thus when Athens had fallen to Sparta, and many years after the period of her Periclean splendour had closed, an Athenian

painter, Apollodorus, introduced two features which have since distinguished Aryan painting, namely chiaroscuro and linear perspective. In this way a certain subjects' realism, subjects' truth, was introduced into painting. An illusion of a third dimension was effected upon a surface of two dimensions in order that the picture might appear "real" to the mind to which imitation constitutes reality. These features of chiaroscuro and linear perspective have been highly regarded and loudly praised for this reason by Aryan painters and critics. But great art, the ruler art, which gives expression to man's power over "nature," which gives expression to a whole nation's power over chaos, such art as that of Egypt, of China, of Japan or of early Greece, never had anything to do with chiaroscuro or linear perspective.

But in the art of the Renaissance there was—and Boccaccio expressed it—a return of the subject to a positive relation to life. Subjects' realism there had always been in art since the time of the Greeks, only now instead of being driven to imitate ascetic priests, the people turned to imitate the pagans and be more positive to life.

This positive spirit penetrated every phase of the city life. Every object was to be made beautiful, and consequently desirable and lovable. Like the Athenians and Egyptians, the Florentines stamped everything with art. Every object and every household utensil, however trifling, were fashioned with the object of making them beautiful as well as useful. All the great men and great brains were bent, not to immediate utilitarianism or to turning out the greatest quantity in the least possible time, but to the service of beauty, to taste, to quality. Art ruled, and everything was made artistic and fashioned after the laws of beauty. Cups, plates, knives, kettles, linen, stools, chairs, all served even in the humblest home the elemental laws of beauty, or, in other words, the laws of the positive mastery of man over things and life. Consequently every inhabitant learnt from his surroundings

unconsciously and consciously to have taste, even as he learnt a positive charm of manner from his relations with his fellow-citizens. Positivism was so deliberate and general, that everything either strove to be or was pleasurable. A conception of this period would be almost impossible in our age, were it not for Japan. The traveller to Japan sees the same dominion of beauty and charm from the temple to the inlaid knob of the kettle-lid. He sees the same happy gaiety, the same embracing atmosphere of the pleasing, and he has less difficulty in forming a picture of the Florentine and Italian Renaissance.

The same positive attitude was shown in personal decoration and adornment. Cosmetics and perfumes were as freely used by the ladies to cultivate their charms, as by the ladies of Athens or of ancient Egypt. Beauty and its enhancement was eagerly sought and devoutly worshipped by all means and in whatsoever manner that was possible. Dress made each man and woman and child a pleasure to the eyes, and in the gay sunlight of the Italian climate there was the living panorama of colour and taste that has now descended to the set ballet lit by footlights. The stage and drama, which in modern times excite the fancy with what might be the gaiety, brightness, adventure, and interest of life, were then the realities. The actual of the past has become the spectacle of the present.

Similarly in their meals and in the general manners of life cleanliness and good taste were the essentials that raised eating to an art. Delicate, tactful, and cleanly manners at table singled out the Tuscans and Italians from all the northern nations. In the north eating and drinking, eating to satiation and drinking to drunkenness, was the meal's complete enjoyment; in the south the passage of wit, the charm of attitude and bow, the earnest thought, the skilled judgment, the watching of gay, refined faces, and the play of hand and wrist, the enjoyment of artistic skill in the

preparation of food and wine, and afterwards with clear and brightened intellect a discourse on art, taste or politics or music, song and dance. Such was the Florentine positive attitude to life, converting even the necessities into artistic delights, and making everyone strive to render both persons and acts pleasurable and tasteful.

It was the same with religion and morality. The gay and joyous Florentines did not consider themselves miserable sinners. That is a negative attitude. Leonardo da Vinci, for instance, depicts St. John, the preacher of repentance, in similar manner to the youthful Bacchus, the god of wine. These positive people were not conscious of sin, and they felt capable of being masters of their own natures, and had therefore no need for repentance. They could answer, as Thoreau answered on his death, when a friend besought him to make his peace with God, that he was not aware that he had ever quarrelled with Him. So positive were they, that they attained to the Eastern attitude that that which all men possess, and some men in great measure, namely will, should rule. Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine, clearly shows in his amazing autobiography how he trusts to will, and how completely unconscious he is of any such moral measures as rule modern conduct. Similarly, his great capacity as an artist placed him above the law as it would have done in the East. When Signor Ambrogio complained about him to the Pope for having slain one Pompeo in an affray, "the Pope instantly said, 'You do not understand these matters; I must inform you that men who are masters of their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws: but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair.'"[1] At no time since the fall of the Empire had Italy or any European approached so closely to the Eastern recognition that strong will is by nature itself ordained to be the ruling power amongst men.

[1] Roscoe's trans., *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, chap. xv.

As in the East, so in the Renaissance, religion was something apart, something higher than morals and everyday conduct. These Florentines were not, as sometimes they are held to be, atheists. Very far from it. They were not moralists, but true religionists. Religion was a definite condition to them, a definite relation of the individual to the universe and to power over life, religion in the Eastern sense, a feeling of trust and even intimate relation with and possession of this power, something revealed through feeling, not to be assumed or be assumable at any time, and yet always believed and trusted.

In the greater men of the Renaissance, in Niccolo Niccoli, Nicholas II, Manetti, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, it was that loftier religion which is one of intuition rather than precepts and dogmas; it was that trust in their powers and faculties as if these were their sacred inspiration. One feels it in the work of these artists. Even the daredevil Cellini is profoundly religious according to his nature. When misfortune fell upon him he turned with assurance to Providence. His account of his imprisonment is charged with religious visions and reflections. He turned "constantly to the Supreme Being, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in silent meditation on the divine goodness."[1] He never ceases to believe that life is good. It is not fear, but trust; not conviction of sin, but a buoyant belief in life that fills him. And this is typical of the positive attitude of the Florentines to religion. It was one of trust, not one of fear. Only under the lash of Savonarola's oratory did fear come upon them in the face of great calamities. Even then their cry to heaven was for help rather than for forgiveness. Even then they do not seem to have lost their faith in themselves and in the value of earthly life.

How great might have been the society founded on this positive Florentine quality had it once infused the

[1] Roscoe's trans., chap. xxv.

Roman spirit and then overcome the Aryan negativism of Europe!

How great this spirit was is shown by these striking words when the commission for the cathedral was given to the architect Arnolfo: "Since the highest mark of prudence in a people of noble origin is to proceed in the management of their affairs so that their magnanimity and wisdom may be evinced in their outward acts, we order Arnolfo, headmaster of our commune, to make a design for the renovation of Sta. Reparata in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor the power of man can surpass, that it may harmonize with the opinion of many wise persons in this city and state, who think that this commune should not engage in any enterprise unless its intention be to make the result correspond with that noblest sort of heart which is composed of the united will of many citizens."[1] In this spirit Arnolfo built the cathedral, and of this spirit Brunelleschi in A.D. 1420 showed himself a most potent expressor. The dome, which was the chief feature of the early Etruscan temples, became now the great expression of Florence. Brunelleschi devised this dome which, unlike previous domes such as those of the Pantheon and St. Sophia which are esoteric being scarcely seen from without, should be for all the world to see. The committee before whom the plans were laid for building "in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor the power of man can surpass," were dismayed before this prodigious undertaking. Nevertheless, Brunelleschi prevailed and raised the famous dome, which with its grandeur and simplicity dominates Florence and forms so proud and challenging an object to one standing on the hills and overlooking the city of the Arno.

To my mind, though I have never seen St. Peter's, this dome is the greatest creation of the Renaissance. It is, without doubt, far more powerful and simple than the more

[1] C. C. Perkins, *Tuscan Sculptors*, 1864, Vol. I, p. 54.

divided and ornate dome of St. Peter's. Such powerful creations as Brunelleschi's dome were rare in the architecture of the Renaissance. This dome was a creation in the spirit of Dante, a great and original expression of the noblest conception of the Renaissance.

The architecture of the Renaissance, as a whole, partook far more of the spirit of Petrarch than that of Dante. It used, borrowed, and imitated classic architecture. The Roman and Greek remains were eagerly studied and copied, but the creative and ordering or master element was not copied, for in no way could it or can it be copied. Creation cannot be imitated, for imitative creation is not creation at all. So with these Renaissance borrowers of classic expression, "they imitated indeed accurately what they were able to see of the ancient monuments, however, without a clear idea of fundamental conditions, and still less of the finer relations of the components to one another."[1] They used this classic expression without regard to its structural purposes or relations, but arbitrarily for decoration, to make agreeable lines, rhythmical spacing and pleasing arrangements. They borrowed what they could get from the classic period and used it as they thought fit. The language was the language of the past, but the thought expressed was their own.

This feature of the Renaissance architecture has been greatly censured by modern critics. Further discovery has shown the principles and uses of these classic elements in the classic buildings. Supported by the general worship of direct utilitarianism, modern critics blame the Renaissance architects for their arbitrary use of pilasters, columns, and other classic features. Pilasters and columns, they say, should support something; whereas these Renaissance architects use them merely for ornament. It is much the sort of argument one might use to a Polynesian girl with a

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 17.

necklace of shells about her neck: that shells are meant to hold fishy creatures and not to be hung upon a string. If these pilasters make the building more beautiful they serve a definite and legitimate purpose. The fault lies not in the use made of classic elements, but in the borrowing. Could the Polynesian maid have fashioned a lovely necklace out of elements she had shaped herself, there would be no need for her to be indebted to the shell-fish. In the one case the fish, in the other the ancients, did the best part of the work.

Brunelleschi was never commissioned to create another great monument like the dome of Florence, to "correspond with that noblest sort of art which is composed of the united will of many citizens."

He was, however, commissioned to build a palace for the Pitti family, which, next to the Medici family, was the most influential in Florence. His opportunity given him, Brunelleschi showed his powerful creative mind. The Pitti palace was the first of the Renaissance palaces, the first expression of that predominance of the earthly ruler or prince over the ecclesiastical which took so prominent a place in Dante's prophecy. It is "an example which in majestic effort was never again reached."[1] It is built of freestone. "Upon the height of the strongly mounting mound the palace lifted itself, originally confined to a breadth of seven windows, raised as if by giant hands, the less significant features in all three storeys symmetrically repetitive."[1] Piled up, as it were, by giant hands with the subordinate parts symmetrically repetitive, with variety and life due to the variation of the stone facings of the three storeys, such are qualities of the greatest art, and such was the architecture of Brunelleschi.

The Medici palace built by Michelozzo for Cosimo preserves the power, proportion, simplicity, and virile strength of Brunelleschi and Michelozzo. But the powerful architec-

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 19.

ture they had introduced was not continued with the care and continual refinement and perseverance which led to the beauty of the Greek architecture.

The weaker elements of the Renaissance began to find expression. Imitation began to prevail, either imitation of the classics or imitation of natural objects. The spirits of Petrarch and Boccaccio found more abundant expression than the nobler spirit of Dante. Pilasters, columns, entablatures, tympana, and other classic features were plastered on to the face of Brunelleschi's simpler and more masterful work to adorn and vary it. Borrowing, either from the classics or nature, began its reign. It began to overwhelm the creative ruler spirit. This distinction between Brunelleschi's and Michelozzo's masterful and original expressions and the expressions of their successors is graphically brought home by comparing the façade of the Medici palace in Florence with that of the Ruccellai near by or the Pitti with the later palaces.

Yet this imitative feature of the Florentine Renaissance is clearly accounted for on the grounds of its positive spirit, which was its characteristic far more than its ruler spirit.

The positive spirit required expression. It could either express itself creatively or else it could borrow the expression of a previous period which had itself been positive. The classic remains were within the land and they were borrowed. Instead of pursuing the principles of power of Brunelleschi, enthusiasm was evoked for the imitation of past creations.

In Italy, suffering from disintegration of ruler power, not even able to free herself from the depredations of invaders and plunderers, unable to unite, the greater ruler conception of Dante and Brunelleschi could only be embodied and conceived in the one unifying system—the Church. All Florence could do was to infuse her positive spirit into the Church and its head, the papacy. Only in the patronage of

the papacy could the mightier creative and ruler spirit flourish. Only under it did it flourish, in the period of the Roman Renaissance.

But for this spirit to continue to strengthen and increase itself in Florence, it was needful that Florence should not only be the birthplace of the positive spirit, but also the head and centre of the system, which ramified throughout Europe and exerted so powerful a voice in its affairs. To oust Rome with her age-long reputation was a thing not possible. Florence, like Etruria of old, could only influence, not replace, the imperial city. But papal Rome, during the period of the Florentine Renaissance, was undergoing its deepest humiliation. The Popes were captive in the hands of the Frankish king. It was the period of the Avignon captivity. Until the Popes were restored to Rome there seemed to be little chance of the imperial spirit demanding its expression in art. In this way, perhaps, the borrowing from the classics rather than continuance in the spirit of Brunelleschi may be understood. When the papacy was restored in power to Rome, then Florence gave the greatest of her children to be its imperial and positive expressor.

Similarly with the "return to nature," it was a phenomenon not of rulership, but of subjects' level. It was a revolt on the part of the Tuscans from that imposition of the asceticism of the ruling priestly caste upon the people. It was a demand for differentiation, and as such was very different from the return to nature which characterized the nineteenth century.

For the return to nature of these Florentine artists was no return to nature at all in the nineteenth century sense. It did not turn to landscape painting and fall to worshipping the country. As a fact, it took no note whatsoever of the country, except in so far as it formed an arranged background to a human or sacred scene.

The phrase "return to nature" is a wholly misleading and misapplied term for this Florentine Renaissance.

It was not a return to nature, but a statement that the ascetic ideal, the fasting, the long prayers, the adoption of complete poverty, and the denial of the pleasures and business of this life, were evidence of a negativism possibly necessary to the overawing of the Aryans, but one which could not be accepted by the Tuscans. Instead of the ghastly pictures of bleeding and agonized crucifixions and transfixed St. Sebastians, which centred this negative outlook, and which were especially common from the brushes of northern painters, the expression of the Tuscan artists centred upon the mother and her child. Instead of agony they painted love. The religion, instead of being one of sin and suffering, became one of the beauty of the young mother and of her love for her child.

This contrast is well seen in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, if one walks from Saal II, where the German mediæval pictures are hung, to Saal V, where are the Italians. It is very striking.

There is a picture in Saal V which shows admirably the positive spirit of the Florentine Renaissance. It is by its greatest painter, Domenico Ghirlandajo; greatest in that his expression has that strong and masterful composition which distinguished the architectural works of Brunelleschi.

The picture shows Mary and the Child with St. Michael, St. Dominic, and the two St. Johns. Its strong triangular arrangement, built up from the earth to the circles of heavenly glory in which Mary and the Child are enthroned, is very powerful. The face of Mary is youthful and beautiful, with some of the quietude of the Eastern ideal face. The other faces show the same calm tranquillity. The colours show no blending and blurring, but express fully the positive Florentine character, in which each citizen was complete, reliant, and self-sufficient, and all were united, not by blotching and blurring, but by ordering according to value and quality.

These colours are rich and manifold. Orange, pink, green, purple, deep blue, light blue, grey, lilac, gold, scarlet, all are in this picture, all without border zones, without blends the one with the other, each in its own pomp and pride, and with its own strength and beauty serving the whole. The brightness, the stateliness, the power and the beauty of this picture of the worship of the celestial parental love, show the infusion of a strong, positive spirit into the Roman spirit, very different to the gloom and austerity of the Romanesque cathedral or the fretful feverishness of the Gothic.

The well-loved pictures of Fra Angelico, the Dominican monk, show the same beautiful and positive character and the same careful arrangement, though they lack the power of Ghirlandajo. Similarly in classical garb Botticelli introduced this positive and refined beauty, again without the power of Ghirlandajo, but with a delicacy that allies him above all other European artists to Eastern decorative painters. He, more than any European painter, showed himself master of art forms. He is indeed recognized as something apart by critics, and is dubbed poetical. But he was the expressor of that positive adjustment and ordering according to the formula of beauty that distinguished the Florentine social spirit.

For example, his picture, "The Birth of Venus," in the Uffizi at Florence, shows again and again the objective representation of the formula of repetition with slight variation, and an analysis of this picture will serve well to show its importance in making a picture beautiful, and its significance as an expression for a people whose attitude is positive to life, because they are socially ordered according to the formula of life.

The picture shows this formula:

(1) In the light on the trees, which is indicated by a row of little parallel sloped gold lines.

(2) The midrib of each separately painted leaf in gold.

(3) On the land, the grass is indicated by a series of small bows, which in the immediate foreground are yellow in colour, in the background are green in colour.

(4) The dress of the maid, who is handing Venus her cloak, is white with a repetitive pattern of small blue cornflower plants.

(5) Her hair at the side is composed of repetitive gold ripples, and on the vertex of smooth gold lines.

(6) The red cloak of Venus is decorated with daisy and ranunculus plants, and here, as also in the maiden's dress, the pattern is not confused, but discreet and open with orderly spacing.

(7) The sea makes five indentations in the land.

(8) The sea affords opportunity for a wavelet pattern, comparable to Hiroshige's patterned snowfalls.

(9) The shell is turned so that it may clearly show its natural pattern.

(10) The superb golden-lined strands of Venus' hair.

(11) The roses the gods throw form a pattern.

(12) The angle of the two wind gods (so closely intertwined that they correspond fairly in size to the maid with the cloak) corresponds with the angle formed by the maid and the cloak, the two making an incomplete arched setting to Venus in the centre.

(13) The gold feathering of the brown-green wings of the gods is a pattern and balances the foliage on the other side of the picture.

(14) Their hair is simply and repetitively shown.

(15) The gold lines on the green raiment of the further god.

(16) The three very definitely repetitive waves of the grey-blue raiment of the nearer god.

(17) The rushes in the left lower corner of the picture.

(18) The flowing lines and curves, which prevent all stiffness, and are themselves illustrative of the formula.

Thus this picture pleases and gives to the spectator the warm positive feeling of beauty, because of its complete mastery as a whole and in detail of the laws and formulæ of beauty. It pleases more and more, howsoever strange the subject may be. It has a strange charm, one hears. It is the sort of picture of which one never tires. It tells no tale of which one wearies, relates no incident which once known begins to pall. But as a thing of beauty, it is a joy for ever. One feels it is a complete expression of the Florentine system. It has that decorative fulness and a certain impersonal and non-incidental charm which is seen in the expression of Venus herself, and is also seen in that expression of a complete and self-sufficient social system, namely in the Japanese art. It displays that intimate social adjustment in which life may be lived quietly and happily. In this sense this picture and the "Allegory of Spring" by Botticelli sum up and close the Florentine system. In so far as a single city in Italy could display the art of life, it was complete.

Its further stage was to be servant to some great ruler system and spirit. That it had the power, the dome of Brunelleschi showed, and it had the beauty of the positive spirit. Its two greatest sons, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, were to go forth in search of a ruler system or mind to which they could give expression.

Florence, as has been said, was the head of Tuscany and the chief city of the Guelphs. As chief city of the Guelph faction, Florence was servant to the Church. In the Church and the Roman spirit alone was there likely to be that imperial power, which was worthy of the expression of a Leonardo or Michelangelo. But Rome, as has been said, had not yet recovered from the humiliation of the Avignon captivity of the Popes. In the contest between the imperial Roman system, unsupported by arms, against the Frankish nation under Philip the Fair (A.D. 1285–1314),

who was autocrat of the system Philip Augustus had built up a century before, the Franks and their king, caring in no way for a positive relation with neighbouring European peoples, had hounded a tactless but imperial Pope to death, and had kept the Popes the prisoners of the French kings for seventy years (A.D. 1308–1377). Rome took over a century to recover from this heavy humiliation.

Leonardo was twenty-three years older than Michelangelo, and when he set forth for wider fields than those of Florence, it was not to Rome but to the northern Italy that he turned.

Leonardo da Vinci (A.D. 1452–1519) seems to have actually embodied in every way the perfect beauty which characterizes Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and the dome of Brunelleschi. In beauty and in power over all the matter of the world he seems to have been without rival. "He was one of those rare personalities in which nature loves to join all conceivable human perfections."[1] He sums up in his own bodily beauty, bodily power and beauty and charm of character, the beauty and charm of the positive spirit of the Tuscans and of the city of Florence. An account of him is an account of that spirit, concentrated in the living body and character.

"The richest gifts," wrote Vasari, "are occasionally seen to be showered, as by celestial influence, on certain human beings, nay, they sometimes supernaturally and marvellously congregate in one sole person; beauty, grace, and talent being united in such a manner, that to whatever the man thus favoured may turn himself his every action is so divine as to leave all other men far behind him, and manifestly to prove that he has been specially endowed by the hand of God himself, and has not obtained his pre-eminence by human teaching or the power of man. This was seen and acknowledged by all men to be the case of Leonardo da Vinci, in whom, to say nothing of his beauty of person,

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 243.

which yet was such that it has never been sufficiently extolled, there was a grace beyond expression which was rendered manifest without thought or effort in every act and deed, and who had besides so rare a gift of talent and ability, that to whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he made himself absolute master of it. Extraordinary power was in his case conjoined with remarkable facility a mind of regal boldness and magnanimous daring."[1] In his youth he fascinated men not only by his personal beauty, but by his aptness to frame beautifully a thought or incident in improvised music and song.

This grace of his was in no way effeminate, for his beauty was masculine and muscular, so that with his hands he could twist and bend a horseshoe as if it were of lead. His mental power was as strong and beautiful as his physical. Every province of art and science, sculpture, poetry, music, painting, philosophy, geometry, anatomy, engineering, botany, astronomy, physics, geology, fell subject to his ambitious skill and minute and curious observation. His desire was to know and master everything, that he might bend it to the service of art and subdue it to the rule of beauty. Such was his imperial passion, yet nowhere in Italy did there seem to be a system or ruler supreme enough to be his master and inspiration. Lorenzo the Magnificent apparently felt that the strong spirit of Leonardo required a wider empire than he could give him, and did not press him to remain in his service. In A.D. 1482 Leonardo left Florence to seek, it is said, some post outside Italy. He is supposed by some to have entered the service of the Sultan of Egypt and to have brought under control a new lake that had formed after a land slide in Armenia. At any rate, he returned to Italy, for in A.D. 1487, attracted as such a man must be by power, he entered the service of the most

[1] Mrs. Foster's trans., Vasari.

powerful individuality of the time, who boasted that the Pope was his chaplain, the Emperor his captain, and the King of France his courtier. This was Ludovico, the Moor, tyrant of Milan. Leonardo served him somewhat restlessly for twelve years until the Moor fell. Leonardo then entered the service of the other two master personalities of the time, Francis I and Cæsar Borgia. He felt the need of a strong master. He searched eagerly and ceaselessly for something worthy of his powers, something worthy of his expression. But he never found it, for in those times it was not existent in sufficient strength to force him to enthusiastic service and loyalty. To the Moor he had recommended himself as being able in times of war to construct various sorts of bridges, pontoons, scaling ladders, transportable cannon, subterranean passages, trenches, armoured wagons, mortars, catapults, and contrivances for war at sea, and in times of peace to construct buildings, aqueducts, sculptures, and bronzes, and with this astounding list challenges anyone who doubts him, and commends himself with all humility.

One commission he received under this prince was partly worthy of his powers. It was no temple, but a monumental statue to Francesco, founder of the Sforza family. It was designed in so generous a fashion that its execution would, in the opinion of some, last the artist's whole lifetime. The commission was given to him apparently in A.D. 1487, but for six years he seems to have dawdled until Ludovico threatened to replace him. He began a new model, and when it was exhibited in A.D. 1493 it was received with amazed admiration and tributes that were more lavish than any other work of the Renaissance received. Yet it was never cast. Ludovico's exchequer was empty, and Leonardo as a sculptor lives only in the record of his contemporaries' praise. Michelangelo, real rival to Leonardo, taunted him with having made so fine a design yet never executing it. Yet Michelangelo was to meet the same fate in the lifelong tragedy of the in-

completion of the Julian tomb. The age was not great enough in stability for great monumental art.

So Leonardo was forced back to littler deeds. His restless mind was always seeking something worthy of its power, and, in keeping with the personal power of the age, it was disintegrated and scattered over a thousand different things. Each thing received from him a stamp of power or ingenuity of which most of them were unworthy; and all of them were unequal to challenge and inspire his creative mastery. He indulged his skill in mechanical devices and puzzled over curiosities of science and nature. He made discoveries in optics, acoustics, hydraulics, and anatomy, but seems to have valued them rightly and slightly enough, committing them to writing, but taking no care about their publication or their fate.

At Rome, to which city he migrated to seek the patronage of Leo X, he did little but indulge in scattered scientific studies and devised quaint mechanical toys, such as fitting a lizard with wings made vibrant with quicksilver, filling a room with the blown-out gut of a sheep, and other ingenious follies.

For no power, not even that of the Moor, was stable and strong enough to hold Leonardo to great expression; nothing was completed on the scale on which alone a Leonardo was able to conceive and create. The famous fresco of the Last Supper was never finished; the statue ordered by Ludovico was never cast; scarce anything was finished.

So this "divine artist," as Vasari calls him, left little to the world. He indulged in many attempts but little fulfilment. The permanency of divinity belongs to none of his works. He himself on his death-bed lamented "that he had offended God and man, insomuch as he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done."[1]

The lament was just, for never was power so wasted as

[1] Vasari.

was that of Leonardo. In vain he sought that true ruler spirit or system which could have mastered him. Failing, he turned to subjects' realism, endowing it, it is true, with power, but nevertheless it was subjects' realism which absorbed by far too much of his time and held far too full a place in his occupations. His notebooks are full of advice to painters of how exactly to imitate nature, how to draw branching flower-stems, leaves, horses, animals, battles, trees in the sun and against the sun, objects manifold. Yet when engaged at the equestrian statue he recognized the master art of the past. It was better, he wrote, to imitate the works of antiquity than modern works. But when not inspired to greatness, he tended constantly to spend his time on studies that had too much to do with the commonplace, too little to do with the principles of power and beauty.

How much of the ruler spirit he could put into his pictures is shown most marvellously by his faces of women, the face of Mona Lisa, for instance, and in contrast to it the face of the angel in the London "Virgin of the Rocks." Seeing these wonderful faces, how one wishes for some greater representation than the few pictures hung with a crowd of others in modern picture galleries, something more comparable to the proud and towering dome of Brunelleschi.

Of Mona Lisa, Vasari records that Leonardo, after spending four years upon the portrait, left it unfinished. Vasari saw the now blackened treasure of the Louvre with its colours bright and fresh. He was struck by its imitative perfection. "Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature may do so to perfection in this head." He describes the lustrous brightness of the eyes, the silken lashes, the separate hairs of the lashes, the delicate nose, the tinted nostrils, the carnation of the cheek, and the lovely lips, all painted as if alive rather than colour on canvas. "He who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses." Mona Lisa was very beautiful, and

Leonardo, while painting her, had musicians and players to keep her "cheerful." So the expression is pleasing and the "smile so sweet, that while looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human." Such is Vasari's brief reference to that wonder of all subsequent ages, the expression of Mona Lisa. But as Mr. Symonds rightly says, beauty, inexpressive of inner meaning, can have had but little attraction for Leonardo. "This smile, this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality, was to Leonardo a symbol of the secret of the world, an image of the universal mystery. It haunted him through all his life, and innumerable were the attempts he made to render by external form the magic of this fugitive and evanescent charm."[1] The critic does not attempt to interpret this symbol of the secret of the world, and yet so profound a master was Leonardo that one can read in this face a revelation of an universal mystery. Whether Leonardo so meant it, who can say? But the value of a work of genius is that it creates a challenge and a stimulus, it lures as the summit of a mountain peak, it is itself a peak standing upon which one can get a vaster outlook over the world. To me, as I stood for hours before the portrait of Mona Lisa, there came a meaning of the mystery that lies secret in her smile, in the sweet, confidently closed mouth, the smooth full cheeks and chin, the smiling eyes, the placid self-contented expression that pervades the face, the superb tranquil triumph and triumphant tranquillity. The expression is so quiet, so unexaggerated, so undisturbed by the moment, so unaffected by any trivial passing incident, so monumental and permanent in character as are all great picture faces, so sublimely eternal in its own self-possession and completeness. There is not a line of anxiety, not a hint of wrinkle beneath the eyes or on the forehead, but only placid content is seen

[1] Symonds, Vol. III, p. 316.

in the well-fed smoothness of the face, in the folded hands, and the upright statuesque pose. Truly a very wonderful expression.

The creator, Leonardo, was poet, painter, and philosopher. He was unmarried, and he had no mistresses. He never settled down to marriage and scarce to service. He was too great for the time to live within it, but he lived as one observing it from without. So also he observed woman from without. In the angel's face of the "Virgin of the Rocks," in the "St. Anna" in the Louvre, and in other faces, he renders the overwhelming and tender love of the woman for the child. These expressions are essentially mother-expressions. They are the apotheosis of motherhood. They exhibit the most profound denial of the ascetic ideal, although they are pictures of the Catholic faith.

And in "La Gioconda" Leonardo, with his master spirit, has again opposed the ascetic ideal with the subtlest irony, an irony so delicate that it has passed unfelt and unseen by Vasari and the writers that have followed him. It is far from being subjects' realism, as Vasari would have it. It is far from being a portrait that lives.

It is rather a sublimation of the function and the faith of woman who treasures within herself that power to which all creation bends, to which all life is subject, and without which life would not be. Men may strive and dream and conquer themselves, and fight with their passions and force their passions under and watch, prepared instantly for the grapple when these passions once more spring up from their mother nature, as Antæus sprang refreshed from the contact with the earth; men may build up systems of fasts and scourgings and confessions and penances, and fit out the ascetic ideal with all the pomp of ritual and the supposed blessing of the divinity, yet woman, with her eternal attractions and her irresistible and imperious command, far removed from

the din and danger of the strife, tranquilly awaits its inevitable issue.

So La Gioconda smiles her eternal smile of superb and triumphant confidence in her destiny and her power.

And so the Tuscan Leonardo most delicately mocked the ascetic ideal of the chimerical Aryan world.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE ROMAN RENAISSANCE

SOME twenty years after the completion of Brunelleschi's dome, and three years before the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, the papacy, after seventy years of exile and seventy years of schism, was once more united in the person of the Florentine scholar, Nicholas V. From this date of A.D. 1449 Rome and the papal kingdom prepared to receive the positive spirit of the Florentine Renaissance. To reassert her influence in Italy and her paramountcy in Europe became the aim of Rome, but she no longer used the methods of negativism and the ascetic ideal, but adopted the more definite methods of Julius Cæsar and the positive spirit of the Florentines.

Into this struggle for restoration and reassertion entered the great and powerful Pope, Julius II (A.D. 1503–1513). Julius cared nothing for theology or the ritual of religion, but he was a powerful man, who understood the way to master men. He was fortunate at the beginning of his reign to get Cæsar Borgia, who was sick, into his power, for he thus captured the only Italian who was capable of attaining to the mastery of Italy. Upon Julius fell the mantle of Borgia. It was now Julius who aspired to the mastery of Italy. He joined himself to Petrarch, Machiavelli, Cæsar Borgia, and others, in the conviction that only a single ruler of all Italy could defend her from the insults of European nations. He sought to fulfil his aim by bold sayings and hard fighting. The treachery of Borgia was not to be used by him. "I will make your Republic a fishing village again," he said to the

Venetians who opposed him, and their ambassador replied, "And we will make you a small parson unless you are sensible."[1] He humbled the Venetians by the league of Cambray, and so much impressed their envoys, who crouched at his feet to receive chastisement from the golden rod, that one wrote to the Doge: "The Pope is a great statesman, who intends to be lord and master of the world." But not to be spiritual master, that was not the aim of the great papal soldier, of whom it was said that he flung the keys of Peter into the Tiber and only kept the sword of Paul. Fear alone had failed to found the imperial system, so the use of military force must be restored to its service. Armies were more potent than anathemas, which had lost their force since the scornful Philip the Fair had answered them with papal capture and exile. Julius himself had no doubt of the superiority of the sword, and was glad to have the poets hail him, the chief of the imperial system, as "a second Mars." He reverted to the days when the emperor was master of the imperial forces. He had not the poetic force of Dante, conceiving a world-wide empire with one sovereign supported, but not dominated, by the Church. But power such as men respected and feared he knew was essential, and that power he was determined to get once more for Rome. Before his death he had driven the French out of Italy, was planning to drive out the Spanish, and had almost attained to his ambition, the mastery of an Italian Italy.

Under him a certain grandeur of imperial power was added to the art of the Renaissance. It is this imperial grandeur and pomp which is the feature Rome added to the Renaissance of Florence and which gave to the Roman art the name of the High Renaissance. It was the expression of Italy's desire to regain, in part at least, a positive place in the world of power, and her partial achievement of this desire under Julius II.

[1] *Mediæval Rome*, by W. Miller, 1901, chap. x.

The warrior pope invited Michelangelo from Florence to Rome in A.D. 1503 and commissioned him to prepare his sepulchral monument. "This work," says Vasari, "also bore ample testimony to the genius of the master, seeing that in beauty, magnificence, and superb ornament and wealth of statues, it surpassed every other sepulchre, not excepting the imperial tombs, or those of antiquity. Encouraged by this success, Pope Julius ultimately determined to rebuild the church of San Pietro, for the purpose of worthily installing the monument above-mentioned within it."[1]

Such was the origin of the great temple at Rome, an origin truly imperial. It was the temple in which would rest the mortal remains of Julius, conqueror and ruler of the world.

The design for the temple was given to Bramante of Urbino. He designed a temple in the form of a great cross, bearing centrally a soaring dome. He was the most classical of all architects of the period. The design was never carried out, but the plans show that Bramante subordinated beauty of detail to simplicity and grandeur. An increased vastness of space, a marked simplification, a greater strength, such were the characters of the design. The temple was begun after Bramante's plan, namely, the Greek cross and the mighty central dome.

The rounded gravehill or sepulchral mound of the Etruscans developed in ancient Rome to the Pantheon or Julian temple. The domed temple was preserved in the Eastern empire, St. Sophia planned as a Greek cross being the famous example. But in western Europe the only notable round-domed temple was that round temple at Aix-la-Chapelle, built by Charlemagne to hold the tomb of himself as the conqueror who had restored the Roman name. Then followed the dome of Florence and the dome of Rome.

It is not strange that, when Rome had lost her spiritual

[1] Vasari, *Michelangelo*.

power over Europe and had begun to build up an ascendancy of military might, the temple, which was to be the home and expression of the reviving spirit, should be an imperial temple and not a Christian cathedral. The Julian temple of the Pantheon was succeeded by the Julian temple of St. Peter's.

But the Empire that Julius Cæsar founded and which was supported by the armies of his successors endured five centuries, that begun by Pope Julius halted at his death in A.D. 1513 and received its final extinction in A.D. 1527, thirty-seven years before the death of the artist who devised his tomb.

Nothing that had been devised to express the brief rebirth of Rome's military dominance was fulfilled. The tomb of Julius was the tragedy of Michelangelo's life. Though he lived to his ninetieth year and worked almost up to his death, the artist only completed fragments of the tomb. The spirit that gave it birth had long since been shattered and such separated pieces as were finished were housed elsewhere than in the great Julian temple.

Nor was the temple itself ever fulfilled. After eight years of work Bramante died. The gentle Raphael succeeded him and added a long nave, so that the building assumed the shape of a Christian cathedral, or Latin cross. Michelangelo returned to the ground plan of Bramante and designed the dome. Twenty popes passed before the great Church was completed and consecrated, and its final form was a compromise, that of a Christian cathedral with a dome, and the dome was obscured by the façade, as if its pagan pomp were unfitted to the spirit of the building.

So ended the expression of the attempted renovation of the actual, unalloyed, imperial spirit of Rome.

Once again it was the kingdom of the Franks that robbed Rome of a growing hope.

The successor of Julius II was the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Giovanni de Medici, with the title of Leo X A.D. (1513–1522). Early in his reign an ambitious youth,

twenty-one years of age, ascended the French throne (A.D. 1515). Julius had driven the French out of Italy; Francis I, in the first year of his reign, determined to re-establish his position in Italy. The league which Leo X formed against him failed, and the Swiss mercenaries were defeated. Leo had to decide whether to fly or to be reconciled. He chose the latter course. A treaty was made, and by it Leo regained for the papacy a measure of authority over the French Church. But the ambition of Rome to be military head of Italy, an ambition on the road to fulfilment under Julius, within two years of the death of the warrior pope received a rude and lasting check.

Leo and Julius were both modelled on the emperors of ancient Rome, but whereas Julius loved the camp, Leo loved the court. Neither cared one jot for the ascetic ideal. It was the papal and ecclesiastical system as a system of power in this world that gained their support. Their religion was a religion not of abnegation, but of power and strength in this world, in the present battle, in the battle for the mastery of life. In the case of Julius it was the positive recognition of the need of rulership and ruler power. In the case of Leo X it was also positive. It was to make life beautiful, but the power of Julius was wanting. The imperial spirit of making all things beautiful and of creating out of nature something that inspires feelings of grandeur and pride continued, but without the military imperial power to support it. The negativism of Aryanized Christianity was almost completely obliterated by this positivism. There was no question of men being miserable sinners in a vale of tears in what Burckhardt calls "the joyous and brilliant spirit of the Leonine days."[1] The ascetic ideal had no place in the Roman church. "It can hardly have been doubted that the Renaissance would soon have destroyed these two orders" (Franciscans and Dominicans) "had it not

[1] J. Burckhardt, *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*; authorized translation, 1890, p. 224.

been for the German Reformation and the counter-reformation which that provoked. Their saints and popular preachers could hardly have saved them. It would only have been necessary to come to an understanding at a favourable moment with a Pope like Leo X, who despised the Mendicant Orders. If the spirit of the age found them ridiculous or repulsive, they could no longer be anything but an embarrassment to the Church." [1] The negativism of Aryanized Christianity and its tales of actual celestial events was ignored, forgotten, or frankly disbelieved. Leo himself preferred Cicero and Greek philosophy to theology, and the attitude of the cultured priests to Christianity was much like that of the cultured Romans to paganism during the last decades of the Republic. They taught and professed, but in their hearts they disbelieved. Taste, courtesy, and refinement, to cultivate oneself to be a pleasure and a power to one's fellow-man, was their actual creed. To be to him a warder, a watcher, and a warner, that he might be repressed and good and glum withal, found no place in their positive outlook to life. There was no danger in disbelief, provided there was no active hostility to the Church. To preserve the fabric but to change its spirit was the aim. It was not a rebellion, desiring to smash and shatter the fabric, but a renovation, a desire to preserve the social fabric and to infuse it with a positive spirit.

Historical greatness replaced ideal saintship, and once a worshipper took candles that burnt before a crucifix and placed them on the tomb of Dante as worthier of them. This was typical. The great names of the past, and more recent names such as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Lorenzo, received homage in the place of the saints.

The Christian hell and heaven, the whole teaching of the Christian after-life, with the relegation of the poor and the wretched to heaven, and the strong and the happy and the great heroes of history to hell, was replaced by the Pagan

[1] Burckhardt, p. 462.

heaven, in which the strong, the brave, and the able in this world received in the next world the respect and fame that was their right. The notion of sin and need of salvation was too negative to be accepted. These Tuscans and Popes did not believe that man was so ill-created and ill-made that his highest aim was to spend his life exuding and sloughing off the vileness and sin, with which he was saturated when he came into the world. Even "the passive and contemplative form of Christianity, with its constant reference to a higher world beyond the grave, could no longer control these men. Macchiavelli ventured still farther, and maintained that it could not be serviceable to the state and to the maintenance of public freedom. The form assumed by the strong religious instinct which, notwithstanding all, survived in many natures, was Theism or Deism, as we may please to call it. The latter name may be applied to that mode of thought which simply wiped away the Christian element out of religion, without either seeking or finding any other substitute for the feelings to rest upon. Theism may be considered that heightened devotion to one Supreme Being which the Middle Ages were not acquainted with."[1]

This positive spirit of the Renaissance was Tuscan. From the days when the Etruscans had first given art and culture to Rome, the Tuscan positivism had been opposed to the negativism of the Aryan. In the Florentine Renaissance it opposed that negativism embodied in the ascetic ideal. In Rome, during the reign of the Florentine Pope, it drove that negativism out of the imperial system of the Roman Church. With the elevation of Lorenzo's son to the papacy, Florentine art and culture left its own troubled home and sought the protection of the Vatican. Florentines filled all the best posts of the papal court, the appointments of which were in the hands of the Pope.

For Leo was a true Florentine in spirit, a Florentine with-

[1] Burckhardt, pp. 547, 548.

out, however, that imperial and creative power which raises the positive to the supremely great. Life in all its aspects gave him the keenest joy. He liked joy, he liked drama, poetry, painting, music, all that framed life in art forms, and showed the mastery of man in rendering life beautiful and tasteful. He rivalled his great-grandfather and father as patron of art and literature, for the many-sided interests of the third of the great Medicis is almost more astonishing than that of the first two. Of all the 250 Popes of Christendom, he stands out supreme as the Pope who devoted his power to the beautifying and making happy life upon this earth. As a many-sided man, he drew all the cultured of the day to him. He increased the commerce of Rome by removing restraints, taxes, and monopolies, and ruled Rome so that the city enjoyed peace and repose.

Spaniards, French, Flemings, Albanians, Slavs, flocked to the city and mingled with Romans and Italians. In his day Rome became truly cosmopolitan. People of all nations were to be found in the eternal city, and the happiness of the people of Rome Roscoe holds to be "the truest glory of his pontificate."[1] All artists found a haven within its walls. All men of culture and letters found the most refined society and companionship. The centripetal attraction of the Florentine positivism seated upon the papal throne is one of the most astounding and instructive phenomena in all history.

It was as if the Roman imperial spirit had adopted a third phase of rule. The first was military, the second the ascetic ideal, the third, following the failure of the military restoration of Julius II, was culture. For during the height of Leo's fame "the Church was at this period in its greatest credit and respectability. The personal character of the pontiff stood high throughout all Europe. He was surrounded at home and represented abroad by men of the

[1] T. Roscoe, *Life of Leo X*, Vol. II, p. 82.

greatest eminence. The sovereigns of Christendom vied with each other in manifesting their obedience to the holy see."[1] That great organization, having discarded the negativism of Aryanized Christianity, might have been instrumental in spreading the positivism of culture through Europe. The results of such a system would have been incalculable. Certainly culture did spread in northern Europe, but except in the court of France, not as a spirit, but as an imposition and education. It was not breathed in from early childhood as is the spirit of the times. For the Aryan was not to be converted, and the spirit of Europe remained negative.

It was during the papacy of Leo that Luther nailed his Saxon challenge on the door of the church at Wittenberg and publicly burnt the papal bull issued against him upon a funeral pile erected outside the walls of that town. It marked an epoch in the struggle of the Aryan negativism and its exaggeration in particularism against the patriarchal Roman spirit and the positive Tuscan spirit.

Leo X, the positivist and patriarchalist, was unable to appreciate Luther's claim for the right of each man to bring the things of God before the judgment bar of his own conscience. Nor could he understand the stern and restricting morality which was so powerful in Luther. But he did understand the wisdom of courteous moderation and refined sensibility. There seems little doubt he would have won Luther to a reconciliation with the Church had Luther been free of his friends and enemies. Luther himself, fearless in the face of threats, was so moved by the papal leniency and consideration when the quarrel was at its height, that he wrote to the Pope a letter in which he lamented the part which he had acted, said he had been driven to it by the abuse and violence of his enemies, and promised to refrain from further opposition and discussion, provided his adversaries

[1] Roscoe, Vol. II, p. 95.

would do the like. But his chief adversaries, Tetzel of Frankfurt, Eccius of Ingolstadt, and Silvestro Prierio, were as violent as he, and soon after the letter the dispute was being waged with an acrimony and malignancy that all the powerful words and phrases of scripture and religion failed to satisfy. The final result was, as is well known, the bull of the Pope, the burning of the bull, the peasants' war in Germany, the social anarchy that resulted from the struggle for social equality, the defeat of the peasants, the reversion of Luther to prince's power in place of the people's, the separation of the Protestant princes of the particularist or feudal section of Germany and their formation of the league of Schmalkalde, the adoption of an authorized and intolerant authoritative Protestant or Lutheran Church, the determination of the Emperor Charles V to restore the Church, the struggle with the Emperor, the definite division of Germany into Protestant Union and Catholic League, the thirty years' war between them, the destruction of two-thirds of the population, the decision of the exhausted remnant to submit to the loss of Elsace, Pomerania, Switzerland, and Holland, and to allow Protestants to remain Protestant, and Catholics to remain Catholic, and disunion to remain disunion for three centuries, until patriarchal Prussia, with its patriarchal military organization, the heritage of the mediæval order of the Teutonic Knights, forced shattered Germany once again to unite.

Such were the results in Germany of the victory of the negative spirit of the Saxon Luther over the positive spirit of Leo and his system. It stands in marked contrast to the aims and accomplishments of Leo, as given in the words with which Roscoe ends his biography. "That an astonishing proficiency in the improvement of the human intellect was made during the pontificate of Leo X is universally allowed. That such proficiency is principally to be attributed to the exertions of that pontiff will now perhaps be

thought equally indisputable. Of the predominating influence of a powerful, an accomplished, or a fortunate individual, on the character and manners of the age, the history of mankind furnishes innumerable instances; and happy is it for the world when the pursuits of such individuals, instead of being devoted, through blind ambition, to the subjugation or destruction of the human race, are directed towards those beneficent and generous ends which, amidst all his avocations, Leo the Tenth appears to have kept continually in view."[1] For Leo was a Tuscan and an artist of life—that is, one who wishes to cultivate life to something beautiful, something that makes it full of joy and plenitude to man, one who holds firm to that positive patriarchal system upon which such beauty and culture exists. In leading and centralizing this positive spirit he and all the Medici family were singularly gifted. Indeed, in this sense they seem to me the greatest family Europe has produced. The future Medicis had not the chance that Leo had. Guilio de Medici, as Pope Clement VII, first cousin to Leo, lived through that terrible period when Rome, in A.D. 1527, was sacked and desecrated by the Germans and Spaniards. It was the Aryan revenge upon the positive spirit, a revenge which, in the true spirit of vendetta, the great-niece of both Popes, Catharine de Medici, the patroness of Rubens, repaid in blood at the massacre on Saint Bartholomew's Day.

It is the disadvantage of the disintegration of power—for, since the Frankish king had broken the Roman centralizing dominance by the Avignon captivity, disintegration of Europe into nations had been steadily progressing—and the consequent fall of the greatest art, architecture, in favour of the lesser, more perishable, less formative and more individualistic painting as an expression, that, in writing on the art of the last five centuries, individual artists rather than an archi-

[1] T. Roscoe, *Life of Leo X*, Vol. II, p. 397.

tectural style have to be discussed. The discussion, like the art itself, is split up and disintegrated thereby.

The two great artists of the Roman Renaissance were Raphael and Michelangelo. The former died before the end of the Leonine period. The latter lived to see the sack of Rome, and for thirty-seven years witnessed and expressed in his art the disastrous blight that fell upon the positive spirit.

Raphael was the favourite painter of Leo X, and more than any other painter does he express the attempt to make positive the negativism of Aryanized Christianity. In his hands above all the negative ascetic spirit received its death-blow in the beautiful conception and idealization of motherhood. The Madonnas of Raphael—who can see them without thinking with joy upon that sweet and lovely spirit which is embodied in motherhood and parentage, and which so wholly denies and contradicts the ascetic ideal? Nor is it altogether strange that the only human being who is held to have been born spotless without the contamination of original sin, the only positive human being in the modern Catholic teaching, should receive so much poetic sympathy, such tender and sweet womanly representation, from this divine painter. The devout and poetic soul of Cardinal Newman voices this conception in his letter to Dr. Pusey: "Our Lord cannot pray for us," he wrote, "as a creature prays, as Mary prays; He cannot inspire those feelings which a creature inspires. To her belongs, as being a creature, a natural claim on our sympathy and familiarity, in that she is nothing else than our fellow. She is our pride—in the poet's words, 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast.' We look to her without any fear, any remorse, any consciousness that she is able to read us, judge us, punish us. Our heart yearns towards that pure virgin, that gentle mother."

Raphael painted most of his Madonnas in Florence or Perugia. At the instigation of Bramante, a relation and

fellow townsman of his, Raphael was called to Rome by Julius II in A.D. 1508 to adorn the rooms of the Vatican Palace, and to execute the famous Stanze. Julius, whom Raphael greatly pleased, died in A.D. 1513. Raphael, who had also been highly favoured by the Cardinal de Medici, was indulged to the full by him as Pope Leo. In the Leonine Rome, Raphael's positivism was able to become more pronouncedly pagan. It was no longer Madonnas but the Greek myths that framed his power and positivism. In the frescoes of the Villa Farnesina, for example, he used the charming fable of Psyche to show forth to the world the joyous revel of youth, the beauty of the youthful body, the play of children, the coquetry of maidens, the gladness of young lovers, and all the pleasure of early days with their spontaneous happiness. Such a painter filled all the Roman and Tuscan world, shaking themselves free from Aryan gloom and Aryan alliance, with delight. Vasari says that Raphael "did not live the life of a painter, but that of a prince," and indeed Leo intended to raise him to the highest noble rank he could bestow, namely to that of Cardinal. But death robbed Rome of the beloved painter when he was only thirty-seven.

Much as Julius delighted in the genius of Raphael, it was in the fiery, mightier, and masterful Michelangelo that he found his answering spirit and expressor. Raphael, who was pure painter and scarce architect or sculptor at all, was also pure positivist, absorbing all things within his almost feminine receptivity and converting them to things of beauty and joy. It was to be expected that he would be the favourite of Leo. But to Julius belonged the power which alone could revive the Roman name. He was "the great statesman, who intends to be lord and master of the world." All the greatest creations of the Roman Renaissance, the imperial creations, the temple of Bramante, the Julian tomb and Sistine paintings of Michelangelo, the Stanze of

Raphael, were expressions of his spirit, works produced by his demand and approved by him as suitable to his desire. There is a grandeur of conception and execution in them all, which records the conception, the attempt, and the beginning of the restoration of the Roman imperial name. In the art creations of Michelangelo the whole drama and its final ending in despair and even mockery is recapitulated. It is this rather than the actual beauty of his creations which makes him the most commanding and the most profoundly interesting of all the great artists of this period. For in his creations is seen the only power that could have definitely restored positivism. In him the power of Rome was reincarnated. It expressed itself in stone, in paint, and in architecture with a colossal grandeur that proved it the actual living spirit of Rome revived, and after the disasters that overwhelmed it, it expressed itself in that profound, that heroic and Olympian despair, the despair of the imperial mind, the mind which alone can preserve for mankind the mastery of life. For no other meaning or interpretation can there be to his last completed sculptures, those symbolic creations in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, which Michelangelo has made to be a memorial and a witness to all future generations.

Michelangelo was born in A.D. 1475 in the little Tuscan town of Caprese near to and dependent upon Florence. His friend, Vasari, thus accounted for his birth: "As the Supreme Ruler perceived that in the execution of all these sublime arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, the Tuscan genius has ever been raised high above all others, the men of that country displaying more zeal in study and more constancy in labour than any other people of Italy, so did he resolve to confer the privilege of his birth upon Florence, as worthy above all other cities to be his country, and as justly meriting that the perfections of every art should be exhibited to the world by means of one who should be her citizen." He

was born into a poor, but noble family. When he was fifteen, Lorenzo the Magnificent gave him a room in his palace and a place at his table, for genius was recognized at once in those days. The happy years that followed with this patron, who treated him as his son and whom he loved, were all too brief. In A.D. 1492, when Michelangelo was eighteen and Leonardo da Vinci forty, Lorenzo died. With the death of the great patron and the rise of Rome came the decay of the Florentine Renaissance, and Michelangelo was destined to be the expressor, not of the Florentine, but, it seems fortunate, of the Roman Renaissance. In A.D. 1505, Julius II commanded Michelangelo to come to Rome and gave him the commission of the tomb, which for forty years was the desire and the tragedy of the artist, and the complete execution of which was finally abandoned by him in A.D. 1545.

The relations of Michelangelo and Julius are the most interesting in the whole history of the Renaissance. Both were men whose power raised them far above vice; both were men whose power raised them above fear. Julius had only to bend his fierce eyes upon men to make them tremble. But he was unable to cause the spirit of Michelangelo to quail. For these two stood equals and isolate, the only two men of the Renaissance in whom the true imperial spirit was reborn in all its force and majesty.

A well-known story of their relations is typical. When Michelangelo was engaged upon the Julian tomb, he was at one time rudely refused admission to the Pope's presence by an attendant. Michelangelo left a message that when the Pope should enquire for him, they should say that he had gone elsewhere. He then left Rome for Florence. Five couriers were at once despatched by the Pope to command or request him to return, but no entreaty or threat prevailed upon the affronted artist. He alone dared to defy the Pope, of whom all Europe stood in fear. The Florentines were

amongst those who feared the Pope's wrath, and they at last persuaded Michelangelo to seek the Pope's forgiveness at Bologna. Both Pope and artist were pacified by the meeting, the artist receiving the papal blessing and an incautious bishop receiving the blows from the papal rod. How else could they stand one to another, except on the relation of lofty respect for each other and of self-respect? Michelangelo cared little about smaller men, but for Julius he cared much. The Pope, says Condivi, had more love and jealousy for Michelangelo than for any other man of his court. He was a man worthy to be his friend, and Michelangelo placed that high value on friendship which is the characteristic of imperial natures. He was willing and eager to work at the Pope's command, but the Pope must on his side acknowledge the artist's mastership. His patron could say what he wished done, but he must interfere in no way with the doing. When working upon the wonders of the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo allowed none to enter, and on one occasion the indignant Pope himself was refused an entrance by the intrepid artist. Nor would the artist permit himself to be hurried by the eagerness of the aged Pope to see the Sistine frescoes before his death. "On one occasion, for example," wrote Vasari, "when Michelangelo requested leave from His Holiness to pass the festival of San Giovanni in Florence, and begged also to have some money for that purpose, Pope Julius said, 'Well! but when will this chapel be finished?' 'When I can, Holy Father,' replied our artist, and the Pope, who had a staff in his hand, struck Michelangelo therewith, exclaiming, 'When I can—when I can! I'll make thee finish it, and quickly, as thou shalt see.' But the master had scarcely returned to his house to prepare for his journey to Florence, before the Pontiff sent Cursio, his chamberlain, with five hundred crowns to pacify him, having some fear lest Michelangelo should play him a prank, as he did before. The chamberlain excused Pope Julius, moreover, declaring

that these things must all be considered favours and marks of kindness; and as Michelangelo knew the disposition of the Pontiff, and was, after all, much attached to His Holiness, he laughed at what had happened, the more readily as things of this kind always turned to his profit, and he saw well that the Pope did his utmost to retain him as a friend." The conception and meaning of the Julian tomb has already been described. These Sistine frescoes were the other and only completed imperial work of Michelangelo at the command of Julius. In writing of the Roman Renaissance I am under the continual disadvantage of never having visited Rome. I wished to leave Rome for one time of unfettered holiday, seeing and enjoying spontaneously without pencil in my hand. I am now, therefore, compelled to depend on others for the meaning of the Sistine frescoes.

They seem to be as paintings unique in one respect. They alone of all paintings in the world impress writers and spectators with the extraordinary sense of power they possess. They do not, of course, convey that sense as effectively as can architecture or sculpture. Of this Michelangelo himself was fully aware. He strongly protested at being commissioned to work at the inferior art. Stone, not paint, was the material by which he desired to express for the centuries the permanency of power. But in so far as painting can attain to the level of the greater arts, these paintings of Michelangelo alone of all paintings do so attain. Vasari says their effect upon people was to render them speechless with astonishment. Raphael thanked God that he had been born at the same time as Michelangelo, and Julius' imagination was fired for more colossal undertakings.

It was a master art, not one of imitative or pictorial kind. Michelangelo refused always such subjects' quality. He refused to be engaged in portraiture. His was the powerful male creative art. Mr. Symonds in his *Life of Michelangelo* has emphasized the intense male quality of the art. "How

far more fit for the purposes of art he felt the man to be than the woman is demonstrated, not only by his approaching woman from the masculine side, but also by his close attention to none but male qualities in men."[1] The master quality of his art Symonds describes in the following words: "Every posture of beauty and strength, simple or strained, that it is possible for men to assume, has been depicted here. Yet the whole is governed by a strict sense of sobriety. The restlessness of Correggio, the violent attitudinizing of Tintoretto, belong to another and less noble spirit. To speak adequately of these form-poems would be quite impossible. Buonarrotti seems to have intended to prove by them that the human body has a language, inexhaustible in symbolism—every limb, every feature, and every attitude being a word full of significance to those who comprehend"[2]; and he quotes the close of one of Michelangelo's sonnets: "Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere more clearly than in human forms sublime; which, since they image Him, compel my love." Symonds develops this, and continues: "What poems of action as well as feeling are to be expressed in this form-language? The answer is simple. Paint or carve the body of a man, and, as you do it nobly, you will give the measure of both highest thought and most impassioned deed. This is the key to Michelangelo's art. He cared but little for inanimate nature. The landscapes of Italy, so eloquent in their sublimity and beauty, were apparently a blank to him. His world was a world of ideas, taking visible form, incarnating themselves in man." One feels a certain groping in these words, the groping that is essential to us lesser men when striving to interpret or understand something of the meaning of a Michelangelo. But it is clear that this work of Michelangelo's is no subjects' realism. Nor has it any of the negativism of the creed, the stories of which form the

[1] *Life of Michelangelo*, 1893, Vol. I, p. 274.
[2] Symonds' *Renaissance*, Vol. III, pp. 405, 409, 410.

subjects of the paintings. There is no shame of the gift of the physical human body, of the beauty of the body and its power, when cultivated and attended. It is not subjects' realism, not imitative representation, nor is it negativism. "To him a well-shaped hand, or throat, or head, a neck superbly poised on an athletic chest, the sway of the trunk above the hips, the starting of the muscles on the flank, the tendons of the ankle, the outline of the shoulder when the arm is raised, the backward bending of the loins, the curves of a woman's breast, the contours of a body careless in repose or strained for action, were all words pregnant with profoundest meaning, whereby fit utterance might be given to the thoughts that raise man near to God."[1] It was the joy in the beauty and power, of which man might possess himself in this life, might admire and worship in this life. It was the recognition that in this life there are laws to be comprehended and obeyed which, when realized in full perfection, result in beauty and strength, so that the "world of ideas, taking visible form, incarnating themselves in man," present themselves in postures "of beauty and of strength," and it is in this way that God or power over life can be comprehended. It is in this way that this world, the world of the Creator or of creation, can be understood. It was this that had to be accomplished by the power of man, it was this that had to be striven after with the fire and energy of these figures, or of David standing ready to hurl the stone, or Moses rising in wrath to fling down the tablets of stone. This was to be achieved before the tranquil majesty of the fulfilment of the Egyptians could be attained. Such, it seems, is the meaning of this great artist at the time of his imperial patron, Julius II.

The next great work of Michelangelo marks its further course. It was the memorial chapel of the Medicis (the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo), fashioned by him at the bidding of Cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement

[1] Symonds' *Renaissance*, Vol. III, p. 409.

VII. The work occupied Michelangelo at intervals between A.D. 1521–1534, a period which witnessed the wreck of the imperial conception. Florence experienced manifold disasters which crushed her positive spirit. The Emperor Charles V defeated Francis I at the battle of Pavia in A.D. 1525, and took the French king prisoner. He then sent an army of Germans and Spaniards to punish the Pope, who had aided Francis. This army sacked Rome in A.D. 1527. It was the greatest disaster that ever fell upon Rome. The cruelty of the Spaniards was inflamed by the sacrilegious vengeance of the Lutherans. Churches were despoiled, monks butchered and nuns assaulted, and the coffin of Julius II broken open, and in this destruction the awe with which the Roman name had so long been regarded by the Aryans was for ever destroyed.

With the sack of Rome the positive imperial spirit of the Roman Renaissance came to an end, and the humiliating subjection of Italy to external powers, which lasted three centuries, began. Such imperial spirit as was left continued in the emperorship of Charles V, who, as master of the greater part of western Europe, took upon himself the championship of the Church against the Reformers. It is strange that at the sack of Rome the general of Charles V's troops was the Prince of Orange, a house at one time vassals to the Avignon Popes. His nephew and successor, the famous William of Orange, was he who once and for all defeated the imperial claims of Philip II, the son of Charles. So the House of Orange passed from the service of the Popes to break the imperial papal power at the command of the German Emperor, and then at no one's bidding but that of the Aryan passion to be free of all remnant of imperialism, to break the power of the emperor. The result was the first art and spirit which was practically free of all Roman quality, and which forms the subject of a following chapter.

The profound pessimism of the Medici tombs and the sombre mournfulness of the chapel in which they are placed are the true expression through Michelangelo of the broken and despairing imperial spirit of Rome and Italy. Erasmus wrote that the destruction of Rome was not the destruction of a city, but a world. It was intensely true. The Roman world was for ever destroyed, never again to attain to supremacy or even real power in the councils of Europe. And this destruction found its expression at the hands of Michelangelo.

When I visited Florence I wrote notes and accounts of the pictures in the galleries and other works of art. But when I visited the Sacristy of San Lorenzo I came out without writing. There was nothing to write. The meaning of Michelangelo is so mighty, so masterful, so dominant of feeling, to the complete exclusion of words. There was no need of words. I had read his message in the almost intolerable feeling of woe that fell upon me, intolerable because of the giant power that had discovered its ineptitude in striving against a rude and barbarous fate.

The two Medicis are of course not portraits, for, as has been said before, Michelangelo fashioned no portraits. "He hated to take anything from life, unless it presented the very perfection of beauty."[1] The realism of Michelangelo was ruler's realism. Lorenzo represents the profound meditation of the imperial mind. His costume is partly that of a Roman emperor. Giuliano is similarly clothed. His expression is more difficult to read, and yet his look is full of weariness, and the commander's baton is held loosely, with a certain forgetfulness, not with the firm grip of mastery.

Beneath Lorenzo are the recumbent figures of Twilight and Dawn, beneath Giuliano those of Night and Day. The full measure of the hours is rendered by these mighty

[1] Vasari.

titanic and heroic figures, sunk in a lethargy of despair from which nothing can free them. Even Day half hides his veiled face and looks forth ominously, threateningly, as if the day reminded of only one deed, a deed as yet impossible, except in concealed desire, the consummation of vengeance in the name of the powerful that were. The despair of Night has been voiced by Michelangelo himself:

> "Happy am I to sleep, and still more blest
> To be of stone, while grief and shame endure
> To see, nor feel, is now my utmost hope,
> Wherefore speak softly, and awake me not."[1]

But the words give no conception of the profound melancholy and benumbing woe, to which these giant figures lie in bondage.

The great positive spirit was broken, the positive spirit which found expression through Michelangelo in the splendid and vital figures of the Sistine ceiling, the spirit which caused him to answer one who asked him if he feared death: "By no means, for if life be a pleasure, yet, since death is also sent by the hand of the same master, neither should it displease us."[2]

The same brokenness of spirit evidently is portrayed in the "Last Judgment" which Michelangelo finished in A.D. 1541. I am compelled to rely upon writers, and choose Mr. Symonds, though I object most strongly to his puritanical phrase, "Carnal pride and mental insolence," for the positive quality of the Renaissance, and I doubt entirely if Michelangelo was "terrified." "The thrilling life, the divine afflatus of the Sistine vault have passed out of the 'Last Judgment'; wholly admirable, unrivalled, and unequalled by any other human work upon a similar scale as this fresco may be in its command over the resources of the human body, it does not strike our mind as the production of a master glorying in carnal pride

[1] Vasari. [2] *Ibid.*

and mental insolence, but rather as that of one discomfited and terrified, upon the point of losing heart." [1]

The last great work of Michelangelo was architectural, the dome of St. Peter's. St. Peter's itself did not follow his design and that of Bramante's, namely, the Greek cross, but was converted into the Latin cross of the western cathedrals by a long nave. However, the greatest feature of this vast, incongruous but impressive building, its most sublime feature in spaciousness and soaring height, the dome, was his. In it he reverted to the imperial conception that had inspired his conception of the Julian tomb, forty years previously. It had no sham dome, like that of St. Paul's, but vaster and loftier than all the others, dominates Rome, as a witness to the last great imperial spirit that dwelt within her walls.

[1] Symonds' *Life of Michelangelo*, Vol. II, pp. 66, 67.

CHAPTER IX

BAROCK AND ROCOCO

CONDIVI, in his memoir of Michelangelo, says that Bramante, being a spendthrift, sought to enrich himself by using poorer materials for his buildings. The fabric of St. Peter's suffered amongst other buildings on this account, and to support it it had later to be underpinned and strengthened with buttresses for fear it should fall. Upon this structure Michelangelo, at the age of seventy-two, was called upon to erect the dome of St. Peter's. He first strengthened the four principal piers of Bramante, which were to support the dome. He made plans and a model for the completion of the church. These plans were not carried out, for, as has been said, only the dome, and that after his death, was completed according to his designs.

Michelangelo, as he again and again protested to his patrons, was a sculptor and not an architect. Nevertheless, having accepted the commission, he erected the vastest dome in the world.

M. Charles Garneer, a modern architect, writes: "Michelangelo was not, properly speaking, an architect. . . . The thought may be great and strong, but the execution of it is always feeble and naïve." Mr. Symonds himself is far wiser, and therefore more cautious than this modern architect, who is trapped by himself into the nonsensical statement that the soaring marvel of the dome is feeble and naïve. Mr. Symonds calls Michelangelo as architect "a sublime amateur occasionally (as in the cupola of St. Peter's) hitting upon

[1] Quoted by Mr. Symonds in the *Life of Michelangelo*, Vol. II, p. 11.

a thought beyond the reach of inferior minds."[1] Happy accident of hitting a thought, which makes the sublime amateur transcend all other creators in this cupola! Mr. Moore finds that the more spherical dome of Michelangelo has a more powerful downward thrust than the dome of Brunelleschi in Florence, and finds it therefore less secure.[2] Possibly it is not so firm as the simple and beautiful dome of Florence. Mr. Moore indulges in open delight at the discovery of cracks in the dome, and deduces that St. Peter's "violates the true principles of organic composition,"[3] and therefore lacks the true structural beauty of the Gothic, ignoring the fact that one rarely sees a Gothic cathedral nowadays which is not being restored and propped and couched in scaffolding, and forgetting the number of disasters that have occurred to those buildings.

And yet this master created what Lübke calls "one of the greatest wonders of tectonic construction."[4]

"It is remarkable," says our greatest English artist and critic, Sir Joshua Reynolds, "that the reputation of this truly great man has been continually declining as the art itself declined."[5] Therein is the secret of these critics and their opinions. The Barock art followed Michelangelo, an art without the power and magnificence of the Renaissance, and every critic is busy to show that Michelangelo was the founder of the Barock.

As an example, Carl Justi writes of the wonderful symbolic Night of the Medicean tombs: "The statue is the clearest example of his inclination for the violent. Her position makes the strongest claims upon the flexibility of the joints. One cannot imitate it, still less maintain it. Truly the restless sleep of the overweary could uncon-

[1] *Life of Michelangelo*, Vol. I, p. 219.
[2] C. A. Moore, *The Architecture of the Renaissance.*
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 65.
[4] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 231.
[5] Sir J. Reynolds, *Fifth Discourse on Art.*

sciously fall into this position ; but as a typical picture of a condition of suspended will it is bizarre."[1] Five pages later Justi innocently quotes an exclamation of Michelangelo on seeing a torso of Hercules. The exclamation was overheard, not spoken to anyone. "That is the work of a man who truly knew more even than nature." Yet this Justi is held to be one of the best modern critics. Michelangelo no more intended to make the figure of Night natural and possible and usual than did the Egyptians, when they drew the body with the shoulders full fronted and the legs in profile pretend or think they were drawing the body naturally. He desired to produce a great impression, and looking at the symmetrical contrast of these two figures, Night and Day one sees at once how admirable this manipulation was. Night, with its dark despair, is revealed openly and fully, but Day is turned back, concealed, hesitant, yet resentful and defiant. The line of the shoulder of Night turned to the front balances that of Day turned backwards. The left forearm frames and enhances the openness, the confession, and the declaration of Night, the obscuring right arm of Day hides Day's shame. This fashioning and bending of nature out of her path to produce a profound or a beautiful impression is imperial and Egyptian. It is the sign of the master mind, and the master mind of Michelangelo possessed itself of and bent all that came within its sphere, whether classical antiques, more modern creations, or the figures of men and women to its purpose. As a true imperial mind he ruled over all and subjected them to his service. He is not compelled and bound by "nature's laws" in his creations, but makes nature serve him, do what he desires, and show herself more beautiful under his command than when free to follow her own ways.

Michelangelo's purpose was the positive one of the exaltation of the human form, face, and soul, its beautifying here

[1] Von Carl Justi, *Michelangelo*, 1909, p. 251.

upon earth, its exaltation as opposed to its denial on the theory that life is a vale of tears through which the wretched amongst mankind alone can pass to rewards owing to the restrained vengeance and leniency of their god. And to show and exalt this positive view of mankind, Michelangelo knew that statuary and sculpture were most potent and most permanent, far more potent and permanent than the painting to which he was condemned. St. Peter's he intended to be a temple for such sculpture and statuary. With cold misconception Mr. Symonds writes: "The fact is that Michelangelo aimed at picturesque effect in his buildings; not, as previous architects had done, by a lavish use of loosely decorative details but by the piling up and massing together of dry orders, cornices, pilasters, windows, all of which, in his conception, were to serve as framework and pedestals for statuary."[1] Mr. Symonds says this in complaint of Michelangelo, yet he would not have complained, I think, had he for one moment properly conceived of a mighty dome and temple in which figures of marble, more wonderful than the painted figures of the Sistine ceiling which so astounded him, gave again and again with increasing splendour human figures of beauty and of power to people its vast and soaring walls.

This desire to make architecture more of a temple of statuary was the purport of and complete justification for Michelangelo. It was a new creation, a creation never fulfilled. For Michelangelo of all men and Michelangelo alone was capable of creating it, and none like unto him came after him. Michelangelo was not the father of the Barock. He was too much a man of power. It is not strange that the architects who succeeded him in the erection of St. Peter's reduced the interior effect of the dome to an inferior position by altering the church from a Greek to a Latin cross and externally crushed it out of view, except from

[1] *Life of Michelangelo*, Vol. II, p. 12.

a distance, by the façade. Michelangelo was, indeed, so far from being father of the Barock that he was the artist who rose above it. The writer of the article on "Architecture" in the *British Encyclopædia*, who has an intense prejudice against Italian architecture, and would gladly condemn Michelangelo, is forced to express this view. "A total absence of everything which produces grandeur and beauty in architecture marks, indeed, the whole of the exterior of the edifice, except the cupola, than which, if its bad connection with the building out of which it grows is overlooked, architecture seldom produces a more magnificent object." Michelangelo, in fact, had as little to do with Barock as the Roman imperial power had to do with the disintegration of power which followed it. For Michelangelo and the Barock period, which accompanied his later years and the time that followed his death, repeat in brief the history of the Empire and its fall. The great artist had power to master all those things that came to his hand. Michelangelo did so master them. The incongruities of the Laurentian Library, "the single details of which are used as if in scorn of their true meaning,"[1] the niches, consols, false windows and recesses which were to bear the wonders of the maker's statuary, even in its unfinished state, breaks through the sense of propriety and compels the observer to acknowledge the new meaning and effect the master has created. "It is, nevertheless," writes Symonds, "indubitably true that these incongruous and misplaced elements crowded together leave a strong impression of picturesque force upon the mind. From certain points and angles the effect of the whole, considered as a piece of deception and insincerity, is magnificent."[2] Even then in the unfinished state—for when finished these niches, blind windows, and doors would have discovered their new purpose

[1] Lübke, Vol. III, p. 49.
[2] *Life of Michelangelo*, Vol. II, p. 16.

—the power of Michelangelo overcomes long established tradition.

Vasari, himself an architect, and with an unequalled knowledge of the art and artists of his time, and the chief authority on the art of that time, is far more to be trusted than any modern critic who lives in the days of the decline of art. Writing of the Laurentian Library, in which modern critics see so many faults, because Michelangelo was strong, masterful, and daring, he says: "Boldness and grace are equally conspicuous in the work as a whole, and in every part; in the cornices, corbels, the niches for statues, the commodious staircase, and its fanciful divisions—in all the building, at a word, which is so unlike the common fashion of treatment that everyone stands amazed at the sight thereof."

That is the impression received by his contemporaries, amidst whom, and in a sense for whom, as the supremest expressor of their spirit, Michelangelo created. Indeed, the epithet which his contemporaries, Vasari and Cellini, again and again use with regard to him is divine. The divine Michelangelo—there was in him some quality of imperial command of life, of re-creating it according to his will, which made him superhuman rather than human. They at least recognized this, and a criticism, such as that of Vasari, is worth all the criticisms of modern critics put together. Michelangelo did not create for people living in drab clothes in a murky modern capital, but in a country where the play of power and the command of phantasy entranced. Power and beauty to that time were truth, the mastery of life and the doctrine of power were truth to the Roman Renaissance. There was no limitation to that direct utilitarianism that anyone can see, and which alone satisfies the modern critic. Construction is of course essential, but to read these critics it seems there is little beauty unless the bones of construction can be seen bulging the skin. They cannot get

away from construction. They are too much skeletal anatomists judging of the exactness of skeletal mechanism. So also the revel in ornament and gay display of the Barock is opposed to the narrow and austere particularist spirit. Yet this exuberance of grace and gaiety and profligate fancy of the Barock were charming and lovely positive qualities of life, had they only been backed by power, and been founded on the structure of a complete and graduated social system such as Julius and Michelangelo could have created. They were not so founded. The social system in Italy, unformed before, after the sack of Rome became entirely disintegrated, and, owing to this, construction appears awry in Barock buildings.

So a weaker generation accompanied the later years and followed the death of Michelangelo. It was only to be expected. The social system had too many opposing elements to have any such strength as expressed itself in the lasting grandeur of the Egyptian architecture. For myself I am astounded sometimes that so great an expressor as Michelangelo arose at all, one who broke traditions to the distress of modern critics and yet forces them to acknowledge the power and sublimity of his creations. It would seem strange were it not for the other signs of positivism and power, which found expressors in Brunelleschi, Bramante, and Julius.

What Michelangelo actually did create as its expression was fragmentary. The Julian tomb, the Sacristy, the Laurentian Library, St. Peter's, none of them show the full expression he could have given to the Renaissance. They are eloquent of what might have been, not what was. And with his death the greatness of the Renaissance died, and its possibility of developing and continuing a creative non-imitative spontaneous architectural expression of its own died also.

Vasari, in speaking of the Sacristy, said that Michelangelo

"composed a decoration of a richer and more varied character than had ever before been adopted either by ancient or modern masters; the beautiful cornices, the capitals, the bases, the doors, the niches, and the tombs themselves were all very different from those in common use, and from what was considered measure, rule, and order by Vitruvius and the ancients, to whose rules he would not restrict himself. But this boldness on his part encouraged other artists to an injudicious imitation, and new fancies are continually seen, many of which belong to the *grottesche* rather than to the wholesome rule of ornamentation."

The architects who succeeded him fell to subjects' quality, that of imitation. They imitated his objective representations. They could not imitate the ruler spirit, for only ruler can comprehend ruler. Rulers are imitated, they do not imitate, they are copied by their subjects, who hold, not without justice, that by imitating the outward semblance they assume something of the spirit. It is but a mere phantom of the spirit that they gain. They are like those flies which imitate bees, so that the foolish fear them, believing them to have stings.

Though the power of the Renaissance was lacking in the Barock, yet both Barock and Rococo are undoubtedly positive arts. They are gay, daring, tasteful, and often brilliant. They have qualities which charm when they belong to the powerful, but are apt to be grotesque and bizarre—as the fly like a bee is bizarre, when they are unsupported by strength. For in patriarchal societies gaiety and a certain freedom from law and restraint is permitted to those in power. It is the reward of their power. But without the power, this freedom of restraint displays itself in a gaiety that is undeserved and is apt to feel itself so, and to feel its tenure insecure, because not founded on the trust of the people but disliked by them. As a consequence it disregards the duties of power and rulership, and indulges only in those of gaiety and charm.

A nation or a greater aggregate of people organized on the patriarchal system always express their recognition of the need of power over life in a state ceremonial religion. But when this system becomes disintegrated, and when the ruler section of society, having lost true power, indulges in the licence of gaiety and gallantry permitted to them by tradition, then expression also loses power, is no longer based on the social system, but becomes confined to the ruler section, and so tends to become a court or royal rather than religious art.

One would expect, therefore, the Barock, born in Italy, to be adopted and developed in those countries where the patriarchal government system still prevailed, although amongst the people revolt had already shown itself or was beginning to be threatening.

This was so. Outside Italy, France and Spain adopted and developed it most notably. Catholic Belgium showed a liking for it, Calvinistic Holland ignored it. Southern Germany was inspired by Italian art, while northern Germany, where the particularist prevailed, followed Holland in rejecting the Barock art, until the kings of patriarchal Prussia adopted it. England "is the only land in Europe in which this style found practically no entrance." [1]

France was still the country in which the royal patriarchal truste was best maintained. The power was centralized in royalty, and after the defeat of Spain by Holland and the death of Philip II in A.D. 1598, thirty-four years after that of Michelangelo, the King of France became the most powerful monarch in Europe. The King of France was, and had been since Philip the Fair and his successors had held the Popes prisoners in Avignon, the real head of the Gallican Church and the head, in actual power, of the French nation. The Barock architecture in France was more the art of the palace than of the temple, of the court than of the church, and when it appeared in ecclesiastical buildings it partook of

[1] Lübke, Vol. IV, p. 78.

that lavish display of decoration and ornament, that dominance of the chief space over subordinate spaces, which expressed the court with its dominant king, and its daintily toiletted and painted dames and courtiers. Consequently, this art of French Barock, and its successor the Rococo, marks its periods with the names of the French kings.

Its last phase was in the reign of Louis XV (A.D. 1723–1774), in the days when the patriarchal truste or court was getting more and more separated from the Frankish people, the days preceding the Revolution. Though essentially weak and making use of features of architecture in a manner which, lacking wholly the power of Michelangelo, is careless of purport and profligate in its lack of any sense of proportion, this positive art is nevertheless full of lavish charm and generous grace. It was known as the Rococo. Of it and of the Barock I have said almost sufficient for my purpose. They were merely the remnant of the positive patriarchal spirit, detached from the real body of the people and therefore weak and superficial. From the jealous eye of the people this later art frequently had to conceal itself. The Hotel Soubise in Paris, by Germain Boffrand (1677–1754), "is with right regarded as the classical work of the French Rococo. But it is noteworthy that the same master, who in the boldest discoveries displays a rich wealth of decorative art, designed the outer architecture of his buildings in the coldest classical style."[1]

It was an art of the interior, an interior not like a temple's, open to the nation, but confined to the court and aristocracy. "Material, forms, and colours of a Rococo interior show an essential unity: in the place of the cold, smooth marble the warmer wood is preferred, and the effect of it is enhanced by tender gilding, all hard edges and corners are avoided, the walls rise gently to the ceiling, which like a page out of a sketch-book appears strewn with clouds, cherubs, and foliage.

[1] Lübke, Vol. IV, p. 354.

The colour is of the most delicate tones, light yellow, silver, rose, apple-green, and other combinations."[1] It was destroyed, of course, by the French Revolution. Since the Rococo—that is to say, for the last century—architecture has merely been a question of imitation of the past. First came the Classic revival, then the Romantic return to the Gothic and Romanesque, then the renewal of the Renaissance, and finally the general mixture that exists at the present day. The modern world has become purely imitative in and equally indifferent to architecture. Racial enthusiasm for rulership can be aroused by the beauty of a palace, and still more by a temple; but the true racial social spirit is dead. Neither the erection of a town hall to seat congregated weakness nor of a museum to entomb that which is past can arouse it. The triumph of the particularist spirit occupies the remainder of the book; but here it may be remarked that the private house in which the particularist family can dwell in isolation and comfort has risen to importance, whilst public architecture has fallen to the characterless, uninteresting stuff about which few care or know anything at all. The greatest of arts, the one art that has always expressed a great racial spirit, is dead. As to its possible resurrection I will speak later. But no architecture with a distinct character exists at the present day. As the writer of the article on architecture in the *British Encyclopædia* says, no one can predict what a building nowadays will be like, what style or mixture of styles will be imitated. "The adoption of Greek, Roman, or Italian architectural details little modified by climate and customs," continues the sober and unimaginative encyclopædist in an illuminating paragraph, of the significance of which he himself is totally unconscious, "is, in fact, to be noted in almost every country—any form of art peculiarly national being now abandoned in their favour; and if the houses in Paris were to be transported to Berlin or Cairo,

[1] Lübke, Vol. IV, p. 353.

they would simply agree with what has already been done in those cities. And if, further, the Bourse or the Pantheon at Paris, the Museum at Berlin, the Glyptothek at Munich, or the great church of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg were to be severally changed to any of the other cities, it would be fairly in harmony with the modern works around it, though the nationality and language of the peoples in those cities are utterly distinct from each other. This abandonment of national and peculiar styles is now producing another result quite foreign to anything known in art history before. From the earliest period until the seventeenth century almost every nation had its own peculiar forms of art, and practised it (modified, perhaps, by the conditions of climate) in every part of the world which it colonized or conquered; and the result was the interesting remains of Roman art, clearly to be identified as such in Europe, Asia, and Africa; of Norman in France, England, Italy, and Sicily; and of Saracenic from Spain to India. This clear identification of a nation by its art works is as valuable to the historian as to the artist. But we can look for this no longer. We ourselves build Greek, Roman, or Italian palaces in our great towns of India, whilst close by, perhaps, is a church or cathedral in our English style of Gothic, and a college in the style of the Saracens."

The reason, as I shall show, is in the triumph of the particularist over the patriarchal spirit.

The first definite triumph of the disintegrating spirit over the patriarchal spirit occurred in the triumph of Holland over Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the expression that followed it is most notable that neither sculpture nor architecture had any place. In his section on Dutch art, Lübke devotes three words to their carving and sculpture, namely that there was "very little plastic," and in a work of two volumes entitled the *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture*, James Fergusson devotes to Holland—

Holland which in the seventeenth century was the one country with a genuine artistic expression—precisely one page of print and one illustration. So it was that the great dome of Michelangelo enshrined not the broken imperial spirit only, but also the death of architecture.

CHAPTER X

THE DUTCH ART

THE inhabitants of Holland were of Teutonic origin, Frisians, Salic Franks, Saxons, etc. The Franks and Saxons introduced the particularist element, the Frisians were patriarchal. Thus the two elements were mixed, but as to their respective bearing on the history of the nation it is not possible to decide. De Tourville does not deal with Holland, and I know no other writer who has traced the history of Holland in the manner that De Tourville employs.

Nevertheless the condition of Holland, when it came into conflict with the Emperor Charles V and his son, had one resemblance to that of France at the time of Philip Augustus. Both possessed self-governing chartered towns or communes. The communes of the Franks were, however, centres of agricultural districts, manufacturing only such things as were needed by these districts. The towns of Holland, on the other hand, were manufacturers for neighbouring agriculture, but to a far greater extent were manufacturers of goods for the foreign market. They were agricultural towns, yet still more were they commercial and trading towns.

Though not so peculiar as the land of Norway, Holland is peculiar enough to preserve and strengthen any quality inherent in man. The quality it preserved and strengthened in its Aryan inhabitants was one of extreme tenacity and fortitude in the face of continual peril. The primeval nature of Holland has been well described by the Italian traveller, Edmondo de Amicis: "The country was scarcely habitable. A region of vast stormy lakes, boundless tracts of marshes,

bogs, and brushwood; huge forests of oak, pine, and elm trees, overrun by herds of wild horses, where, according to tradition, one might have travelled for miles, passing from tree to tree, without ever setting foot on the ground. The deep-cut bays allowed the northerly gales to penetrate with unabated fury into the very heart of the country. Some provinces, at best but muddy plains, inaccessible alike to the farmer and sailor, annually disappeared beneath the ocean waves. The beds of the great rivers not being deep enough to carry them down to the sea, the waters meandered aimlessly about, as if undecided which way to go, wasting away in stagnant pools upon the sandy shore. . . . The first tribes enterprising enough to fix upon it for their future home had to raise mounds of earth to protect them from the overflow of the rivers and the inroads of the ocean; they were compelled to live upon those heights like shipwrecked mariners on desert islets, coming down at low tide to obtain their food by hunting and fishing, and to pick up the eggs the sea birds laid in the sand."[1] This graphic picture is gloomy enough, perhaps too gloomy. The Frisians and Saxons were accustomed to the sea, and no doubt at high tide took to their boats and enjoyed some fishing. But the picture, apart from the action of the inhabitants, is accurate.

Zeeland, north and south Holland, western Utrecht, the land that borders the Zuyder Zee, and over the half of Friesland are all at the present day beneath the level of high water at Amsterdam.

Draining marshes, banking rivers, building dykes against the continual assaults of the ocean, winning a little strip of land here, losing a little there, so man pursued his struggle against flood and tide for possession. Backed by a constant alertness, balked sometimes by a tragedy when with the fall of a dyke or embankment thousands would be drowned in a few hours, he gradually won the mastery. In this continuous

[1] *Holland*, by E. de Amicis (M. Saltire's translation), Vol. I, pp. 2 and 3.

watching and continuous inspection lest dykes should split or embankments crumble, in which case the watchers knew of the death that would spread far and wide, there was something which would breed a strong local spirit of social responsibility.

As a fact, the Netherlanders were a people of reliance and self-confidence, of coolness in the face of danger, and a capacity for quiet, inexcitable, patient endeavour. In these qualities they resembled the Saxons. They were, too, like the Saxons, a practical people, unconcerned with great deeds or profound thoughts, but intent on doing the work of the day fittingly and, above all, by their endeavour to secure in safety their homes and their property from sea or flood.

If the threat of the invading sea and the overflow of rivers and waterways which intersected and divided up the land preserved a strong local spirit of watchfulness against and readiness in the case of danger, these waterways were the bearers of other advantages. They preserved for the Dutch their brave character, and they brought to the Dutch their prosperity.

The commercial supremacy of the world has always depended, amongst other things, on the ease and safety of locomotion and transit, and consequently water has always been an important factor. From the river lands of the Nile and Euphrates, the supremacy passed to the large inland seas upon which their territories converged. The Phœnicians in the eastern Mediterranean were the first great historical traders to European lands. From Phœnicia, supremacy, moving progressively westwards, passed to the first peninsula of the Mediterranean, namely, Greece, then to the second, to Italy.

The opening of the new trade route to India and the East round the Cape of Good Hope and the discovery of America, displaced the Mediterranean in favour of the Atlantic as the great medium of commerce. The third

southern peninsula, that of Spain and Portugal, became supreme. There were, however, two countries bordering on the Atlantic with peculiar advantages for trade. One was on the island of England, and the other the land of waterways.

At the time of the opening of the American trade and the increased prosecution of Eastern trade, England was particularist and agricultural. It was before the arrival of the Flemish and the Huguenot merchants and manufacturers, driven to England by their continental persecutors. The rival to the south-western peninsula of Europe—at the time of Philip II Spain and Portugal were one kingdom—was therefore essentially Holland.

With her abundant waterways through which the shallow draught ships of that time easily passed, Holland was not only rival, but she was the superior. She was, in fact, a conglomeration of islands with inland cities having easy access to the sea, but having also the security of their inland position. In mediæval times the waterways were of peculiar advantage to her merchants and commerce. Land roads, since the break up of the Roman Empire, were characteristically bad and in wet weather impassable. In many parts they were infested with robbers and saddled with tolls. They provided often a peril rather than a passage to commerce. It was not only safer and quicker to transport goods by water, but it was more economical.

The cities of the Netherlands that were situated on waterways consequently became the most prosperous in northern Europe, and attained to municipal freedom. Like the Italian cities, their burghers had conflicts with agricultural nobles who claimed rights over them. Unlike most Italian cities, but like the Frankish cities, they were successful in ridding themselves of the direct interference of these nobles. In a similar manner, and also like the Frankish towns, they were free from the temporal dominion of ecclesiastical lords.

These cities were therefore municipal independent entities. Their burghers had not, nor did they desire, individual agricultural independence, as did the particularist agriculturists. They desired municipal independence. Within the city walls, too, they showed the communal spirit and enjoyed human fellowship, a fellowship greatly strengthened by its constant and general employment against the continual batteries of the ocean and the slow siege of rivers. The commercial projects of the burghers brought them into a wide intercourse with other nations, and the Dutch were then, as now, famous for their knowledge of foreign tongues. They were a prosperous, thrifty, and clever business people with a rough but jovial burgher spirit. Motley tells something of their amusements, their horseplay at the fairs, their processions, their composing and acting of tragedies and farces on a holiday, their recitation of their own verses, their lampoons and caricatures.

There is also an interesting, if insular, contemporary record of them. Sir Thomas Overbury travelled in Holland after the Dutch had gained the recognition of their independence. "Concerning the people," he wrote, "they are neither much devout nor much wicked; given all to drink, and eminently to no other vice; hard in bargaining, but just; surly and respectless, as in all democracies; thirsty, industrious, and cleanly; disheartened upon the least ill success, and insolent upon good; inventive in manufactures, and cunning in traffic; and generally, for matter of action, that natural slowness of theirs suits better (by reason of the advisedness and perseverance it brings with it) than the rashness and changeableness of the French and Florentine wits; and the equality of spirits, which is among them and Switzers, renders them so fit for a democracy: which kind of government, nations of more stable wits, being once come to a consistent greatness, have seldom long endured."[1]

[1] *Harl. Mss. Manuscripts*, Vol. III, p. 364.

Such was the burgher spirit of the towns of Holland when it came into conflict with the imperial house of the Hapsburgs.

The eldest daughter of Ferdinand of Spain married the son of the German Emperor. Their son was Charles, born in A.D. 1500. On the death of his father in A.D. 1506, Charles inherited the Burgundian realm, to which belonged the Netherlands. When sixteen years of age, on the death of his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand of Spain, Charles became King of Spain, King of Naples, Sicily, and Italy, of the newly discovered Americas, and of vague rights and dominion in the East. Following the death of his paternal grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian, Charles became Emperor of Germany.

He took the title of Charles V. Since the days of Charlemagne, Europe had not witnessed so much dominion in the hands of one man.

It was the army of Charles which sacked Rome in A.D. 1527. This action he regretted, and he quickly showed his repentance by becoming the champion of the Roman Church. As ruler of vast patriarchal dominions and champion of the imperial Roman spirit, he vainly endeavoured to crush Luther and the German princes of the League of Schmalkalde. Wars against France, Italy, the Turks, the pirates of Tunis, exhausted his finances, and he constantly had recourse to the wealthy Netherlands to assist him. The burghers, who possessed in their charters promises against such aggression from their overlords, grudged him the money. Moreover, they shared with other northern countries the movement against the authority of Rome. The burgher spirit of municipal independence inclined to the democratic or republican spirit of Calvinism. Charles, therefore, introduced the Inquisition into the Netherlands. The Inquisition was the invention of Spain. By means of it Charles had effectually quelled any Protestant movement in

Spain. It was, indeed, improbable that Protestantism would find favour in Spain, for Spain was in no way particularist, but patriarchal. The Inquisition found, therefore, little difficulty in effecting its object in Spain. In the Netherlands, with the independent burgher spirit which lies, as it were, between the particularist individual system and the patriarchal system of society as an organic whole, the Inquisition met with a more obstinate antagonism. The Inquisition had to be pressed and claimed many victims. During its activity, in A.D. 1555, Charles abdicated, surrendering Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip and the German Empire to his brother Ferdinand.

Spain and the Netherlands were incongruous possessions. They were commercial rivals, as has been said. Spanish nobles and Netherland merchant princes notoriously hated each other. Spain was intensely patriarchal and loyal. The Netherlands were ready to serve their lord, provided he respected the charters of their cities. These charters were antagonistic to Philip's sense of kingship, and Protestantism, where professed in the Netherlands, took the Calvinistic form, which disavowed the divine right of kings. Philip, therefore, determined to destroy all traces of the revolt against the Roman ecclesiastical system. That system was the representative of the imperial patriarchal system, and of it he held himself to be the chiefest servant. It is difficult to get a clear conception of the character of Philip. Modern historians so bespatter him with the mud of objurgation that one can scarcely see him at all. But it is clear that he was an earnest and sincere supporter of the patriarchal system, as a social and governmental system, and also of its religious expression.

The means by which he could overcome resistance in the Netherlands, the Inquisition, was already established. It is dangerous to say a word in support of this system, which was practised with such intolerable cruelty. Nevertheless, it is

undoubted that it is better that certain social disintegrative movements should be stopped and stamped out. To stamp them out with the courtesy and tact which Leo X attempted with Luther is by far the stronger and the preferable way. But force and bloodshed are sometimes the only methods by which the ruler can enforce his will. They were the methods of Philip, they had been largely the methods of his father. They had been successful in Spain, and Spain, being rid of Protestantism and remaining united, was spared the devastating wars which, for example, visited Germany, and the social disunion and disintegration which afflicted that country and slew by battle, famine, or disease two-thirds of the inhabitants.

Philip, therefore, had some justification in adopting severe methods to maintain the imperial system in the Netherlands and to strengthen the cause of Rome against the disintegrating principles of Protestantism in which each man theoretically was his own priest and pope, and under which religion must necessarily drift to atheism, and any system of rulership fall to pieces. Philip foresaw and endeavoured to avert this disaster. But he did not understand men as did Charles V, and meeting with resistance he displayed ignorance by persecuting with that utter incapacity to realize its uselessness which is dubbed fanaticism. It was useless and cruel punishment, which could not effect its end, and was therefore a sickening mistake of judgment, though not of sincerity or of aim.

This judgment his great rival, of equal sincerity, and also a Catholic prince, William of Orange possessed in full measure. William took his title from Orange in the south of France, but he was actually of the house of Nassau whose estate was situated in particularist Germany. His title of Orange he had received from his uncle, who commanded the army which had sacked Rome. It is not possible for me to discover how far particularist principles

ruled in Nassau; nevertheless, the contrast between the head of a great patriarchal kingdom and the prince of an estate situated within the old Franconia is sufficiently striking.

Two examples will suffice to contrast them. One of Philip's favourite maxims was that it was better not to reign at all than to reign over heretics. William asserted that the hearts and wills of men were not to be forced by violence. The second is the difference of their relation to their people. Philip allowed none to approach him, not even his highest nobles, except on bended knees; William, on the other hand, would talk with fishermen and artisans, and drink from their glasses. One was the extreme autocrat, exaggerating the divinity of the kingship; the other the ruler of chartered cities carrying familiarity—if Amicis is correct about this fellowship of the pot—almost to demagogy. Nevertheless both were worshipped and adored by those they led, Philip as passionately as William. In these two men the duel between the extreme autocracy of patriarchalism and the municipal communistic spirit was fought. It was fought with that peculiar reasoned cruelty and vengeful ferocity which distinguishes man from the lower animals. Philip, who had the ablest generals, and the most disciplined and experienced troops at his service, crushed the southern Netherlands. The Dutch, however, displayed a tenacity and courage that seemed the concentrated result of years of struggle against ocean and rivers. By a wonderful use of the floods they could command by breaking down the dykes, and by sacrificing great tracts of country to gain great ends, these hardy people won their freedom from Spain. For examples of sheer heroism it is impossible to read anything finer than Motley's chapter on the Siege of Leyden. The final result of such invincible tenacity on the part of the burghers, who had curbed and controlled the ocean itself, was that in

A.D. 1581 they declared their independence from Philip, and in A.D. 1609 Philip's successor was forced publicly to recognize that independence. The triumph of the burghers was complete. They had challenged the southern patriarchal kingdom at war and at trade, and in both they had won. The richer merchants now took complete command of the government of their towns. They banded themselves together in corporations. They elected themselves on the municipal and provincial councils by supplying their own vacancies, with the result that "the sacredness of corporations had succeeded, in a measure, to the divinity which hedges kings."[1] Thus free Holland consisted, not of a democracy, but of a union of burgher oligarchies. Taking the city as a unit, and regarding government solely from the point of view of the prosperity of the city, no government could have been more successful. Throughout the seventeenth century no European country could proportionately compare to Holland in prosperity.

During the war against the Inquisition, Protestantism spread rapidly. The victorious country was essentially Protestant, though with many forms of Protestantism. There occurred at once that religious and bitter strife with each other which always distinguished the Protestant sects and churches. But the power of the Roman Church was entirely destroyed. The monasteries, convents, and ecclesiastical institutions of all sorts were appropriated by the burgher corporations, and were turned from the strongholds of a ruler caste into institutions of charity for the state preservation and comfort of the poor, of the orphans, and of the sick. Everything became what is called practical—that is to say, the practicality of ordinary people. Subjects' quality reigned, not the subjects' quality of actual democracy, but that of a commercial community.

The art, which arose as an expression of the triumphant

[1] Motley, *United Netherlands*, Vol. IV.

Dutch, rarely rises above a high level of subjects' reality. With the exception of some poetry, it took exclusively the form of a minor art, that of painting, and the pictures, with the exception of Rembrandt's, though not sunk to the imitative subjects' realism of the modern day, show art qualities only of a moderate and commonplace order. One is struck by this very forcibly on comparing the Dutch Saal in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich with the Saal of the Italian Renaissance painters. One is struck by it in comparing the highest efforts of both, such as the Madonna and Child with four Saints by Ghirlandajo, which I have already described, and the Holy Family by Rembrandt.

The latter picture is No. 324 of Saal IV. The first noticeable contrast is that whereas Ghirlandajo and the Italians are masters of full light and full and varied colours, in this picture the colours are all of one tone, a brown tone, and none maintain a distinct personality. They are harmonized by blending and blurring into one another, by their likenesses to one another, not by the common service of their differences to one idea or ideal. This blending and blurring is directly opposed to the individual valuation and mastery of the ruler mind. It is rather a democratic expression in which harmony is brought about not by valuation, which requires the ruler mind, but by reduction and by sameness. There is something of the modern love of twilight as opposed to full midday in it. The means of selection shows the same loss of power, though this means is managed by Rembrandt as none other can manage it. In Ghirlandajo's picture the selection is in the fullest light. It is the majesty of Mary that selects her. In this picture of Rembrandt's the light is used as selecting agent, and Mary has no majesty. By this manipulation of light, that which is unimportant is thrust away into the darkness and ignored or suppressed, a method of ordering typical of the weaker mind or system, typical and prophetic of modern democracy which, for example, ignores the com-

manding nature of sex and congratulates itself upon an artificial and supposititious virtue, because all reality which it cannot place or rule is thrust into the dark and ignored. This method of selection of Rembrandt's has been called by modern critics poetic and imaginative. To them it is imaginative, because the nature of the objects, which are in the dark, has to be guessed, and subjects' imagination rarely rises above the primitive stage of guessing, primitive because of its use in guessing if there is an animal in the dark from, say, the cracking of a twig, and shown in the hiding and guessing games of children. But the higher imagination, the imagination that invites all in broad daylight because it can master, value, and order all is—also typically—lacking in this picture.

Father and mother gaze downwards lovingly at the child, a Dutch father and a Dutch mother. And the baby! Such a baby as it is, such a red-faced, fat-necked, snub-nosed sleeping baby, with quaint red-yellow hair and arms stiff with thick clothing. It is the most ordinary and vulgar baby that ever came from painter's brush. How vastly different to the transcendent dignity Titian gave to the baby Christ!

This humble family group would never be thought by a stranger to the creed to be the representative of the incarnation of its god. The idea of the Holy Family here presented has none of the supernal beauty and complete quietude which give divinity to Raphael's pictures. It has been domesticated, brought down to a Dutch domestic level, without any hint of the sublime inner meaning. There is no power, no ideational quality, no dignity, no ruler quality in this picture of Rembrandt's, only a sweet but commonplace domesticity. There is not even a halo to give the illusion of the godhead. The conception of power as divine has been whittled down to an illustration of cottage domesticity. The representation of the quality of rulership, passing from the lion-man or sphinx looking from the desert's edge over the fertile plains of

Egypt, to its representation as glorified child or man throned with light and head encircled with a nimbus, has now fallen to that of a commonplace baby, which, like the colours in which it is seen, has no distinction, individuality, power, or quality of its own.

Nevertheless, Rembrandt is by far the greatest of these Dutch painters. Outside his pictures and the jolly burgher groups of Frans Hals, the Dutch pictures show a capacity for arranging commonplace objects in pleasing groups, but over and above this little or nothing. "No monumental art, very little plastic, on the other hand a wealth of portraits, pictures of customs, landscapes, still life, and seascapes," so Lübke sums up the Dutch art, which "was as free from the influences of the throne as from those of the altar."[1]

Yet Lübke, with indeed all the critics, seems astonishingly unaware of the stupendous significance of this loss of architecture and sculpture and throne and altar, for he continues placidly to praise the Dutch art, as if by calling it art it can presume to rank with the mighty creations of the past. Animals, birds, brothels, taverns, landscapes, portraits, cottage scenes, stout laughing matrons, coarse-featured children, various sorts of food and drink, peasants dancing, peasants eating, peasants drinking, a doctor with his patient, a boy picking the vermin from his dog, a woman picking the vermin from a boy's head, such are the subjects which contrast with the Annunciations and Madonnas of the Italians. They are painted illustrations, which are only saved by their careful grouping and arrangement of colours according to the formula of decorative beauty, of repetition with slight variation, from the pure imitative realism of the present day. It is this manipulation of arrangement and colour, this maintenance of the art form even on their small scale, which entitles them to be called "perhaps the greatest painters of the North,"[2] and gives them an undoubted charm.

[1] Lübke, Vol. IV, p. 254. [2] *Ibid.*

In so far as figures are witness, these are the figures I gathered from C. Hofstede de Groot's catalogue of the works of the most eminent Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. The compiler does not include Rembrandt (1606–1669). The artists he takes are Jan Steen (1626–1679), Gabriel Metzu (1630–1667), Gerard Dou (1613–1675), Pieter de Hooch (1630–1677), Carel Fabritius (about 1624–1654), Johannes Vermeer (1632–1675), Albert Cuyp (1620–1691), Philips Wouwerman (1619–1668), Frans Hals (about 1580–1666), Adriaen van Ostade (1610–1685), Isack van Ostade (1621–1649), and Adriaen Brouwer (1605–1638), whom de Groot includes in the Dutch painters. As regards the pictures of these artists, 174 pictures have religious subjects, 76 have classical, allegorical, and historical subjects 5285 are pictures from everyday life. Moreover, so many pictures as 5200 amongst a dozen artists is in itself significant of the lowering of art. Quantity succeeds to quality. Rembrandt left 200 pictures, 2000 drawings, and many etchings. Michelangelo would doubtless have been content to leave one monument, the Julian tomb. His great colleague, Leonardo, left but ten pictures. Moreover, the Dutch religious, classical, and allegorical pictures partake of the same pictorial character as the pictures of everyday life.

Frans Hals is the best of these artists, the rough, burly jovial Frans Hals, so rude and so uncouth when compared to Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raffael. He beat his first wife so violently that the magistrates had to intervene, but too late, for she died shortly afterwards, leaving the jolly and boisterous toper to marry again, and be rewarded with a child within the brief space of two weeks of marriage. Of his 447 pictures, eight were of religious subjects, two allegorical, and the rest, with the exception of a single landscape, genre-pieces or portraits. His pictures show the dignity and wealth and worldly welfare of the leading men of Haarlem, the laughter of the jovial—no one painted the

jolly toper and passing musician of the revels so cleverly as Hals—and most notably the groups of the heads of the corporations of Dutch citizens, grouped with no great mastery yet pleasingly, full of a rich decorative colouring, eloquent of robust success, each face a strong portrait, each face crying out for attention, no unification or graded composition, no expression of a gradation of values or an order according to values, but rather a rivalry of individuals, a series of portraits put together on one canvas, portraits of people who cared more for themselves and their own faces than art and order, greatly superior decoratively to a photograph of a modern city dinner, but vastly inferior to any of the creations of a ruler mind.

Rembrandt was born in A.D. 1606 in Leyden, thirty-two years after the famous siege, and died in A.D. 1669. He belonged, therefore, to the generation of the Dutch, the independence of whose parents the King of Spain had been forced to acknowledge. He was the greatest artist of Holland, and he is of peculiar interest as being the first artist who expressed the spirit of Christianity as divorced from its master and rival the Roman system. At all periods of his life Rembrandt showed a peculiar preference for biblical subjects. Genre, landscapes, portraits, the subjects peculiar to the Dutch painters, of these Rembrandt supplied his share. Group and corporation pictures were ordered from him when his skill as an artist became recognized. The first of these was the famous Deyman's "Anatomy" with orthodox portraiture. The second was the more famous "Night Watch," with the well-known attempt to represent something more unified, more ruled by one spirit than a series of challenging and rival portraits. But his patrons, Captain Cocq and his Amsterdam company, were not pleased with this picture. They were very unlike the patrons of the Italian painters. They required from Rembrandt as they required from Hals something after the "city dinner" or "football group" style of picture, one in which

they could recognize each other. The salvation of these group pictures, which Rembrandt wrought, was not to their taste. In his last group picture, "The Syndics," Rembrandt had to return to the group portrait. Such success as can be made out of this sort of picture Rembrandt makes, and its quiet stateliness, its wide spacing and simplicity make "The Syndics" a notable picture.

Nevertheless, it is not in these pictures that the mastery of Rembrandt best displays itself. They were done to order for patrons who did not leave the artist to execute his commission according to what he thought fit, as the Italian patrons did. His patrons required something illustrative, something in which the likeness to themselves or the object was in every way more important than art. Their dislike of the "Night Watch" and their preference for a row of portraits show their appreciation of simple imitation, and show also a fact which from now on is a marked feature in the lives of such notable artists as have arisen, namely the inability of their contemporaries to recognize them. Michelangelo was adopted by Lorenzo the Magnificent at the age of fifteen, but an artist like Jean François Millet lived without fame and was buried in a pauper's grave. It was so in Holland. Whilst Rubens in patriarchal countries was fêted like a prince and Velasquez was chosen court painter at the age of twenty-three, Rembrandt was recognized as genre and portrait or domestic-detail picture, but as the greatest artist Holland produced he was scarce recognized at all. He died almost alone, in obscure and penurious circumstances, a fate, as is well known, not uncommonly that of great artists of the last two centuries.

The pictures in which Rembrandt shows his master quality at its best are in those biblical subjects to which he, in marked contrast to other Dutch painters, so constantly turned for inspiration.

But the religious feeling that he expresses is different to

that of the artists of the Roman Church. They try to conceive the relation of mankind to power over life, to the Ruling Power, in the beautiful conceptions of the Madonna and Child as part of the Celestial Being, of the Annunciation, of the Assumption, or in some groping after the wonder of the Trinity or the Omnipotence of God. In a word, they express the ideational quality of religion, that which alone is religion in the original sense, namely that which gives man the power and mastery of life. Pictorial representation was rarely their object, and subjects' morality, the relation of subject to subject, takes a very secondary place to the conception of the superhuman ruler. It was as if the temples they built and the pictures and statuary with which these temples were adorned were purposed to strengthen in the mind of man the conception of power over life, as if with this conception well implanted in a man's heart his obedience to the Church and its precepts was more deeply sunken into his being, more permanent, more part of his very life. It is as if a certain spontaneity of thought and action would result, contrasting with the more conscious question as to how one should act. For when an overpowering idea or love fills one, such a question is wholly needless, for action becomes spontaneous, and love and reverence are far more the springs of action than is moral law.

Rembrandt takes the Christian religion on its original scale of the positive reciprocal relation of subject to subject. His religion, as expressed in his pictures and etchings, is one of a series of moving and emotional incidents recorded in a more or less earthly manner. This particulate outlook is that of the subject mind, which can only comprehend things incidentally and separately, but fails to comprehend them as related to a whole. It is justified if the conception of the whole as an imperial conception were first emphasized. It is never so emphasized or expressed by Rembrandt.

Though he was far more of the ruler stamp than any other Dutch artist, one might indeed say the only one of real ruler quality, he partakes of the disintegration which was a characteristic of northern Europe. Religion is not an unifying conception to him so much as a record of moving and teaching incidents, each one of which has its separate existence, and illustrates the suitable conduct of subject to subject; and, in so far as the superhuman quality of power over life enters, it appears in a number of separate incidents or biblical stories and in a number of separate actions. It is not religion as a conception of power over life, as the quality of the ruler and as his gift to the whole world of men as a whole, but as something disintegrated into separate stories and incidents.

For these biblical pictures he chose his own friends and relatives as models, or else he went amongst the poor and the Jews. Amongst them he could work untrammelled. He went out into the streets as William of Orange went out into the streets, to learn amongst the less cultured orders of mankind. The rarely displayed thought, the strong emotion, the moment of astonishment, the moment of sympathy, the shadow of sorrow, the quietness of resignation, the tenderness of love, all these he sought in passing faces, whether young or aged, beautiful or ugly, and picked them out and gathered them as a collector might gather gems.

To connect the expression directly with the emotion, he studied with especial care the only expression he could fully comprehend and interpret, namely his own. Those of his mother, father, his wife Saskia, of the faithful Hendrickje Stoffels and his son Titus, he studied with equal love and solicitude; and it is in this setting of the expression of emotion on the human face and form that he represents the biblical incidents.

With this human setting Rembrandt is naturally most successful in portraying those incidents and stories which

are most moving in their commonplace subjects' non-ruler relation—in their relation, that is, of townsman to townsman, in the sympathy of men of like value for one another. In the ruler qualities of power that protects, of dignity that arouses reverence, of calm that rests the timid and fearful, in these Rembrandt is no capable expressor.

In the more purely divine qualities his success is still smaller, as has already been pointed out in his picture of the Holy Family. In the famous Passion series in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich, Rembrandt has shown the Crucifixion, the Taking Down from the Cross, the Entombment, the Resurrection, the Ascension. In these sacred pictures he shows simplification and enhancement by chiaroscuro with a power which shows his master quality. It is a master quality—though within a narrow range, as I have already shown—because it simplifies and enforces. It compels attention and the picture remains in the memory. It hails, catches, and holds attention. Its effect is not that which is almost unconscious. There is the birth of modern advertisement in it. It does not take divinity for granted as does the certainty of the beautiful celestial light of the Italians. Rembrandt has to emphasize with dramatic contrast the existence of the divine. And in these very pictures one sees the loss of the divine itself. The divine is not clearly divine in full, unshadowed light, but Rembrandt uses the artifice of light to transfigure Christ and select him from the human. But were this means of selection omitted, one would see at once how entirely Rembrandt's depiction of the divine depends upon it. The figures of Christ have themselves scarce anything of divinity; they in no way inspire reverence, but rather a certain revulsion at their coarseness; they have none of the serenity and majesty which declare that though he took human form, he was also master of the world.

It is, as has been said, in the purely human stories, the stories of how mankind should act towards mankind, not how

mankind should regard rulership and power over life, that Rembrandt shows his mastery. Such, for instance, is the parable of the Prodigal Son, which Rembrandt illustrated many times. The famous etching (Bartsch Catalogue, No. 91) of the Prodigal's Return shows the misery of the son and the forgiveness of the father. The figure and face of the son are foul and repulsively ugly, nor is there any beauty in the ungainly father, but he bends over his son with a supreme pity which overcomes all horror for the loathly being who once was the happiness of the home. The mother is less certain of her feelings, and the servant who brings clothes and shoes turns his face aside with disgust. Everything is expressed with a few simple lines. It is the wonderful fatherly love and sympathy which redeems the picture. For the picture needs redeeming from the ugly and uncouth, which now begin to show themselves in art owing to the loss of ruler-power, which orders all things beautifully. It was not that Rembrandt could not paint pictures with a certain charm of beauty. His pictures of St. John the Baptist (Bode, Vol. II, p. 154) of Hendrickje Stoffels at a window, in Berlin, of a girl at a window, in the Dulwich Gallery, of his son Titus with dark hat and flowing curls (Bode, Vol. VIII, p. 59), show that he could paint pictures that charm, if not with the beauty of the Italians, at any rate with a certain sweetness or gentle loveliness that belongs rather to the subject imitatively painted than to the art.

In ugliness, however, Rembrandt stands on the same level as the many lesser Dutch painters whose tastes were those of the lower orders, not those of the refined or the ruler minds who have the instinct to order things according to the formula of life with resulting positiveness and beauty. But ugliness and negativism in life belonged to Rembrandt's northern Aryan outlook. The world was full of misery and pain, and was full of the subjects' response to it, namely pity and human sympathy, not power and mastery. This is notably

expressed in the etching known as the Hundred Gulder Print, of Christ Healing the Sick.

In this well-known picture all the powers of the artist are concentrated. The studies of beggars and the poor, which he made so frequently, are of admirable use to him. So too is the dramatic contrast of light and darkness, so eloquent of the negative outlook upon the darkness of this world of misery and sin. The darkness behind Christ is intense, and is only pierced by the divine radiance of the celestial aureole with which he is invested. Coming out into the light from the darkness to his left are the poor, the sick, and the maimed, uncouth, weary in expression, but stretching out hands for mercy. To his right, in fuller light and at a higher level than the poor, and delineated with marvellous light touches, are the Pharisees, some gazing at Christ, some taking no note of him being in discussion between themselves. Before Christ on a lower level is a woman raising her child to him. Christ stands irradiated with light centrally between the lower and darkened group of the sick and the poor and the higher, lighted, and upright Pharisees, his hands raised as if to receive the child, but also as if gently connecting these two groups. The rich must be united to the poor, the rulers to the ruled, not by paternal authority and filial obedience, but by the subjects' quality of pity. Such was Rembrandt's expression of Christianity.

It is, like all Rembrandt's religious art, the expression of subjects' morality, of the weak aiding the weak with love and sympathy. The imperial side of a religion finds no place in Rembrandt's art. And in this he is illustrating that minor part of religion which Protestantism regards as the whole. These northerners, and more especially particularists, were unable to comprehend and conceive the rulership and imperial power of the Master God of all.

They were unable to conceive the divine nature of an imperial system of mankind. They were unable to conceive

of religion as a system binding men together. Such conceptions appear neither in their art nor in their religion. For their religion, in spite of Lutheran and Calvinistic attempts to retain some authority and system, rapidly forgot power and the gift of rulership, and tended more and more to sink to a mere morality in which the sympathy of subject for subject was held to be the divine element, which was to save a world of misery and sin by convincing all that, however bad their plight or however weak they were, there were plenty as weak and impotent as themselves who were ready to blur and blend with them by means of this sympathy, who were ready to console them with tears, though they would never cheer them with laughter, or cause their minds to overcome all grief and care and gloomy outlooks by showing them that care and grief and gloom are results of weakness and are overcome by power, and it is the will of Heaven that some few should be endowed with power, and under the shadow of their power the weak could rest secure.

"In these days," says Dr. Bode, "Rembrandt no longer needs an advocate. He comes nearer to our modern ideals than Raphael or Michelangelo."[1] That is very true, but so much is it the worse for our modern ideals, for they have chosen the weak and the unbeautiful expression in preference to the strong and the lovely.

[1] Dr. Bode, *Rembrandt*, Vol. VIII, p. 17.

CHAPTER XI

SAXON PREDOMINANCE AND SAXON PAINTERS

THE history of England and the Saxon spirit in England was briefly detailed in chapter VII up to the reign of Charles II.

At that time a new and important element, the manufacturing element, had entered into English agricultural life. The persecution of the protestant Calvinists and Lutherans by the patriarchalists on the Continent had led to the immigration into England of Flemish weavers and Dutch and Huguenot manufacturers. These foreigners were permitted to set up their works in England on condition that they took English apprentices. The persecution of the extreme form of protestantism in England by the Anglican Church and the royal truste had also led to important results, namely, the exodus from England of many Saxon farmers and their foundation of particularist settlements in the coastland districts of North America. Thus England, owing to the struggle between the independent particularist and interdependent patriarchal spirit, was becoming both a trading and a colonizing power.

The medium of the world's commerce was still water. From Phœnicia to Greece, Greece to Italy, Italy to the Iberian peninsula, from the Iberian peninsula to Holland, and lastly from Holland to the one large island cast off from Europe and girt about with sea, now rousing itself from agricultural quietude to the world-struggle for the greatest wealth, so trade has come and showered her gifts of wealth and luxury and then passed onwards.

But before England arose to her position as the chief commercial power of the world, she had to oust Holland from the lead, and she had to break, or assist to break, the Continental power of France. In her struggle with Holland her ultimate victory seemed assured. Holland was too greatly handicapped by being part of the Continent and being continually involved in Continental quarrels between the patriarchal government system of France, its allies, and opponents. England lay sheltered beyond the strip of sea which has played so great a part in the history of the modern world. She was able to fight against France without fear of invasion. Holland, her sister country, under the one crown of William III, had no such advantage in the struggle against the strongest patriarchal system of western Europe, namely the France of Louis XIV.

In this struggle continental Holland suffered from frequent invasions and alarms of invasions, whereas England escaped unscathed. The larger kingdom received the benefits, the smaller the buffets of the contest.

Holland, indeed, suffered far more from the union with England than she gained. Moreover, her burgher constitution was unsuited to a prolonged struggle. The free cities in their loose association disputed about the proportion of taxes, war expenses, soldiery, they severally had to provide. The Stadtholder had to submit to and was opposed by these several burgher oligarchies. The unity that the cities possessed under William the Silent and his son Maurice, in the deadly struggle against Spain, did not exist under burgher oligarchies. The king spent his time in England, not in Holland, and the Dutch suffered from an absentee king when a king alone might have bound their cities together. Eventually, after several devastating continental wars, in which Holland was engaged and of which she was occasionally the theatre, she had to submit to the surrender of her system of free cities, and to adopt by the peace of Aix-

la-Chapelle in A.D. 1748 a king and royal system which restored her in form of government to the patriarchal national system against which she had struggled so gallantly.

Profiting commercially, if not humanly, by Holland's misfortunes on land, England set to work to ruin the trade of her sisterland upon the sea. Under the regency of the English Queen Anne, Holland was completely sacrificed to English interests by forcing her to oppose France, until England became the predominant marine power, and was able to crush her ally with that ruthlessness and bad faith which characterized her dealings with another unfortunate partner of hers under the Crown, the island of Ireland.

She declared nearly all goods carried upon vessels at sea as contraband, and asserted her right, based upon her marine power, to search any vessel on the high seas.

One of the many distinguished commercial premiers who directed England to the acquirement of the wealth by which she could maintain with success her struggle against France, the elder Pitt, patronized a number of privateers, or legalized pirates, who pillaged the neutral Dutch trading vessels under the excuse that they were carrying French goods. By this commercial inquisition England stamped out the heresy of Dutch trade.

Against France, who had ruined her peasantry in her struggle to maintain the dominance of the royal truste imposed by Philip Augustus upon a particularist peasantry, and who, consequently, was on the verge of revolution, England was equally successful. She drove the French from any real power upon the sea and its inclusive commercial and possessive rights in India and America.

Thus Saxonism, under the stimulus of trade and colonization, rose to a position utterly opposed to the quiet agricultural seclusion to which it was suited and which it loved.

Its marine success had been typically particularist. Nearly all the English ships of commerce and war had been privately

owned and independently managed. They were owned for the sake of private adventure and gain, and were only banded together when the nation needed them to oppose the state fleets of Spain or France. Even then they preserved their particularism, and fought their foe more by independent attacks than by combined movements.

The Saxon government, consisting of a king assisted by agricultural lords and country gentlemen, a government, that is to say, of an agricultural people, now found itself master of a people still agricultural as a whole, but with manufacturing and trading interests swiftly outstripping the agricultural interests in wealth. Moreover, it possessed important particularist colonies.

The position was peculiar. The Saxon had always cared more for freedom and isolation than for wealth and politics, yet now he found himself in his struggle against patriarchalism, and in his need of means to support that struggle, and then in his love of the means in themselves, the dominant voice of the commercial world. He and his navy and his privateers ruled the waves. He became the ruler of large dominions and interests in distant lands.

To such countries as either were particularist or protestant, or had these independent each-man-for-himself elements within them, he became the envied success, and they did their best to follow and imitate him. Eventually other nations were forced to follow his lead. In modern times even the countries of the East are affected, and China has to arouse herself to regard a little fearfully this new type, this particularist, with his new measures of right and wrong and his new ideals and convictions, and question, as all must question: At what does he aim? What meaning does he give to existence? What is his relation to this life? What type does he desire? What is his art of life?

To answer one turns to his art. The first thing to note is that, like the Dutch art, there was no architecture or sculpture.

There was no monumental art. There is no need to go into the reason of this absence again, for the reason of its absence was the same as the reason of its absence in the Dutch art and its presence in all preceding art, based on a far-reaching patriarchalism and the power that is the result of a system of values and mutual reciprocity. Only one form of expression was used, in addition to poetry, namely, that of painting. It differed somewhat from its predecessor, the Dutch art. The Dutch art was an art of burgher communities. It preserved arrangement, spacing, and grouping. These qualities are less striking in the English art. The latter is not a citizen art, but a Saxon art, an isolated individual art as opposed to the communal quality which attaches itself to the word citizen. One is forced yet more to describing it through individuals. But these individuals represent an art which was, as the Saxon himself was, the predominant art of Europe. As the Saxon rose to supremacy, so did his expression.

Meier Graefe begins his *History of Modern Art* with an account of the English painters—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable. Haack speaks of the "Naturalism" of modern art finding its birthplace in England, with landscape as its especial feature and Turner and Constable as its chief representatives. Lübke-Semrau hail the appearance of these Saxon painters as filling an unaccountable gap and destroying the enigma of the most advanced people in Europe possessing no art. Finally, Springer is carried away by his enthusiasm at their appearance. The English painting as pioneer, he heads his section, and writes: "Mankind had dreamed and now awoke and in trembling trepidation and with growing exaltation looked to the new day, which had meanwhile dawned in the East. Man rubbed his eyes and looked about him and, wheresoever he turned, all seemed new, unfamiliar, different to former times; the light that flowed over the earth, the face of eternal nature which

spoke with clearer voice, the forms of mortals, their thoughts, their feelings, the forms of their society, their relations to the universe and the means by which they aspire to win the adjustment of the sensory and spiritual life. It is an inspiring spectacle to watch how art began passionately to revel in the fresh dawn of the youthful day." [1]

It is inspiring, of course, to those who welcome the day of the particularist over the patriarchal day. For that is the change which has come over the world. The old world, long patriarchal, now is forced to look forth with the eyes of the particularist, and in particularist countries with the particularist mind as well.

The first characteristic of the Saxon art, a characteristic which goes with its lack of architecture, sculpture, and great religious pictures, is its entire overthrow of tradition and of everything patriarchal. The two court artists and portrait painters, Reynolds and Gainsborough, preserve something of the Italian traditions in their pictures, and render themselves thereby less typically Saxon than Hogarth, Turner, and Constable. These three are the most typical Saxon expressors.

Hogarth (A.D. 1697–1764), whose name is probably a corruption of hogherd, is true Saxon, coming of yeoman stock. He is the first great Saxon painter. He will have nothing to do with tradition. "There is only one school, that of nature," is his maxim, the nature being Hogarth's nature, his individual outlook, freed of all traditions—that is to say, of patriarchal traditions. Of Saxon traditions he cannot free himself. He studied how to become artist without the conventional training of the artist. He struck out an independent plan, a plan of drawing from memory, carrying a number of forms and outlines in his head, which he uses, in his own comparison, as a man does letters, to describe the world he sees. Such is his admiration for

[1] Anton Springer, *Kunstgeschichte*, 1889, Vol. V, p. 118.

description, for subjects' realism, and imitation of objects, and his scorn for the art of ordering and valuing. In his early drawings he shows his Saxon contempt for the Continental ways, which at that time led the court fashions of England. In "Masquerades and Operas" he mocks at the crowds who flock to the Italian opera or Heidegger's Masquerades, and has for background to the picture the building of the Academy of Arts, the home of tradition, with Kent, its painter president, crowning the apex of the building, supported in mockery by Raphael and Michelangelo. In the "Burlesque" of Kent's altar-piece his mockery is more pungent. Kent, the fashionable court painter, paints an altar-piece. The congregation split into factions as to its meaning. Is it really St. Cecilia at the organ, or has the painter subtly imposed a portrait o Princess Sobieski on the congregation? The Bishop of London has to come to settle the dispute, and, being a practical man, does so by taking the picture down. Hogarth completes the humiliation of Kent by his Burlesque. Kent retaliates by using court influence to deprive his rival of certain commissions. Art thus finds new uses in Saxon hands, for this use is not confined to Hogarth. Art becomes something altogether Saxon. It becomes loosed from the service of beauty, and used as a weapon in a struggle for existence. Between Reynolds and Gainsborough there is no love lost, but they still serve beauty with whole hearts, and confine their antagonism to making Academy banquets sparkle with spite. But Turner is less scrupulous. On varnishing day he sees how his pictures hang among their neighbours. If they are not startling enough he adds a few strokes of livid colour, and his flaming effects outbid the modest claims of all neighbouring pictures for attention.

The Dutch artists give many a rough and jovial scene from inns, beerhouses, dancing-rooms, and people's festivals. They express the jollity and happiness of the artist's fellow-

men. The relation of the Saxon to his fellow-men is very different. It is negative, the reverse of one of the first principles of art, namely mutual reciprocity. It is embodied in the words, shun your neighbour. There is between the Saxon and his fellow-man, between Englishman and Englishman even, that barrier which, although invisible, is as invincible as the mountain barrier that separated and isolated his ancestors in Norway.

But now the Saxon has by trade and manufacture been robbed of his agricultural isolation. The farmer has become citizen. He is in new surroundings. He can no longer wholly exclude his neighbour. He has to live next door to his neighbour—not next farm, next fiord. He does his best to exclude him, grows a high hedge round his garden, does his best to exclude by trees or walls what distance once excluded. He destroys as far as he can his perception of his neighbour's house. Such is his humanity. But he cannot avoid his neighbour altogether. He must frequently meet him in town life. He must also meet these Flemish, these Hollanders, these Huguenots, that have made his country rich and turned him into a citizen. He must meet the foreigners and merchantmen that visit his metropolis and his ports. They are mostly of more cultured nations than his. He has to react to them somehow. Sometimes he rebels against town life and its communal nature, and emigrates to Africa, Australia, America, and sets himself to farming, Saxon fashion. If he is dissatisfied, and an agricultural lord or aristocrat, there are crusades of adventure and exploration and aggression for him in unknown parts of the world. On these crusades he would be away from all the intrusion of fellow-citizens, and he could hunt and kill game without interference from other men. But if he stays at home he must make some reckoning with his fellow-citizens, be they of foreign descent or English, or Scotch or Irish, be they rich or poor. He must measure

his neighbours. He measures them by the only measure he has, the narrow measure that has been handed down to him from his farmer ancestors. His trade makes him meet the whole wide world. He measures the wide world with his farm measure. He, who measures that which he has not personally experienced and does not comprise and comprehend, is moralist. The Saxon turns moralist. He has a short ruler. It is called good. Beyond it at one end is bad and evil, at the other also is bad and evil. With this small measure he measures the world. Alas, how little is good! Nearly all he sees is in the regions over which this little measure of his understanding cannot reach. So little is familiar and good. The world is full of evil. The world is all evil, except for this little Saxon focus, like a sunray that strikes through a chink into a darkened room. This farm measure, this Saxon light-beam, this English civilization, definite and pure bred, and therefore unyielding, dominant, uncompromising, self-reliant and aggressive in its certainty of self, spreads far and wide and has effect upon all the world. To the Saxon it is light. To other peoples it is cold and gloomy. To the Indian it is one of the inscrutable mysteries of God. To all it is a curious and unaccountable phenomenon, as curious as the Saxon forefather's planting a tiny patch of culture in a gloomy fiord with unscalable mountains frowning down but powerless against the intruder.

Hogarth, the first great Saxon painter, describes the world as seen by this beam. He has a "tough manner," says Meier Graefe. "His perception pierced through the ludicrous kernel of things."[1] Ludicrous enough to those who do not understand; ludicrous if not dangerous; if dangerous, bad—such is the Saxon's simple measure, whether German or English.

Poor Kent's daub in St. Clement Danes is not dan-

[1] Meier Graefe, Vol. I, p. 55.

gerous, consequently it is ludicrous. Hogarth makes fun of it. But with the ways of the wealthy it is different. The Saxon knew little of wealth, but now his nation is growing rich. Society with gold in its pocket looks round for the means of spending it. In France society knows how to spend. High-class Saxon society follows suit, not successfully. The art and grace and scintillations of wit of the French court cannot be imitated. But vice is more easy, that comes natural to man. Hogarth expresses this change in Saxon fashion, and lashes at it with moral wrath. It is hideous and hateful to him, and his bitter satires, "A Harlot's Progress" and "A Rake's Progress," bring hosts of stern Saxon eyes to see.

These pictures are moral. They condemn. There is little, and yet I think a little, pity in them. That deep and tender humanity that inspired Botticelli's picture of the "Outcast" is nowhere seen in these pictures of Hogarth. One is repelled, not softened and humanized by these pictures. Falling humanity is made to look so foul, so black, so noisome in the glimmering darkness that irradiates from the Saxon beam. Botticelli's picture is eloquent of the humanity of the superior mind that feels the pity of it. The Saxon has not yet evolved to such positive humaneness. Hogarth expressed his view of fallen woman and man more characteristically, not as one of feeling, even fellowship, but with the cold, rational utilitarianism of the Saxon in a series of "pictur'd morals." His picture, says Hogarth himself, is his stage, and men and women players, who by gestures, expressions, and positions tell the story and illustrate the moral. He adds that he hopes by small sums and by the sale of prints of his pictures to secure his property to himself; to secure private property where this Saxon will be master, and will be left undisturbed. First the moral sermon, then the proceeds to go to making private property, all this is very Saxon. One is reminded of the White

Man's Burden. Hogarth tells a story in his "Harlot's Progress" and in his "Rake's Progress," interesting and pleasing to moralists, but to lovers of beauty very difficult. Even Austin Dobson mildly protests: "When the narrator is so unflinching and matter-of-fact, it is obvious that, in this century at least, his work, however fundamentally moral and didactic in its intention, is not quite easy to write about."[1] How different is the Harlot's Progress to the Anglo-Italian Rosetti's poem, Jenny:

> If but a woman's heart might see
> Such erring heart unerringly
> For once! But that can never be.

There is between them the whole difference between the harsh Saxon coming out of his little particularist circle, strong in self-reliance, profoundly prejudiced, ignorant of the ways of others, and the Italian belonging to a patriarchal society, accustomed to having many men and women about him, with a deeper understanding, and the foundation therefore of a diviner humanity, a more understanding pity. The picture is so "unflinching" in its harsh judgment, it puts the unfortunates on the rack, but the poem with the same subject clothes it with beauty and the sweetness of humanity.

In Plate III of the "Harlot's Progress" is to be seen Sir John Gonson, well known as a "harlot-hunting justice." The term is admirably fitted to the Saxon spirit in these deep and pitiable matters. This "harlot-hunting justice" the first great Saxon painter introduces into art. "Dislike your neighbour" is the essence of some of his pictures; "judge in your ignorance your fellow-man and your fallen woman" is the second. So does Saxonism, when it enters a wider field, cramp the art of painting, which gave expression to the beauty of the Renaissance and the positive subjects' morality of Rembrandt.

[1] Austin Dobson, *Hogarth*, p. 35.

Hogarth made paint talk, as Wagner, infected with the Continental predominance of the particularist spirit, made music talk, and both arts were made to talk morals. Hogarth's value was esteemed on purely moral grounds in a country which knew no art. "I esteem," says Fielding in the *Champion* (June 10, 1740), "the ingenious Mr. Hogarth as one of the most useful Satyrists any age hath produced. In his excellent works you see the delusive scene exposed with all the force of humour, and, on casting your eyes on another Picture, you behold the dreadful and fatal consequence. I almost dare affirm that these two works of his, which he calls the *Rake's* and the *Harlot's Progress*, are calculated more to serve the cause of virtue, and for the Preservation of Mankind, than all the *Folios of Morality* which have ever been written; and a sober Family should no more be without them, than without the *Whole Duty of Man* in their House."[1]

Yet, strangely enough, Hogarth is at bottom artist, who has to yield to this Saxon spirit! He is the forced expressor of it. There is no help for him. He himself thinks little enough of these Progresses. His words are: "Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk (i.e. 'painting and engraving modern moral subjects'), I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *the great style of history painting;* so that without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, *The Pool of Bethesda* and *The Good Samaritan*, with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen, to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might

[1] Quoted from Dobson, pp. 50, 51.

prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined. But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer;* and still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large."[1] Dobson is dreadfully puzzled by Hogarth saying "before I had done anything of much consequence," and goes into a lot of analysis of dates to prove to Hogarth that he must have painted the "Harlot's Progress," and therefore he has no right to depreciate himself unless he wants to show a "perverse blindness to his real vocation."

Hogarth, who had to return to his "former dealings with the public at large," that is, to the Saxon interpretation, had deep within him the passion for beauty. He is driven back to his moral picture-stories, "Taste in High Life," "Marriage à-la-Mode," "Electioneering Series," "Gin Lane," etc., but he "dreamed of competing successfully with the magic colouring and voluptuous imagination of the Italians."[2] He does not seem to have been under any deception himself as to the influence of the Saxon on art. He clearly recognizes the conflict that I word so awkwardly as that of particularism *versus* patriarchalism. He has left a vivid etching entitled the "*Battle of the Pictures.*" In bitter irony he shows his moral pictures at war against the beauty pictures of the past. The antagonists fly angrily at each other in the air. The "Rake's Progress" pierces Titian's "Feast of Olympus," the "Midnight Modern Conversations" tears open a Rubens, a Magdalen kneeling before the Cross beats down the "Harlot's Progress," and "St. Francis" overcomes the "Four Times of the Day." Poor artist Hogarth, expressing the Saxon spirit with such bitter self-abnegation, dreaming the while of "competing successfully with the

[1] Dobson, pp. 52, 53. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 110.

magic colouring and voluptuous imagination of the Italians,"[1] writing his book on the *Analysis of Beauty* to appeal to the reasons of his fellow-countrymen who had not the feeling for art, this book with his shrewd sayings on curves and variety, and at the end the priced catalogue of his own prints. He paints his one great picture for beauty and beauty's sake only, choosing as subject Sigismunda weeping over the heart of Guiscardo. Both his book on beauty and his beauty-picture are virulently attacked, mocked at and sneered upon. Sigismunda could mourn over Guiscardo's heart and Hogarth could mourn over beauty, but with this side of art and the artist Saxon critics and Saxon public would have nothing to do. They wanted pictures with plain precepts. The next picture Hogarth produced after the cruel fate of Sigismunda was entitled "*Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism: A Medley.*"

A yet stranger phenomenon in the art world than even Hogarth was England's most famous painter, Turner. Turner (1775–1851) was born eleven years after Hogarth's death. He and his contemporary, Constable, are typical Saxon painters. Constable is the moderate, quiet, midday Saxon content in the quiet isolation of the country. Turner is the Saxon irritated by and ill-adapted to city life, and therefore more uncontrolled and romantic.

Both, as is known, were landscape painters. Landscape was the chief discovery of the English, say the critics unanimously. It was to be expected of these Saxon agriculturists, these people who loved the isolation of the country far more than they loved their fellow-men. Turner went further and discovered the sun. Strange that this should happen in the mistiest of islands, and still more that it should happen in the spot where of all others the sun is rarest visitant. For Turner, the son of a barber, was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and becoming more fortunate

[1] Dobson, p. 110.

moved to Harley Street, and later to Queen Anne Street, going out to the riverside at Chelsea to die. Moreover, Turner lived thoroughly in the gloom and squalor that is London's peculiar speciality. Thornbury, in his *Life of Turner*, quotes a lively description of his house in Queen Anne Street (*Times*, November 10th, 1856): "It runs thus: 'In that region of dull and decorous streets which radiates to the north and west from Cavendish Square, Queen Anne Street is one of the dullest and dingiest; and of that dreary Queen Anne Street the dreariest house any thirty years before 1851 was No. 47. Judging from its weather-stained and soot-grimed walls, its patched windows dark with dust and foul with cobwebs, its woodwork unrefreshed by paint, its chimneys from which curled no smoke, its unsound threshold, it might have been in Chancery, it might have been haunted, it might have been the scene of a murder. Yet it was not uninhabited. . . . In that house—47 Queen Anne Street West, from 1812–1851, lived Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest landscape painter of the English school. Hanging along a bare and chilly gallery on the first floor of that gloomy house, stacked against the walls, rolled up in dark closets, flung aside into damp cellars, the rain streaming down the canvases from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting skylights, were collected some of the noblest landscapes that were ever painted, while piles of drawings even more masterly, and reams of sketches, the rudiments and first thoughts of finished works, were piled away in portfolios, and presses, and boxes in every nook and corner of the dark and dusky dwelling!"[1] There are no patrons here. How should there be? Such lords as the Saxons possessed were agricultural lords, understanding how to hunt, to fish, to shoot, to slay not for food but for sport, but understanding nothing of the culture of urban populations or of communal culture.

[1] Walter Thornbury, *Life of Turner*, 1877, pp. 321, 322, 323.

There are no Lorenzos or Leo Xs amongst them. So this Saxon artist lives in his grubby, dirty house, surrounded by a production more prolific than that of any other artist in the world. He cares nothing for town art, for the art of his own house, but in urban squalor he lives surrounded by his masterpieces of sky and country scenes. He lives, too, as isolated as if he were in the country, and as eager to preserve his own possessions from interference, refusing notes of hundreds and thousands of pounds for some hidden or stacked canvas, notoriously secretive and aloof. Yet before him, whatsoever new and significant other Saxon artists, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Romney, Wilkie, Leslie, Landseer, even Constable, brought, "they pale before the mighty achievements of this genius of light, who stole the very sunrays. He who stands for the first time before Turner's pictures in the London National Gallery, feels that he has encountered the expression of a vast elemental natural force, and shivers of awe course down his spine."[1]

Poor imprisoned Saxon, shut up in grimy London with imagination ever dwelling on the wonder of the sky and the flame and fire of the sundawn. For the poetic charm that is said to enwrap the vast city Turner had no appreciation whatsoever. Isolated in its tremendous whirl of beings, solitary except for his few cherished friends and the old father who cooked the meals and stretched his canvases, carrying his secretiveness so far that "few ever saw him paint,"[2] "slovenly, lame, often not over-clean in dress, awkward and unconciliatory in habits,"[3] reticent, earnest, mysterious in his privacy, ill-educated, sternly independent, this strange man stole the very sunrays. It was Saxonism in the city dreaming of the open sky, the haze of distance and the rich dyes of sundawn and sunset, Saxonism made fierce and panting by confine-

[1] Springer, Vol. V, p. 134.
[2] Sir Walter W. Armstrong, *Turner*, 1902, p. 12.
[3] Thornbury, p. 282.

ment and estrangement from what it loved with a turbulent riot of power, the Deluge, the Snowstorm, Rain, Steam and Speed, A Fire at Sea, the fiercest, wildest moods, the most violent adornment and finery with which nature can cajole, awe, and overwhelm mankind. When sixty-seven years old, Turner wanted to see the fierceness of a storm at sea. So when the wind was raging and snow swirling, Turner went out to sea in the ship *Ariel* and got the sailors to lash him to the mast for four hours. There was no Rococo court grace and daintiness about this Saxon Ulysses listening to the voice of the storm, this old Saxon Turner with his passionate determination to see his mistress Nature in all her moods. So with his communion with the free sky, with storm and sunshine, with his absolute self-reliance and freedom from all masters, with his steady, undeviating earnestness, his indomitable patience and will, Turner rendered and bequeathed the wonderful pictures that make him unique among artists. He was true Saxon with the means of expressing himself freely and untrammelled. His painting was instinctive, and his inability to express the secret of his power notorious. When the simple, uncouth old man, content to be "seen on a Margate steamer, eating shrimps out of an immense red silk handkerchief laid across his knees,"[1] was hailed by Ruskin as the Apostle of Nature, it meant little enough to him. "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do, he puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended,"[2] was his comment on his youthful champion. Determined in his own independence, Turner stinted himself for the avowed purpose of founding a charity which should keep poor and sick artists from actual want. In his life he sustained the charge of niggardliness, and at his death left some £140,000 for the charity. The will was disputed, and the money that should have gone to preserve to poor Saxon

[1] Thornbury, p. 301. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 236.

artists their independence, went to Chancery lawyers, and so the great Turner's bread-and-cheese meals were subtly balanced by the professors of law and justice. Yet wonderful and penetrating and discovering as Turner was, "recognized to-day as one of the greatest painters of all peoples and of all times,"[1] how is it that many who understand, love and appreciate all other great painters, are doubtful about Turner? They do not feel before his pictures that warm feeling of content and delight that they feel before those of other great masters. I have personally in myself noticed this lack again and again, and Sir Walter Armstrong in his monograph poses the same question. His answer is that Turner was no decorator, that he had no love for coherent beauty in his surroundings, that to him as to other painters of the time "the agreeable colour, the large harmony of design, the unity of conception which spring naturally from a desire to adapt even the freest forms of art to existing data, were conspicuously absent."[2] Turner's idea—and this artists of the time allowed—was to subordinate art and art-forms to meaning. Armstrong sums up "that Turner was a mediator rather than a maker, that his instinct was towards explanation, illustration, and insistence rather than towards creation, that his pictures exist for what they tell us rather than what they are, and, consequently, that his achievement must be measured, more than that of any other famous painter, by collation with free and pre-existing beauty. He was no virtuoso. He never hung upon the charms of his instrument, coaxing it to make the most of its essential and distinctive gifts and persuade the stander-by that no rival medium could pour passion so richly from one human vessel to another. . . . He kicked at the limitations of his medium, and employed a more willing ingenuity in pushing on beyond it than in showing its native felicity. And to this, it must finally be said, he owes the unprecedented

[1] Lubke, Vol. V, p. 165. [2] Armstrong, p. 201.

worship he now enjoys."[1] There is a perpetual contest "between those who see beauty but not its cause, and those who see both the one and the other. For the former, art is imitation, reproduction, illustration, selection, everything which involves the supremacy of the object and the humble obedience—which is by no means the same thing as the deliberate self-suppression—of the artist; for the latter, it is the creation of beauty by welding its elements—line, colour, sound, whatever sense can grasp—into an organic whole, justifying its own existence by its share in the balanced order which controls all vitality. On the result of the struggle between these two conflicting ideas depends the final verdict of the achievement of Turner."[2]

Turner, in short, was particularist, and had no power over or sense for balanced order. "Balanced order" or mutual reciprocity and valuation arises, not from the independence of the particularist, but from the interdependence of the patriarchal artist. The Saxon painters are separate individuals rather than artists, the utilitarian appliers of paint rather than the servants of beauty, choosers of what they think beautiful enough or interesting or instructive enough for imitation, not creators of beauty. Sir William Armstrong hits upon the right remedy for these Saxon artists, were it possible by a remedy to transform particularist artists into patriarchal. "If from the time they began to learn to draw, they had been told that between the most familiar object of daily use and the highest manifestation of the creative spirit there should be an unbroken kinship, like that between a Highland chief and the humblest of his clansmen, they would never have allowed picture painting to degenerate into the separate thing, wrapped up in story telling, that it became in the first half of the nineteenth century."[3] This thought, whether accidental or not, is the most interesting thought I have as yet found on these Saxon artists.

[1] Armstrong, p. 211. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 212. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 202.

John Constable was born in A.D. 1776, a year later than Turner, and died in A.D. 1837. He is easier to understand than Turner, and writers such as Meier Graefe seem very grateful to him for this. Meier Graefe calls him the father of modern painting until he comes to Delacroix, and then he calls Delacroix the father. Of course, fathers are sometimes difficult to identify, even to a genealogical critic like Meier Graefe. Constable himself had a great number of fathers according to Meier Graefe, and yet, strangely enough, the discoverer of these fathers finds that the painter after all was a new phenomenon. But he says, truly enough to me, that "Whatever the mood before entering the National Gallery, five minutes before the Hay Wain gives calm and peace,"[1] but I think the reason is because one comes out of the bustle of London to a beautiful piece of country excellently reproduced. But I do not think anyone in the country would feel the same delight and peace in stepping into a room and seeing the "Hay Wain." In short, though I love the picture, it is because it reproduces something that I love more, and keeps it quietly and motionless in the heart of a great rushing city. It belongs to the class Sir Walter Armstrong described in the words: "For the former, art is imitation, reproduction, illustration, selection, everything which involves the supremacy of the object."

Constable himself was emphatic that art was imitation. "What is painting," he says, "but an imitative art? An art that is to realize, not feign?"[2] At the age of twenty-six he is sure that he feels the necessity of discarding tradition. It is unnatural to him. He will interpret nature as it seems to him, he will not see it with the eyes of tradition, but with the independence of Saxon eyes. To Dunthorne he writes: "For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand . . . I shall return to

[1] Meier Graefe, *Modern Art*, Vol. I, p. 124.
[2] M. S. Henderson, *Constable*, 1905, p. 8.

Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the Exhibition worth looking up to. There is room enough for a natural painter."[1] So a natural painter he becomes, and sets up his easel in the country to the scandal of his contemporaries, believing beauty to dwell only in studios.

A quiet, domestic man is Constable, yet self-reliant and determined, with a profound love of the country and belief that the truth was what he saw and understood. He was a true Saxon, without the capacity to throne his pictures in art forms, but finding beauty in the exact rendering of what he loved in the nature of his homeland. His pictures are imitative, descriptive, coloured illustrations, but the scenes that he chooses are those of a fresh, exuberant, verdant, lush, vigorous, rejoicing nature, the full foliage, the rich pasture land, great billowy clouds, trees bent by a lusty wind, and floods of full-day sun.

Thus the Saxon artists are typified by these three great painters—Hogarth, Turner, and Constable. The first paints pictures that tell stories with a moral and mourns over the loss of beauty and his countrymen's inability to appreciate beauty. The second lives in gloomy isolation in the murky capital, and strives to console himself by a wild, romantic, and extravagant imagination of nature in her freest, wildest, and most masterful, least man-controlled moods. The third is the Saxon in the country, contented and at peace, carefully imitating the verdant and fertile country which he loved.

But in none is there ruler quality. The monumental art, which is the expression of a graded and ordered nation, is altogether lacking. Nor in these pictures is there ruler quality. Balanced order is lacking. The first principle of art, the positive mutual reciprocity of parts, with distinction of units and graded valuation, is absent. The second quality

[1] Leslie, p. 17.

of simplification, which shows power, is also absent. In their place is careful imitation or subjects' realism. The artists do not simplify and arrange phenomena and nature as do ruler minds, they do not make an art out of the raw material of nature, but they serve the phenomenon they paint, they obey it by careful imitation. The third quality of art, namely, permanence, is also lacking. These artists have discarded that which has the approval of time, namely tradition. Nature is not expressed by them in that mould or shape of which custom has approved and which tradition secures. She is expressed as she appears to each individually, particulately, or, as it is called, truthfully, not communally or artistically. There is no common tie, but each man and artist can think and express as he will. With each new painter there is, therefore, change. There is no combined and tireless striving, which results in great architecture and in an art with permanent and lasting features.

All the features of the art of life are missing or waning. Mutual reciprocity is missing. In its place is individualism or personal independence and freedom of choice. Simplification is missing. In its place is imitation. Permanence is missing. In its place is change, as each new inventive or rebellious painter appears. Power, which expresses itself in valuation, balanced order, simplification, and permanence, is missing. In its place is imitation or subjects' realism, or, still more anarchical, particulate reality as it appears to each man, independently of his fellow-men. In brief, all the qualities of the art of life are missing or waning, and in their place is the outlook of the particularist.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST CENTURY

SAXONISM or particularism was pre-eminent in Europe. It was the new influence. It had replaced in power its rival, the Roman patriarchal form.

In France the royal truste, imposed upon the Frankish people by Philip Augustus, became absolute under Louis XIV (A.D. 1643–1715). Louis himself expressed it in the well-known saying, "L'état, c'est moi." It was he who supported the struggle of the royal truste against the growing forces of particularism in Europe. The struggle, especially that against England, was very costly to the nation. This cost would not have mattered supremely—for people are willing to suffer with their chosen chieftains—but in the case of France the patriarchalism was not complete. The royal truste was an imposition. It was not the natural outgrowth and crown of the social system of the people. The French nation consisted, as has been pointed out, of a particularist peasant and agricultural trading people, on which a patriarchal truste had been imposed. The difference between this imposition and true patriarchalism is very evident in the history of France. France consisted of two distinct portions, a royal truste or court at Paris or Versailles, and the rest of the country. The nobility and supposed heads and leaders of the people flocked to the royal court, and left the people, from whom they drew their revenues, to shift for themselves. There was no sort of personal relation between these nobles and the people as exists in true patriarchalism. Only the nobles, who were too poor to go to the court, remained on

the land, and they spent as little as possible on their estates. They indulged, in the words of Arthur Young, who travelled in France, in 1787–8–9, in "a mere seclusion to save money in order to spend it in towns." The French nobles were, in fact, like to the English lords, who owned Irish estates. The result of this possession without personal inspection, love or care, was the same in both countries. The people hated instead of loving their chiefs, and the chiefs used their positions merely to extort taxes from the people. Consequently, in both countries life was negative and miserable. The misery Arthur Young saw in France was like that he saw in Ireland: "Scenes of pitiable management reminded me of the misery of Ireland."

As the hatred between the people and the truste increased, it was only natural that the Franks should look for some expression of their desire for freedom from this tyranny and when at the death of Louis XIV in A.D. 1715 the tyranny of the royal truste was relaxed, it was to the land of the Saxons that they looked. There is something singularly striking in this turning of the Frank to the Saxon after the passage of so many centuries. It was deep calling unto deep.

It is described by the learned Buckle: "During the reign of Louis XIV, the French, puffed up by national vanity, despised the barbarism of the people who were so uncivilized as to be always turning on their rulers, and who within the space of forty years had executed one king, and deposed another. They could not believe that such a restless horde possessed anything worthy the attention of enlightened men. Our laws, our literature, and our manners were perfectly unknown to them; and I doubt if at the end of the seventeenth century there were, either in literature or science, five persons in France acquainted with the English language. . . . During the two generations which elapsed between the death of Louis XIV and the outbreak of the Revolution, there was

hardly a Frenchman of eminence who did not either visit England or learn English, while many of them did both. Buffon, Brissot, Broussonet, Condamine, Delisle, Elie de Beaumont, Gournay, Helvétius, Jussieu, Lalande, Lafayette, Larcher, L'Héritier, Montesquieu, Maupertuis, Morellet, Mirabeau, Nollet, Raynal, the celebrated Roland and his still more celebrated wife, Rousseau, Ségur, Suard, Voltaire —all these remarkable persons flocked to London, as did others of inferior ability, but of considerable influence."[1] Buckle then gives a list of 33 names, to be followed by a list of 153 celebrated mathematicians, physicians, scientists, historians, poets, dramatists, and writers, who, he found, "in the course of general reading," were acquainted with the English language.

Saxonism and particularism, the independence of man from society with the exception of his voluntary submission to the fewest possible laws and his voluntary and reasoned readiness to join with his neighbour for purposes of offence or defence, spread swiftly in France. Rousseau became its chiefest prophet, and in A.D. 1762 in the Contrat Social proclaimed the sovereignty of the people. Man is born free, he declared, and even happy and good, but society depraves him, crushes him, loads him with chains. The Assembly proclaimed the same in the Declaration of the Rights of Man: men are born and remain free and equal in their rights: liberty consists in being able to do anything so long as it does not injure another: the rights are those of property, of security against oppressors, of holding any office of state whatsoever, if held worthy so to do: there is to be equality of taxation and of law: there is to be tolerance of all opinion, religious or political. In A.D. 1789 the French Revolution was in violent action. Freedom swept away loyalty, submission, divinity of kingship, and divinity of religion, and ran riot, blindly striving to organize

[1] Buckle, Vol. II, pp. 214, 215, and 216.

itself, to change itself into something other than freedom, yet big with ideals and mighty endeavours and powerful exponents. The potential energy of individuality was loosed. Strong practical men arose from lowest ranks, unhindered by aristocratic villainies and impassable barriers, and at length, raised up by this pile of loosed individuality, appeared the child of a noble Tuscan family which had been shut up for two and a half centuries in Corsica, and had preserved in that island exile the spirit of the Renaissance, of the Tuscan, of the Etruscan, of the Pelasgian, the organizing and creating spirit. He aroused a people, weary of internal chaos, to a passion of loyalty, and using their loosed energies to give him strength, he swept through Europe with irresistible power, and with this amazing rebirth of the Roman imperial spirit, seemed as if he would fulfil Dante's dream of universal empire consecrated by submissive papal authority.

But he had to work alone. Alone he began to consolidate his power on patriarchal imperial lines. He re-established a court, tried to restore refinement, and sent for dancing masters and famished nobles to teach his uncouth generals and their wives and relatives how to bow and curtsey. He re-established a State Church and priesthood, and created and organized the Napoleonic code.

But his was the only imperial spirit throughout Europe, suffering as Europe was from particularist disintegration. No single expressor understood him or felt his spirit. Everything was against him. Even the French themselves turned against him in 1814. The seagirt Saxon was his most determined foe. Even the kings were against him, and when the allied monarchs were mustering to march against France, he cried, "The fools cannot see that it was I who extinguished revolution and for twenty years worked hard to consolidate monarchy."[1] But neither kings nor

[1] *Mes Souvenirs sur Napoléon par Count Chaptal*, 1893, pp. 320, 321.

emperors could stop particularism and its overthrow of all that belonged to the Roman spirit and the patriarchal form of government. In France the Bourbons were driven out by a second revolution, and Louis Philippe in A.D. 1848. For four years there was a second Republic, for eighteen years a second Empire, in A.D. 1871 the Commune, and from A.D. 1871 onwards the third Republic.

In other countries, too, there was a fever of unrest. Agricultural Ireland, so like to France, rebelled in A.D. 1798, and fought with and was encountered by a ferocity equal to that of the French Revolution. In England there were Peterloos, Chartist Riots, and Reform Bills to smooth out revolution, in Spain revolutions and reversions, in Italy revolutions and new unions, in Portugal a new constitution, in Greece revolts and nationalist movements, in Belgium revolution, in Poland insurrection, in Galicia insurrection, in Russia insurrection, in Bohemia revolution, in Austria-Hungary revolution, Metternich flung down and the emperor in flight, revolution in Vienna, revolution in Berlin, revolution in Prague, civil warfare in America, anarchists, reactionists, socialists, nihilists, communists, heterodox sects and sects of sects, divisions innumerable, theism, pantheism, atheism, beliefs innumerable waning to agnosticism and indifferentism, truths innumerable, restless unceasing strife, loosed individualism struggling together, a general struggle, a struggle for existence, social anarchy or ineptitude, personal rivalry leading to continual discovery of new weapons, a vast increase of quantity, a vast accumulation of unvalued stuff called knowledge and science, all without parallel and without aim and without values, all believed in intensely as a means to somewhere, an age never rising above means, worshipping means, scrambling for money, struggling to exist and with no knowledge as to what is the aim and purpose of existence, struggling for existence as a means only, calling all these unvalued means progress, progress

to nowhere that man knows, but progress withal, with heavy blows and a mêlée of battle, such has been the result of Saxonism challenging with increasing victory the old patriarchal social systems and customs and world outlook, which Europe had received from the East.

Even the East is infected. Egypt struggles for nationalism, India struggles for nationalism, Japan enters the national struggle to exist. Only the greatest patriarchal nation in the world dozes in æon-long content. Why should she disturb herself? She has long solved the question of the art of life and found a system that can challenge the passing centuries. She has had no fretting offspring to disturb her peace. She has no need of progress, for she has no rival. She has time for the profounder problems and gentler usages and refinements of life. She does not furiously strive merely to accumulate means. She has not raised the difficulties of existence to such a pitch that mere struggle to exist becomes a creed and a philosophy. Yet even she is being fidgeted by these fretful Goths and Aryans. Still she will only move slowly, for she is self-sufficient. Only extreme danger from without will move her, because she is self-sufficient and needs no rival. Why, then, should she kill life by feverish existence? Why lose aim in accumulating means? Why run in mad haste, except to out-pace a rival? Why travel in a machine, if there is time to walk and to travel in the charming Eastern fashion? Why all this turmoil, this mad riot of speed, these strained faces, and nervous, fevered figures? Progress to what? Can any answer? Are these progressors rushing tumultuously, pell-mell, helter-skelter into some unknown heaven? Or are they rushing because they cannot master life, cannot simplify it, and give permanence to its form? Is there something of panic, of fear and weakness, of the frightened herd in this rush?

The shuffling of kings in mediæval times did not matter

much, for the systems did not change. The great mass of the people were left undisturbed. But this was a shuffling of systems. It was the introduction of the Saxon principle of isolation and independence from one's fellow-man into interdependent social systems. This principle had been nearly conquered in France, and it seemed as if patriarchal Prussia might conquer it in Germany. But separated by a stretch of water a man can see across on a clear day was Europe's Atlantic island, where this principle had bred pure, and it seemed that with the advent of the Saxon island to power, all the slow consolidation of centuries was flung into the air.

So it seemed; yet in spite of this riot and revolution, this lashing of waves upon the surface, in patriarchal countries the communal sense is still paramount.

"The French Revolution," wrote de Tourville, "contrary to the received dictum, was not, in the strict sense of the word, a *social* revolution; it did not fundamentally modify the anti-particularist type, which was reconstituted in France under the great monarchy. . . . In spite of the success of some of its political and legislative reforms, it did not really succeed in diverting the spirit of the French from the communal form of society into which they had lapsed since the natural dissolution of the feudal system."[1] He quotes de Tocqueville and Taine as witnesses, and the centralization of government and the communal life is known to all acquainted with modern France. The peasants and traders and people of France overthrew the royal truste, just as their brethren in England overthrew Charles I. Even as the English overthrowers were unable to rule and first permitted the dictatorship of Cromwell and then acclaimed the restoration of the monarchy, so it was with France. "The French, from the foremost men to the last, from the men of genius to the mass of the people, were incapable of

[1] De Tourville, p. 439.

conceiving society in any other way than as a communal society."[1] They were capable of feeling the individual aspirations and principles of the Saxon, but they were incapable of framing a society on those principles and aspirations. De Tourville regrets this failure, but it is inevitable, for the change of character in a nation never occurs in a generation. A people expresses itself not only in the environment that it builds around it, but also in the kind of world outlook it possesses in thought, religion, custom, literature, etc. Such environment and world outlook cannot be changed in a generation, and however strong the particularist personal traditions were in the French, all their customs in relation to the state, society, and environment bore the communal stamp. There was within them the particularist as also the patriarchal spirit. Both were ingrained in the Aryan, otherwise the Norwegian fiords would have been of no effect, for environment does not mould people, imprint itself upon people, shape them, as if they were clay, but it permits a certain part of their heredity to develop and selects that part at the expense of other parts. So the French remained mixed, sharing particularist ideas of liberty and independence with patriarchal ideas of communal interdependence.

This mixture is admirably expressed in their art. It possesses the imitative realism and naturalism of the Saxon with an added communal quality. In this latter quality it is like to the Dutch painting. It thrones Saxon notions in art forms—repetition and balance with slight variation—which are themselves dependent upon the patriarchal system. It was these art forms, this throwing the subject into a form of beauty, which was found to be wanting in the Saxon artists. In the French artists, as with the Dutch, it is not wanting. A further quality of the patriarchal character is seen in the French art. It is the quality also seen in the

[1] De Tourville, p. 454.

Dutch pictures, namely, the more positive relation towards mankind. There is not the negative judging and condemning that is so conspicuous in Hogarth's art. For this absence of judging one's fellow-men is eminently characteristic of the patriarchal type. Its larger intercourse brings a wider and more understanding humanity. For this human sensitiveness and understanding the French as a people have for long distinguished themselves. There are few European peoples who excel them in this respect. I think the Irish probably do, and certainly the Russians. The Russians are the most unspoilt patriarchal people in Europe, and as a result their positive humaneness is so clean and pure that it is to them one turns for its exposition, to explain clearly what is meant by this quality in French art. Maurice Baring thus describes this Russian quality, after first speaking of English hypocrisy so as to sharpen the outline: "Where the want of the cement of hypocrisy is most noticeable, is in the personal relations of the Russians towards their fellow creatures. They do not in the least mind confessing things of which people in other countries are ashamed; they do not mind admitting to dishonesty, immorality, or cowardice, if they happen to feel that they are saturated with these defects; and they feel that their fellow creatures will not think the worse of them on this account, because they know that their fellow creatures will understand. The astounding indulgence of the Russians arises out of their infinite capacity for understanding. . . . They are the most humane and the most notably kind of all the peoples in Europe."[1]

Something of this quality existed in the French artists, as it also existed in the Dutch painters. Amongst the French, Millet was its chief exponent.

Briefly, then, this French art was similar to the Saxon in so far as painting was its mode of expression and its subjects were imitations of nature or subjects realism, but it

[1] Maurice Baring, *Landmarks in Russian Literature*, pp. 2, 3.

was superior to the Saxon in its use of art forms and the formula of beauty, in its positive humaneness and also, in the case of Millet, in ideational power and the power of simplification.

In dealing with modern artists, many of whose pictures are in private collections, one has to depend more on books and reproductions than is the case with old masters. I have had to rely largely on book illustrations and accounts.

Three years after the banishment of Napoleon, Géricault exhibited the first "realistic" picture, "The Raft of the Medusa." The frigate *Medusa*, on the 2nd of July, 1816, suffered shipwreck with four hundred passengers on board. Fifty-nine of them were able to escape immediate death by constructing a raft. On this raft, of the fifty-nine only fifteen survived the horrors of hunger, thirst, and despair before rescue came from a passing vessel, the *Argus*. As the subject of his picture Géricault chose the moment when the sails of the *Argus* appeared on the horizon. The picture shows the drama by the contrast of the wild gesticulations of the living and the stiff outlines of the dead, by the contrast of light and shade, by the use of colour and by the painter's careful studies in the Morgue and the hospitals of the dead and the dying. It is, in short, a piece of vivid journalism of a sensational dramatic accident and incident.

It was this picture which inflamed Delacroix. Delacroix typically expressed the loosed energy without aim of revolutionary France. His greatest picture is that of "Liberty, the Leaderess of the People," in the Louvre. Liberty, a young woman, naked to the waist, with the tricolour standard in her hand, urges children and citizens forward over the bodies of the dead to beat down the barricades. The picture is so realistic, so like what one might have seen with the eyes, that one might hear with the ears too; "one believes one hears the Marseillaise,"[1] says Haack.

[1] Lübke, Vol. V, p. 191.

But the fiery energy of the Revolution embodied in Delacroix knew no aim. As the artist said in his journal of A.D. 1824, he felt "an infinite passion for what one never obtains, an emptiness one can never fill." Everywhere he seems to have sought some apt expression for the tempests within him, and he went so far as to paint pictures of wild beasts tearing each other in the fury of a death struggle, or a tiger rending the neck and cheek of an anguished horse. Only the most lurid colours came from his brush, and only the brilliancy of Morocco and the passion of Arab life satisfied the fervid pulsations of his heart. Such was the greatest expressor of the spirit of the Revolution. But the violent, dramatic, and tragic period passed. Géricault and Delacroix were succeeded by the true French spirit, its communal spirit influenced by Saxonism. Its chief exponents were Corot and Millet, both of peasant stock. The sudden violence of loosed individuality, the inspiration of liberty, the fire of hope, the eager search after the new, the fearlessness before horror, surely if there were anything in loosed individuality, the license to each one to do his best, one would expect a continuance of the spirit of Géricault and Delacroix, in an art of terrific vigour, of startling vision, of strenuous activity, of heroic capacity. But all this violence is contrary to the spirit of valuing and ordering which go to make an art of life. For emotion produced by incidents is transitory, whereas beauty expresses and possesses the qualities of quietude and permanence. The revolutionary period passed, and Corot and Millet were able to express themselves in terms of beauty.

Corot (1796–1875) had not the ruler quality of simplification as Millet had, but he possessed with Millet the power of composition. He was a Constable seeing nature, and imitating what he saw. Only Constable saw nature in a Saxon way and Corot in a communal way. The contrast is interesting. The vigorous representation of the countryside, the

wind, cloud, and boisterous health of the Saxon was changed by Corot to an unconscious or conscious composition of a landscape in art forms, in repetitions with slight variations in shades of silver-greys and silver-greens. Before Constable one feels a freshness of sun-covered grass, wind-driven foliage, and billowy fleets of cloud; but before Corot one feels the charm and beauty of art, of selection, of the quietude which the beauty of art forms impose upon one. There is no discord, no commonplace imitation, no startling advertisement, but only the subtle almost unconscious composing effect that beauty has upon one. How different he is to Turner and the Saxon's love of the unique. Corot takes a quiet scene of a woodland lake, but conceives of it rarely. He makes of this commonplace lake something beautiful, not because he is imitator, but because he is artist and master of art forms. Turner, on the other hand, sees something startling and tries to imitate it, and secures a success of imitation in which certainly few can rival him. But hear what Corot says of sunsets: "It sets amidst an explosion of yellow, of orange, of fire-red, of cherry, of purple. Ah, it's pretentious and vulgar; I don't like that."[1] So speaks an artist, for, as someone truly said, these red and fiery sunsets are nature playing on a brass band.

And this comparison of a sunset, a transitory effect, to another transitory effect, that of music, is justifiable. Here, on the other hand, I wish to dispose of, once and for all, the senseless sliding of modern critics into comparing beautiful pictures and architecture and sculpture to music. Mauclair, for instance, says that Corot "touches the soul by means analogous to those of music."[2] Pater goes as far in absurdity as anyone can go in this respect, and says in italics, as if propounding a great doctrine, that "all art constantly aspires to the condition of music."[3] This is making the greater arts

[1] C. S. Smith, *Barbizon Days*, p. 112.
[2] *Great French Painters*, by Camille Mauclair, p. 9.
[3] Pater, *Renaissance*, 1888, p. 140.

aspire to the lesser, which is absurd. Architecture and sculpture are the greatest of the arts. They express a definite shape or form with permanency and immobility. Painting has permanence, but lacking the third dimension can only give an illusion of form, and should always be subservient to architecture or sculpture. It cannot stand alone, showing its power and beauty to all who would see. But with sculpture and architecture painting shares permanence and immobility. One can sit quietly and gaze long at the loved picture, assured of time and shielded against disturbance. Time is abolished and conquered. Thus painting can, though not with the completeness of sculpture or architecture, render that sense of eternity, that conquest of the transitory and the temporal, that permanency of perfection, that forgetfulness of self in the eternal verities, which are the qualities of the highest beauty. None of this can be said to be the property of a transitory art like music. Even more than poetry, it is the art of passing emotions, of emotions which constantly vary. The emotion and thought of poetry can be repeated owing to the similar content of the words. That of music tends to vary and must essentially be transitory. To a democratic people, living, as ordinary people do, in the incident of the moment, and incapable of enjoying anything more sustained than that of momentary stimuli and excitements, naturally music is exalted to the favourite of the arts. With poetry, music can be taken passage by passage separately, particulately. A beautiful line, a few beautiful notes satisfies the democratic mind, which is wholly and utterly incapable of comprehending the expression of a full and complete organization such as the simple shape and grandeur of the pyramid offers, and consequently a democratic critic like Pater wins applause by stating as an axiom that all the arts strive to the condition of music. I vastly prefer to hear Benvenuto Cellini speak of "that damnable music" and "accursed art," which seemed to him far

below the goldsmith's craft, to this liquefactive form of criticism.

It is the order and beauty beyond time, space, and subject, which make Corot's pictures works of art and superior to imitations of nature. "In the Louvre," writes Haack, "his pictures hang with those of the other painters of the Barbizon fellowship, but they at once single themselves out, bind the onlooker at the first glance by their magical power, and never let him go free."[1] Some little hint as to why this is so Haack gives. "There are to be found united in the works of this firstborn of the Pleiades the finest Rococo charm, and the fulness of style and classic distinction with the warm modern feeling for nature." Briefly, the French had broken the power of the royal truste under Saxon and particularist impulses, but having done so they preserved the communal form of life. So Corot takes up patriarchalism on a lower scale of life. He represents it not in its royal or ruler form, but in its agricultural form. Consequently his outlook and the expression of his pictures, though they are country subjects, preserve all the communal balance and order which constitute the art of life and express themselves in the art of beauty. Corot was unconscious apparently of the mould in which he had been cast. In common with nearly all men he spoke of his outlook—the agricultural communal outlook—as the truth. He speaks of nature as an absolute, not as she is to him and to his like. Once he said to a friend: "I pray every day the bon Dieu to make me a child, that I may see her (nature) as she is, and to make her, as a child, without reserve."[2] But he saw gently, with the mind of the communal order of a patriarchal society, and with the positive humaneness which is so characteristic of the subjects of that society. The profound respect for his parents always characterized Corot.

[1] Lübke, Vol. V, 316, 317.
[2] C. S. Smith, *Barbizon Days*, p. 98.

He never failed on a Sunday, unless on a journey, to take his mother—*la belle femme*—on his arm to church. He was content, and challenged a friend to find traces of sorrow, ambition, or remorse upon his calm and happy face. For his attitude to life was positive, for the beauty he desired and loved was to be found in the peasant-social life. Whether one takes a characteristic story or a characteristic picture of Corot it matters little; both illustrate the same spirit. But the picture is the greater, so I will take the story first. "He made one year, near Arras, a study of a little peasant girl. On his return the following year he learned that the child had been drowned. Carrying his sketch to the father, he said, 'Here is your daughter come back!' The peasant would never allow that sketch to be loaned to an exposition or seen by anyone but himself, and directed in his will that it be laid on his heart to sleep with him in the tomb."[1] Can one not see this same quality in the lovely picture of his in the Louvre entitled "Un Paysage"? Very different is this quiet spirit to the peasant spirit in rebellion which Delacroix expressed. The picture is full of quiet harmony, but of the power of valuing, of ruler power, ordering men in ranks of value, there is no trace. It is not a great work of art, but a charming one, with the charm of interdependent peasantry. The picture is well chosen. Out of the cool silver-green shades and shadows of a woodland one looks to the silver-white that lies upon a placid lake. The central oval of the lake is framed by the curving bank and foliage of the tree that arches over it and by the lighter foliage to the left. The central lightness of the lake is itself broken and equally divided into two parts by the birch tree. On the further bank on the right two haze-enveloped tree masses also repeat each other in shape. Everywhere there is the repeated use of silver and silver-green art forms and series, the silver mist

[1] *Barbizon Days*, p. 119.

lying over the water and where the foliage hides the water, the soft gleam of silvery light upon leaf, twig, and grass, and the deeper silver-greens of shade and shadow. It is this use of art forms as well as the composition of the lake framed by the trees and foliage, which gives the picture its charm.

The same interdependent peasant spirit is seen in Jean François Millet (1814–1875), himself of peasant birth. But Millet is greater than Corot. His was the master mind that could select essentials, and extract and express the simple qualities that unify all peasant life. Patience, persistence, and acquiescence, these are the qualities which Millet expresses in all the varied issues of peasant life. For example, there is the picture of "Death and the Woodgatherer," at Copenhagen, which is so impressive in its reproductions. The tall, gaunt Death, with scythe and hour-glass that is spent, in passing lays his outstretched hand lightly on the shoulder of a peasant, who, cowering down, grips at his wood bundle as if he would so hold to life itself. The peasant is in the shadow of Death. The light shows only the resisting lines of the man's arms gripping the bundle and his knees as he shrinks from the touch. But Death, in contrast, is well lighted. The clinging drapery of his figure is in white light, and thus without words, but with the higher certainty of compelling the feelings, Death declares his absolute victory. The picture otherwise is veiled in the quiet gloom of contemplative thought, for Millet blends mood and light as only the master mind can, who sees in sunlight the symbol of hopeful activity and in twilight the symbol of thoughtful reverie. How different is this to the many realistic pictures such as those of Millet's first master, Delaroche. Death as a realistic scene is so commonplace, but Millet sublimates its tragedy, and shows the inevitable loosening from life that is so loved in spite of all its hardships. Yet there is the acquiescence of the peasant in this picture. There is no blind resistance. He merely grips the bundle of his daily

employ more tightly and crouches away from Death. The lines of his arms curve away from Death, and yet with a touch of absolute mastery Millet makes them bowed by the straight outstretched lighted arm of Death—as an archer bends a bow—and compels them to follow the more highly lighted and sweeping curve of Death as he passes onwards.

Millet was, indeed, of all modern artists, master of his means. The lesser men, the critics, accused him of want of colour because he used drab browns in his peasant pictures. But Millet understood far more about colour than these critics, who, were they not silly and arrogant, as are all lower types when judging of higher, would do well to try and understand, instead of lapsing into the easiness of judging. Millet was perfect master of colour in his artist's mastery over the feeling. Either the spectator feels Millet's outlook or he does not. In the first case he understands Millet's use of colour, in the second case he does not. Millet deliberately chose these drab colours, and that he chose them is made clear by the vivid colouring of his picture of "Spring," which hangs near to his greater picture of the "Gleaners," in the Louvre, which I will now describe.

Briefly, its principal points are:—

(1) The subject is chosen to show a quality of peasant life.

(2) Two central figures are gleaning, for in their sparse lives nothing must be lost.

(3) The two bending women are almost exact reproductions of each other: the same foot is pushed forward, the same hand touches the ground, there is same line of back and head, and thus in these two bending women is forcibly and simply shown the companionship of the yoke.

(4) In accordance with this the colours are drab, and the cornfield itself is of drab colouring. In this way Millet conveys and expresses the drab and patient passivity, economy, and companionship of the peasant life.

It is interesting to know what Millet himself thought of these heavy, sombre peasants, for whose more communal, quiet, and traditional lives he deserted Paris, and the fame which his pictures of nude women were bringing him. Himself of peasant's stock, for twenty-seven years until his death he lived in Barbizon, walking out into the fields and woods he loved in sabots and peasant blouse and costume. He lived quietly and happily with his family, greatly beloved by them, with a patriarchal reverence for his grandmother (strangely like that of Corot for his mother), unknown to the greater world, and often in great poverty. Surely here was substance for rebellion, if the impassioned Delacroix is father of all modern art, as Meier Graefe bemusedly believes. And many believed that in Millet's peasants was hidden the spirit of revolution, the spirit that would change this passivity and patience of the peasant to rebellious clamouring for something new. But this was far from Millet's thoughts. He did not think the peasants of Barbizon were unfortunate. It was their destiny to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, and what God had devised for these sons of toil man should not break asunder. To him man was not human only, but divine under the ordinance of God, and the patient toil of the peasant was the divine fulfilment of God's ordinance. "I would wish that the beings I represent should have the air of being consecrated to their position," he said, "and that it should be impossible to imagine that the idea should occur to them of being other than that which they are."[1] He often said that he failed to grasp the Socialist doctrines, and that revolutionary principles were distasteful to him. He did not read political papers, and objected strongly to those who thought pictures of patient and submissive work must needs be revolutionary, as if patient toil were of the devil, and not of God as Millet held. In A.D. 1867 he wrote: "I repel with all my strength the democratic side, as it is

[1] C. S. Smith, *Barbizon Days*, 1903, pp. 69, 70.

understood in the language of the clubs, that they have wished to attribute to me. My sole desire has been to direct thought to the man consecrated to earning his livelihood in the sweat of his brow. . . . I have never had the idea of making any plea whatsoever. *Je suis paysan paysan.*" [1]

In short, the greatest modern artist stoutly denied all adhesion to revolutionary or democratic principles. Neither he nor old father Corot had any sympathy with the new principles of liberty, which are in their very nature destructive of the art of life and of beauty. Equally far was he from democratic sentimentality, the feeling of the particularist type, who with his short measure and his sympathy pities, if he does not condemn, all whose condition is not like his own, and imagines that the poor peasant must be unfortunate and to be pitied, because he has not a town life, a life spent in the acquirement of means, and in the enjoyment of their spending in comfort and indulgence. "I have always," says Millet, "had the greatest horror of anything that even bordered on the sentimental." [2]

Corot had an income from his father sufficient for his modest desires. Millet had to paint for his living. They died within five weeks of each other, and both were scarce recognized at all during their lives by the leaders of France. After their death recognition grew rapidly. Millet was buried in a pauper grave. Soon afterwards "The Gleaners," which he had sold for two thousand francs, was sold a second time for three hundred thousand francs, and in 1890 the "Angelus," sold by him for twenty-five hundred francs, fetched eight hundred thousand francs. His value became in so brief a time one hundred and fifty and three hundred and twenty times greater than during his life. So tardy was recognition of art in the capital, so few those who understood art at all.

For democratic principles were growing throughout Europe

[1] *Barbizon Days*, p. 74. [2] Lübke, Vol. V, p. 313.

under Saxon influence, and with their growth art, already sick for centuries, waned more and more. In art, the expression of balancing, valuing, ordering, there was the same disintegration as through all social life and its various manifestations. Camille Mauclair divides the modern French artists into Landscape painters, Academic painters, Realists, Portrait painters, Orientalists, Symbolists, Idealists, Historical painters, Intimists, Decorators, and Impressionists. This is a formidable list, and Haack and other critics feel vaguely that there is something wrong with modern art, which has no definiteness such as could be ascribed to the Barock, Renaissance, etc. There is no need to go into these various imitators and revivalists of fragments from the scrap-heap of the past. One school alone has interest, that of the Impressionists, not because of the stuff that has been talked about impressionism and what it is and what it means, but because now that art was dying two artists, Manet and Whistler, came forward and fought for the dying art itself. It is the first occasion that this fight was necessary in all history. But now it became necessary. Manet and Whistler strove to smite into democratic mobs and critics the essential principles of art forms themselves. They threw art forms, with their repetitions and slight variations, at the public and the critics, who could see nothing but subjects' realism, and cared for nothing but the subject. They angrily told critics and public that without art-forms art was nothing. They exalted art forms, now that art was dying, for the final struggle against democracy. A battle-cry was raised by the artists, as if they were nationalists crying Egypt for the Egyptians. Art for the artists was the cry, or, again, art for art's sake. Art and artists had been driven into a corner by democracy, and were threatened with destruction. The terrible cry of art for art's sake had to be raised in a world where the principles of beauty and selection had lived for centuries

upon centuries in the highest places as well as in the hearts of the people, loved and beloved by all.

The late recognition of Corot and Millet by Paris shows how separated were the upper classes from the peasants. The influential classes, dissevered from the people, fluctuated perpetually, settling down for the time to various imitations of past systems and conditions. Now a republic, now a monarchy, now an empire, and again a republic, so changed the outer form. But beneath these forms, upon the old system of centralization, was gradually being engrafted the ideals and ideas of Saxonism and Saxon democracy. Independence of the individual and freedom from restraints and interrelation with others, the principles of individual separation and isolation, of differentiation—the word with which its philosopher Herbert Spencer baptized this democratic "progress"—spread amongst the leading classes of Paris. Art began to die rapidly, and the chief artist of modern Paris, Manet, had to fight for the very existence of art forms and the principles of order and selection.

Manet (1833–1883) was no peasant. He belonged to what might be called the new aristocracy, to one of the well-known bureaucratic families, and he mixed with the élite of Paris. The dogmas he wished to teach were, first that it was not things in themselves or things as they are that mattered, but the impression they make upon the mind, or, in other words, it was not the subject that mattered, so much as the way in which that subject was conveyed to the mind, that the subject was the raw material from which the idea or feeling was to be fashioned. A further dogma was that nothing was separate or particulate in nature, but each thing modified the other, and that to create beauty these varied things and objects must be arranged in order of importance and held together by the most important feature of the picture, or, in other words, that all must be arranged in order of their respective values.

The modern critics of art regard this statement of the aged principles of art as a discovery, and they speak of Manet as a creator. Manet himself in his later years seems to have got confused by their talk and by the lesser minds of his disciples and followers. But Manet, when painting the best of his pictures, "Olympia," in the Louvre, and the "Picnic Breakfast" ("Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," in the Moreau-Nélaton collection), was not so confused. Nor was he creator. He found himself one of the last of the artists, fighting for art against democracy. His pictures exaggerate certain first principles of art, as if to force what art principles are down the throats of the critics and their public.

In the picture of "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," for instance, two artists have taken their two models out to déjeuner in the country by a river. The picture is well posed, with repetition of trees on either side, light in the middle distance, and a simple triangular grouping of the figures. The selection is that of the naked girl in the foreground. Her pose is the reverse of sensual; indeed it is a geometrical, statuesque arrangement of three triangles, thigh and leg, body and arm, arm, forearm and face. The student near her affords a dark contrast to her whiteness and also provides parallelism. The other student is also geometrically posed, an oblong. The expressions are emotionless, quiet, and dignified. The skin of the girl is very white, and she sits on the ground, with her bright blue clothes flung on the ground before her. There is no use of chiaroscuro; the rest of the picture consisting of broad masses of obtrusive colours, such as black, grey, and dull green. Against this deep and broad colouring the pure white of the girl stands out with startling distinctness. Manet's idea of beauty as displayed in this picture is that arrangement and values are better than imitation, and that by this arrangement and valuation facts or subjects, in themselves of no beauty or impressive power, are made to produce an impression on the onlooker's mind.

The impression that many people received when this picture was first exhibited was that it was immoral, for with many nakedness and immorality are the same thing. With the Saxon, with his narrow experience, this interpretation of nakedness is peculiarly strong, and the French public had been following the Saxon lead for many decades before Manet's picture was exhibited. These people claim to be moral because the nakedness of women makes them think not of beauty but of immorality.

But on many others it made a very different impression. They saw how arrangement and valuation gave dignity and beauty, and how beauty transcended the subject and became more important than the subject. They saw no sensuosity in the quiet and ordered pose of this white-skinned girl, but the dignity that set arrangement possesses and the rest and absence of passion that it also possesses and which is in keeping with the calm outlook of her face.

For Manet's object is the reverse of the turbulent fires and passions of Delacroix's pictures. His object is to select and balance, to concentrate and simplify, to make his pictures easy and complete to the sight. This picture is not an illustrated scene, for no more story is needed for it than a cut diamond needs a story. It does not appeal to the explanatory part of the mind, and is completely divested of all dependence upon the subjects' or topical tastes of the day for its charm.

And here I would say emphatically that this picture is no impressionist picture as some understand impressionism. It is not the expression of the vision of the moment, a sort of coloured transitoriness so that one can pass through a picture gallery of such pictures with fleeting momentary impressions as one tends to pass through music. It is entirely separate from all such momentary flashes and blobs and blurs, that so aptly express the blobs and blurs and flashes of experience that make up the modern city

man's life and mind, a blotchy confusion, from which one has to stand back ever so far to see what it means, or what shape it is, or if in truth it has any meaning or shape at all. Still more is it separate from the so-called post-impressionist school, which professed to develop from Manet, and lately (1910) held an exhibition in the Grafton Gallery. Manet fought for the principles of art, but these post-impressionist pictures are not works of art at all. In them the putrefaction of blotching and blurring is complete. In them is the complete rejection of all culture, all history, all order, all valuing, all tradition. It is the final Aryan rejection or failure to comprehend the wisdom of the East. It is the complete rejection of all patriarchalism and the communal and positive social character of man. It is the falling to pieces of the body politic into the anarchy of untrained, uncouth, separate, individual expressions. It is said to be justified by being a recourse and return to primitive man. It is not that. It is the spirit of Democracy which, in the words of Plato,[1] tramples underfoot the principles of beauty which are essential, except in the rarest natures, to the making of a good man, and expresses itself in Anarchy and Shamelessness, under the titles of Freedom and Bravery. It is the groping of the paralysed particularist seeking revivification in primitive man, feeling that if he has lost his soul, at least he still has his instincts, and if he cannot rely on his great man, at any rate he has the savage and the ape to fall back upon. Its only relation to Manet of the "Picnic Breakfast" is that, whereas Manet was fighting for the life of art, which particularist democracy threatened to kill, in the post-impressionists art is already dead. It is indeed more than dead, it is putrefied. All the shape and form of its organs have fallen to pieces by a process of putrefaction. Its body can no longer be seen except as a mess of blotchy, discoloured, and shapeless masses and blobs.

[1] *Republic SS.*, 558, 561.

There is only one hope in it and for it, there is only one consolation, and that is that it is the very last stage. The further stages of liquefaction and evaporation can scarcely be exhibited in galleries, so that whatever comes has a good chance of being an improvement.

But to return to Manet and the popular notion of impressionism. In the "Picnic Breakfast" by Manet the students are not beautiful, the woodland is not beautiful, the girl is not beautiful, and yet before it I stayed satisfied and content with its beauty, for something profounder than mere subject, namely the sense of social order, of the power of ordering and of valuing was satisfied. This is the very opposite of a fleeting impression, and the picture would be better called a permanist picture, a picture of such rest, perfection, statuesque and almost rigid line and arrangement, such completion, that the idea of fleetingness, of motion, of any idea other than permanence has nothing whatsoever to do with it.

Manet's picture with its dominant character of the white-skinned girl, its arrangement of values in their order and under this dominance, its geometrical regularity of form, produces the feeling of permanence. There is mutual reciprocity of part to part, and there is governance here of the dominant over the whole, and there is valuing of the subordinate with relation to each other and to the dominant. The picture has, in fact, the qualities of art, which are the qualities of the mastery of life. Meier Graefe feels it, and, though he does not explain it, he describes it. He writes of the effect some flower picture of Manet's would have on a careful spectator: "The agreeable sensation he has hitherto enjoyed at the sight of flowers is suddenly intensified in a mysterious fashion. He has not the whole of the living flower before him—perfume, motion, all that is indispensable in nature is lacking—and yet there is something here, of which he scarcely dreamed, or which he perhaps dimly

wished for, in the natural blossom; a charm that conquers mortal fragility and evanescence, and does not approach us too closely, in spite of its strength; that avoids the dangers of the extremes in nature, and does not follow up enjoyment by regret or disgust. Here the eyes feel no fatigue, and the understanding also seems to rest. Something else works upon us through the eye, clarifies, calms, breathes exquisite tones into our being, evokes sensations we never felt before, yet which fill us with a kind of familiar delight." [1]

With the theory of the dissociation of tones, which was so important to the impressionist technique, the technique of the followers of Manet, Manet had nothing whatsoever to do. Monet was its chief exponent, and his confusing pictures are the very reverse of this picture of Manet. Monet paints his pictures by breaking them up into myriad little paint patches, whereas Manet's picture is composed of broad surfaces of colour. This dissociation of tones is clearly a particularist outlook, the disseverance of broad composition into a number of independent patches. Indeed, Manet's only relation to the impressionists with their scientific theories, to Degas, Monet, Renoir, and others, was merely that of a strong man and a leader. These artists had a dislike of fighting, and kept aloof from the Salons. So Manet did their fighting for them. Camille Mauclair writes of him: "This great painter, one of those who did most honour to the French soul, had the genius to create by himself an Impressionism of his own which will always remain his own, after having given evidence of gifts of the first order in the tradition handed down by the masters of the real and the good. He cannot be confused either with Monet, or with Pisarro and Renoir. His comprehension of light is a special one, his technique is not in accordance with the system of colour-spots; it observes the theory of complementary colours and of the division of tones without departing from a grand style, from

[1] Meier Graefe, Vol. I, p. 262.

a classic stateliness, from a superb sureness. Manet has not been the inventor of Impressionism which co-existed with his work since 1865, but he has rendered it immense services by taking upon himself all the outbursts of anger, addressed to the innovators, by making a breach in the public opinion through which his friends have passed in behind him. Probably without him all these artists would have remained unknown, or at least without influence, because they all were bold characters in art, but timid or disdainful in life. Degas, Monet, and Renoir were fine natures with a horror of polemics, who wished to hold aloof from the Salons, and were resigned from the outset to be misunderstood. They were, so to say, electrified by the magnificent example of Manet's fighting spirit, and Manet was generous enough to take upon himself the reproaches levelled, not only against his work, but against theirs."[1] They felt the feeling of beauty, these shelterers under Manet, they desired something to admire, but found nothing to admire in the democracy that surrounded them, nothing high, nothing noble, only a general bourgeois level in all things. Degas above all is solitary, bitter, and satirical, wounded by modern morality, giving carefully, all too carefully, the "strong legs, the strong shoulder, and the provoking and vulgar heads"[2] of the ballet girls behind the scenes, and the transformation into gauzy lightsomeness upon the stage of these enchanters of democracy. Renoir consoles himself with painting soft animal women: "She is a gentle being, like the women of Tahiti, born in a tropical clime where vice is as unknown as shame."[3] She is Renoir's protest against the scientifically "educated" democratic woman compared to the simple charms of the girl who likes to be sweet and charming. But all of these impressionist artists and supposed followers of the Manet of the "Picnic Breakfast," in spite of their dis-

[1] *French Impressionists*, pp. 62, 63.
[2] Mauclair, p. 86, F. 1.
[3] *Ibid.*, F. 1, p. 118.

taste for the modern world, are caught by it. They strive after imitative realism. Only one, the protecting, brave, aristocratic Manet, is strong enough to dominate mere subjects' realism and the vulgar conceptions of modern Europe, and to bend all these things—trees, light, women, men, colour, furniture—to his purpose and bind them by his power of design, line, order, simplification and valuing into a system that allies him as master of art-forms to the great painters of the past, to Velasquez and the Italians, a system which was based upon and was the expression of the social organization of that time, of patriarchalism, an organization succinct and clear, aiming, by its order, its design, and its regulation of society upon actual human values, at giving the genius and rarity as well as the most commonplace his rightful position.

So it comes about that Mauclair, who is innate democrat and never clear about the distinction between democratic reality and art, confesses that Manet ruled "the rather coarse conceptions of Realism,"[1] and to-day this fighter for art-forms and the cry of the dying art "art for art's sake," is considered almost as a classic glory.

Manet's contemporary and true fellow in character and art —far more than his protégés Degas, Renoir, Monet, and others—is the Irish-American artist of Paris and London, James McNeill Whistler (1834–1903). Whistler also spent his life fighting for art itself against the public and the so-called art critics. He was not creator any more than Manet, but like Manet he found himself artist, and as a consequence, in a Saxon democratic age, at bay. Whistler was an autocrat, an artist, a man knowing how to order things, a man of mastery. Even his name declared his ordering things according as he would have them. Disliking the initials of his original name, J.A.W., he changed the central, Abbott, for McNeill by self-christening. Later he rejected even these initials, and signed pictures and letters

[1] Mauclair, *French Impressionists*, pp. 68, 70.

with a butterfly. Even his age and birthplace were subject to him. To an American claiming acquaintance on the grounds that he had been born at Lowell about the same time as Whistler, Whistler replied that he did not choose to be born at Lowell and he refused to be sixty-seven. He even mastered the officers of the law. The bailiffs who invaded his house he set to wait at table. Similarly he served creditors. A Frenchman going to Whistler for money owed, pushed his way to the studio: "Upstairs, I find him, before a little picture painting, and behind him ze bruzzers Greaves holding candles. And Vistlaire, he say, 'You are ze very man I vant; hold a candle!' And I hold a candle. And Vistlaire he paint, and he paint, and zen he take ze picture, and he go downstairs, and he get in ze cab, and he drive off, and we hold ze candle, and I see him no more. Mon Dieu, il est terrible, ce Vistlaire!"[1] Next day Whistler paid the awed Frenchman. He was a fighter, too, when it was needful to fight; and he found strong reason to fight, for there were many art critics in London, democratic all of them, and struggling to understand an expression totally opposed to them, but capable of talking, talking interminably. Whistler, being a man determined in opinion and swift to action, the many males of London became "afraid of him, and this fear grew, and was the reason of the reputation that clung to him for years, and that clings to his memory."[2] He never was elected member of the Academy, although George Boughton, a member, declared he would have become president if he had behaved himself—been, in short, a peaceful imitative painter, like all the others, instead of a champion of art. He himself was willing to receive recognition, but disgusted at the debasement of art by the Academy, he left in his will one request only with regard to his pictures—that none should ever be hung in an English gallery. Of the

[1] *The Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell, Vol. I, p. 183.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 143.

eighty-four extracts of criticisms which Whistler quotes in the *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, eighty-three are English and condemnatory. One only is favourable. It is from the Wiener Presse: "Herr Whistler stellt ganz wunderbare Productionen aus, die auf Gesetze der Form und der Farbe gegründet scheinen, die den Uneingeweihten unverständlich sind. (Mr. Whistler produces quite wonderful works, apparently based on the laws of form and colour, which are not comprehensible to the uninitiated.)"

Ruskin, who in spite of his many prophetic visions and fine intuitions was never clear on the basis of art, and was high priest of the uninitiated in teaching that beauty is truth—subjects' truth and imitative realism is his meaning—tried to crush Whistler by the loudness of his insolence and the rhetoric of his ignorance. When Whistler took action against him, "he thought, at first, that the artists would be on his side, and would combine with him to drive the false prophet out of the temple. But Ruskin, the critic, was to them more powerful than Whistler, the painter, and when the time came they all sneaked away except Albert Moore."[1]

So Whistler fought, and he made it clear for what he fought. He asked Ruskin's counsel whether he would like an opinion on a point of law expressed by one who had not spent his life at law. Why then should the artist submit in points of art to critics who study not how to paint, but how to write?

To Tom Taylor, a critic, who, declaring the upright panelling in the picture of Miss Alexander to be wrong, added, "Of course, it is a matter of taste," Whistler replied it was not a matter of taste, but a matter of knowledge. What was this knowledge that the artist possessed of which Whistler spoke? It was the knowledge of the simplest principles of art, the repetition with slight variation presented again and again in the picture, and to which the content in this fight

[1] Pennell, Vol. I, p. 231.

for art principles in themselves is completely subject. The master subject has gone, power has gone, master simplification and selection have gone, only this one first principle remains. Whistler came right down and fought for his pictures in terms of the only art, which is genuinely popular in Saxon democratic times, the only art which is recognized as art, because it makes use of this principle again and again, is almost, in fact, composed only of this principle and lacks the higher qualities of the other arts, the permanence of majesty, the immobility of tranquillity, the absence of change and transitoriness, and the completeness and self-sufficiency of being a formed and definite whole. He calls his pictures Arrangements, Symphonies, Nocturnes, and declares: "The vast majority of English cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture, apart from any story it may be supposed to tell. . . . As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with the harmony of sound or of colour."[1] The particularist Saxon, Whistler realized, has not the innate feeling of interdependence. He can only regard a picture as that which tells him something. It does not affect or arouse response from a social feeling, to which he is a stranger.

Art is something separate, something rare, something altogether different from imitative realism. "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano. That Nature is always right is an assertion artistically as untrue as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted."[2] In a well-known passage he continues: "The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail. And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the

[1] Pennell, Vol. I, p. 180, and the *Gentle Art*, pp. 126, 127.
[2] Whistler, "Ten o'clock."

poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the man of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her." The passage reveals that Whistler felt and understood the master mind of the artist, who creates and orders from out of the raw material of facts, truth and subjects' realism. He desired to relieve public and critics from any part of this creation, for which they have no sense, because they have not the quality of the ruler mind. "I would save them from further fatigue, I would come to their relief, and would lift from their shoulders the incubus of art. Why, after centuries of freedom from it and indifference to it, should it be thrust upon them by the blind?"

Naturally the question that interests all present critics of and writers on Whistler is, Who did he imitate? Indeed this is the main method of the modern writer on art, to destroy all question of creation, and to prove that an artist is composed of a number of imitations of previous artists. Meier Graefe is the vilest offender in this respect. Cézanne, for instance, on analysis is found to consist of "Courbet, Delacroix, Daumier, and the Dutchmen." Whistler yielded Constable, Rossetti, Courbet, Fantin-Latour, Velasquez, Manet, the Japanese with the old masters thrown in. Indeed, "in dealing with Whistler we seem like a chemist always proceeding to new divisions, and perceiving, to his alarm, as the last distillation runs through the filter, that nothing is left in the cornet."[1] The fact is that Whistler, the fighter for and expressor of art forms, resembles all other

[1] Meier Graefe, Vol. II, p. 224.

artists. It was for art forms, clean and pure, apart from all other considerations of art, that he had to fight. Consequently, trained in the modern way by the imitation of old masters or copying of objects, he chafed over the time lost in discovering that art is not the imitation of nature or other objects. "Pattern, harmony, repetition, are words ever recurring in his letters, as the same tone or colour recurs in his design."[1] The portrait of Miss Alexander is, perhaps, his best picture, and, though I have never seen the original, yet reproductions betray its charm. The Pennells say, "There is no repetition in this picture."[2] This is true in so far that there is no obvious repetition, but looking closely the picture is full of subtle repetitions. The repetitions of triangles in feet and legs, skirt and figure, sleeve, head and hair, the sash oblongs, the marguerites and the pattern they form of two triangles, the balance between these flowers and the two flower-like butterflies on the further side, the little oblong repetitive patches on the floor, which give the floor flatness and make it balance the wainscoting, the upright line of the panelling with the straight axis of the little girl's figure are some of the repetitions readily seen with a little care. The Pennells themselves describe the recurring use of gold and green in the picture. "The gold runs along the top of the dado; tiny gold buckles fasten the rosettes of her shoes; there is a gold pin in her hair; the gold of the daisies is repeated in the butterflies which flutter above her head; a note of gold is in the pile of drapery beside her; and the floor has a suggestion of gold in the matting. Green plays the same note through the picture. The great green sash is carried down by the green feather of her hat, lost in the shadow which is also filled with green and gold. And the green of the daisies is again repeated in the green of the drapery. It is not until one has gone all over the picture that these things become evident. Her shoes look perfectly

[1] Pennell, Vol. I, p. 147. [2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 172.

black, and so does the dado, and yet there is no pure black anywhere. The whole is bound together by this grey, green, black and gold scheme running through the composition. It is a perfect harmony. And so subtle is it, that only the result is evident, never the means by which it was obtained."[1]

The last two sentences show the power of art forms, and, like all rulers and good artists, Whistler's idea was that the means by which the result was attained should not be visible to the spectator on the subject. The labour is the artist's, but the result must show mastery, not toil. In this case the final mastery was obtained at the expense of infinite trouble. The muslin, the ruffles, ribbons, bows, and frills of the dress were carefully chosen by Whistler, and prepared according to special instructions by the laundry. There were seventy sittings before the portrait was finished, and the little girl was often in tears and Whistler in despair. But Whistler knew what he desired, and spared no trouble, thought, or care that he might attain to the simple beauty and dignity which art forms can give.

What wonder, however, that Saxon critics, backed by Saxon public, particularist democrats all with the divine right to an isolated opinion on all things in heaven and earth, what wonder that they cried out with the venom of non-understanding upon a system of order and values? Bob Stevenson understood, but he was an exception amongst art critics, and only forced by want to write at all for the public. But P. G. Hamerton, J. Ruskin, Tom Taylor, F. Wedmore, and others, blindly strove to drag down this artist. They knew only too well, as by instinct, that should the public ever understand art, their occupation would be gone. They, like the public, wanted pictures which talked and explained themselves in plain language to plain intellects. They could not feel their beauty, for they were paid to talk and write, not to feel. Consequently, instinctively

[1] Pennell, p. 173.

they demanded not works of art, but imitative realism with a story upon which they could hang a tale. Consequently, too, these pictures of Whistler's were darkness to them, and so they spoke of them as darkness, as wrong, as evil, as of the devil himself.

But Whistler continued his mission. As President of the Society of British Artists, he declared, "We want clean spaces round our pictures. We want them to be seen. The British Artists must cease to be a shop."[1] But the British artists desired above all other things to be a shop, and so drove Whistler out. On the election of his successor he sent them this stinging compliment: "Now, at last, you must be satisfied. You can no longer say you have the right man in the wrong place."[2]

Lastly, this letter to the editor of the *Observer*, April 11th, 1888:

"Sir,—In your report of the Graham sale of pictures at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms, I read the following: 'The next work put upon the easel was a "Nocturne in blue and silver," by J. M. Whistler. It was received with hisses.'

"May I beg, through your widely spread paper, to acknowledge the distinguished, though I fear unconscious, compliment so publicly paid.

"It is rare that recognition, so complete, is made during the lifetime of the painter, and I would wish to have recorded my full sense of this flattering exception in my favour."

So spoke the artist spirit, the spirit allied to the ruler spirit, in bitter contempt.

Whistler was the last of the artists. Since his time there seem to have been none, unless they keep in hiding. He was the last of the artists who strove after and fought for a definite, coherent beauty.

[1] Pennell, Vol. II, p. 62. [2] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 70.

In contrast, hear some of the words with which Haack closes Lübke-Semrau's long history of art. As to architecture, what can he say of great and noble buildings, of temples, homes of national unity, anything exalted? He speaks actually of warehouses, of the vast Passage Kaufhaus in Berlin, and of villas, the suburban villas of London in particular. Private comfort is their chief feature. It is more important than one's relation to one's fellows, more important than the positive welcome and free hospitality of patriarchal peoples. "Consequently no longer are the reception rooms the most important, but the living rooms and bedrooms. . . . The most comfortable places are near the fire or stove. Notable in the service of this modern desire for comfort and pleasantness is the sofa."[1] So Haack writes, free of irony, a simple record.

This "true English sense of comfort," as Haack calls it, "extends throughout all regions." It dominates Europe. Chairs are made for all positions of the body, tables for all purposes, adaptations and contrivances for the addition of comfort, for warmth, for lying down, for holding up the arm when it has to be raised, for supporting the tired leg, for propping the aching back, for completely relying on environment for comfort and pleasure, and compensating somehow for this intolerable weariness of life.

"Material is valued in preference to the value of the art bestowed upon it. . . . At times the frame is more valued than the picture!"[2] These are almost the last words of Haack, who in his introduction declared: "It is a miserable picture, which must in accordance with truth be disclosed, this picture of the general state of art of the nineteenth century."[3]

Some little consolation Haack finds in discussing the art of the famous comic journal, the *Munich Simplicissimus*. Mauclair feels called upon to praise posters. Meier Graefe

[1] Lübke, Vol. V, p. 425 [2] *Ibid.*, p. 438. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 8.

also ends his two volumes with *Simplicissimus*, and a feeling of gratitude, that art can scarcely fall any lower.

Yet there is the terrible danger that, even if a great artist did arise, he would not be recognized, most certainly not in his lifetime, possibly not even after his death. Meier Graefe points to Millet, Manet, and Whistler, and comments: "We moderns repeatedly see instances of great artists who live and work and die among us, and find recognition after death, while the public acclaims the pigmy who is no sooner dead than he is forgotten. It was not so in the past. In the past patrons chose those artists still recognized as immortal masters. Popes and princes strove for the services of Raphael, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Bramante, when they were still youths. The public, though not patrons, loved and were familiar with art."[1] "People found in painting the same excellence as in other things, chairs, tables, and clothing; they would have been astonished to find anything else."[2]

But modern men have lost the power of recognizing artists, even though they are living and creating in their very midst. Modern men are not like the patriarchal peoples with their noted capacity for recognizing genius and allowing it to rise to the top, not only in art, but in other things.

In other things! Is it only in art that modern men fail to recognize great men, great artists, great creators and commanders, men who design and order and master the multitudinous concourse of life, so that some sort of beauty and nobility results therefrom, so that life itself becomes positive to men, something joyful, something inspiring, something with greatness in it? But now art is dying, faith is dying, there is a continual wail for the strong man, who never comes to this country or the countries of Europe.

Is all right with the modern world after all? Is this age so fine, so splendid in achievement, so wonderful in

[1] Meier Graefe, *Modern Art*, 1908, Vol. I, p. 1. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 2.

progress, in which faith, nobility, aspiration, beauty, and the great men, who are and must be the embodiments of these qualities, live not at all or live unrecognized?

Is there nothing better, no salvation, no definite aim and future to which to direct effort, a future in which great men shall once more arise and the world be clothed with power and beauty and men rejoice to live? Or has man to be satisfied to muddle through life without aim or hope and but little joy?

How shall this thing called life be ordered? Of what sort shall it be? What shall be the Art of Life? This is the question I set out to answer.

CHAPTER XIII

GADARENE PROGRESS

THE commerce and trade of England, as has been said, became dominant after the Dutch decline, of which England was the prime instrument. A further cause of her commercial prosperity consisted in her American colonies. The people who emigrated were Nonconformists, intent on worshipping God in their own way and not in the way the English government demanded. They remained under the protection of the English government, which was in the hands of royalty, the Saxon lords, and the wealthier Saxon landowners. Merchants had little or no parliamentary influence. It was a government mainly of agricultural landlords. The government of England forced the American colonies to buy manufactured agricultural implements and other goods from England and forbade them to manufacture them themselves. This was good for English trade, and these agricultural rulers benefited by the possession of certain monopolies and dues. They also benefited pecuniarily by abandoning the rule of their caste and marrying the daughters of rich merchants. They did not benefit by directly entering into commerce, but by absorbing the wealth that others made, by means of marriage, heavy ground-rents, taxes, etc. Their whole agricultural heritage was opposed to any direct commercial success, for, as Arthur Young wrote in A.D. 1788: "There seems a fatality to attend country gentlemen whensoever they attempt to trade or manufacture. In England I never knew a man of landed property attempt either, but they were infallibly ruined; or, if not ruined, considerably hurt by them."

Such was the attitude of the agricultural Saxon rulers to the new trade, manufacturing and commerce, which was seriously rivalling and endangering agriculture.

The Saxons in America revolted and declared their independence in A.D. 1776 in a declaration which is a remarkable piece of particularist doctrine.

After stating that they felt called upon to give reasons for their action, the Representatives continue: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This is astonishing enough were it not Saxon. It is self-evident apparently that all men are born equal, each with the right to be free to pursue happiness as the aim and object of life in the way he thinks best. There is no other meaning that can be attached to this linking of the three words—life, liberty, and happiness. Life the Creator gives, and the reason of it is to permit everyone separately the liberty to pursue happiness in the way he thinks best.

Such is the Saxon's philosophy of life.

The theory of government founded on this philosophy follows: "That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Thus the theory of government is that all these Saxons, born equal, were to secure liberty to pursue happiness after their own individual tastes and fashion. It was the duty of the government to enable all to follow the devices and desires of their own hearts, though none of these hearts rose above desiring safety and happiness. If it did succeed in this, well

and good. If not, it had to make place for another. The idea that great men, men striving after a nobler type, a more powerful creation, ready to sacrifice both happiness and safety to attain these ends, great leaders, thinkers, creators, and constructors, are of any use whatever in the scheme of the world, that there is any sort of paternal relation between the great man and the mass of men, and that this has been recognized throughout all the history of the world, does not occur in any way whatsoever to the Saxons. To them, living upon and with the traditions of the separate, particularist farm, none of this is "self-evident." How could it be? All that is self-evident to them is themselves, and they feel they are as good as the masters of the neighbouring farms, and beyond that is the greater world of nations, cultures, and history, which is nothing to them. The profounder questions of man's relation to the mastery of life and to creation as the expression of that mastery, of the paternal relation of the great man as representative of the paternal relation of all power over life to the mass of men, these questions lie beyond the farm fence. Their very God is merely one who approves of their aspiration to be free to pursue pleasure, and who in a friendly and familiar manner is called upon to bless their vulgar materialistic desires, and their love of the accumulation of means in the form of dollars and the comfort and freedom from their fellow-man and interdependent social relations, which these dollars make possible to them.

For I hold it to be a singular tragedy to the world that first the Saxon found refuge in an island and there preserved the cold and frigid doctrine of the distrust of man, the distrust of great men, the doctrine of isolation and liberty, and then, escaping the patriarchal influences of the Old World, found further refuge and strength in a New World. The earth, shaped out of chaos, scarred with many a wound, emerging from many a throe of conflict to a lovelier art of life, did not

merit the sudden imposition of a *new* world. In Europe, at least, there was and remains some culture to soften and refine the rustic coarseness of the particularist. But by some inscrutable decree of fate, this unhappy doctrine of liberty, with its blight upon all the religion, the art, and the refinement of life which man had gradually accumulated through centuries and æons, crossed the ocean, became feral on a vast continent only held by a few wretched Indians, and was continually supplied, as I believe Sweden and Norway were once supplied, by those most discontented and negative to their fellow-man. And now once more the barbarians and Vandals have reappeared in the civilized world, a new Vandalism has arisen and threatens all Europe with its senseless creed of hustling and its vulgar clamouring after the dollar. "A struggle for existence" is the creed it has gladly adopted, the creed upon which its life is actually based, the life it so proudly designates "hustling." Its teachers frankly recommend the younger generation to aim at materialistic success, for of other aim it and they have no knowledge and no prophets. Pragmatism it gladly adopts, adopts as it adopts all things, because it is not able itself to give birth to ideas. It is a philosophy, if it deserves that honoured name, which is well suited to the practical man's level. It is the philosophy of the practical man, who values every idea according to what it will bring in. Every idea has, as an American writer on Pragmatism naïvely states, a dollar value, when translated into action. How much cash down will the action bring in which results from the idea? I call it a philosophy for convenience, but it is in no way a philosophy or world outlook. It is merely an apology, and an apology for people who look at things piecemeal and who struggle with each other to accumulate means and claim the liberty to use these means to pursue pleasure in such way as may occur to them. It is, says William James, "the attitude of looking away from first things, principles, categories,

supposed necessities; and looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts."[1] Not only, therefore, does it utterly throw over the past, but it discards all ruler intuition, it discards all lovelier and diviner intuition. It discards and has no cognizance of those primary relations of man to power over life, of those things and principles to which all the profounder minds of mankind have bent their power and which must arouse the questioning of any man who steps aside for one instant from that fierce downward rush of Gadarene progress, in which America and modern Europe unwittingly exult. For this pragmatism is the apology of putrefaction and disintegration, as the post-impressionism is the painting of putrefaction and disintegration. Each several bit has been loosed and separated from the organic whole. Each several incident is viewed separately, particulately. It is the typical philosophy of the mediocre mind, of the subject's mind, which lives from incident to incident. It says, forsooth, that any philosophy is justified provided it is successful, that success justifies it. It is fit mate to the philosophy of the survival of the fittest, which judges of the fittest by their survival. These survive, therefore they are the fittest, for the fittest are they that survive, says the one philosophy, and in reality has said nothing at all. This is a successful result, therefore the idea which led to it is a good one and a successful one, says the other, and in so saying without any measure of success has said nothing at all. For pragmatism confesses to having no measure whatsoever of success. It is altogether the most backboneless, wretched philosophy that ever was, for "it stands for no particular results."[2] James quotes Papini with pleasure, who compares pragmatism to the corridor of a hotel into which open many chambers. In these chambers live theorists, atheists, Christians, scientists, metaphysicians, materialists. But as this passage leads nowhere at all, what is the use of the passage to them? It will only be a battle

[1] William James, *Pragmatism*, Lecture II. - *Ed.*

ground, if they are in earnest and meet there. If, on the other hand, they are all utterly hopeless and indifferent their meeting does not matter, for in that case this passage leading nowhere will not be dangerous to them. Anyhow, this passage leading nowhere will be of no use to them. It is only suitable to an age of pragmatists. For them it is very suitable, for "We stand for no particular results," say the pragmatists.

I will take one example of pragmatism from James. After saying that free will and religion are only doctrines of relief—they are "comforting" doctrines—he continues: "Other than this practical significance the words God, free will, design, etc., have none . . . '*Deus est Ens, a se, extra et supra omne genus, necessarium, unum, infinite perfectum, simplex, immutabile, immensum, aeternum, intelligens*,' etc.—where is such a definition 'really instructive'!"[1] Nothing could show the dollar-measure of pragmatism better than this. It wants to make a dogma of practicality and fails to feel the practicality, the idea value of this conception of God. Can it not see that a doctrine of "comfort" comforts not because it is a mere delusion, but just because it is not a delusion? Are those words mere claptrap founded on nothing in human nature, on nothing in its relation to power over life, which is as it were divine and master of the wide universe? Are not those very qualities stamped upon the universe? Is the real significance of space measured when a mathematician puts a figure down and follows it with a dozen noughts? Have they nothing behind their eyes and senses, these pragmatists?

William James finds it quite safe, as the post-impressionists found it safe, to be candid and make a confession with the shamelessness which Plato gives as a feature of democracy, and which enables mediocrity to confess to mediocrity, for the mediocre will not scorn but will sym-

[1] William James, *Pragmatism*, p. 121.

pathize with the mediocre. To "ultra rationalistic minds," he says, pragmatism will appear "a mere mass of confusion and anarchy . . . and so much sheer trash philosophically."

It would be better to pursue the results of this disintegrating notion of liberty in the United States of America than in England, and I had hoped last year to have an opportunity of personal study of that country, but was prevented doing so. I, therefore, will speak mainly of my own country, in which liberty has also made progress, but has not gone the lengths and attained the results its more untrammelled course in America permitted. I have travelled with Americans, many of whom were of the finest Saxon type possible in the high quality of their self-reliance, their fearlessness and their honesty both in thought and deed. But ruler quality they did not possess. Their very faces show its absence. I travelled once in China with Americans, and often used to contrast the placid expression and happy serenity of the sons of the oldest of civilizations with the eager, tense, strained faces and tired eyes of the Americans. The one civilization has learnt that life in itself is of no value. It is only a means to personal and human and social culture, a means to a social art of life. The younger has scarce any general conception of the purpose of life, but is overwhelmed by the feverish necessity of filling each moment by action. Like the child, the American says, when there is a moment's space, "What shall I do now?" To meditate upon the meaning of life, to organize his life to the building of a whole, are ideas wholly foreign to him. He is and understands being one thing only, the man of the moment.

To return to the mother country, I seem to remember that Gladstone once said that when he joined Parliament there were only three members in the House of Commons who did not belong to the class of Saxon landlords. At any

rate, the landlords had scarcely any rivals to their power at the time when machinery and invention began to make great strides.

When my Uncle Toby described "the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles in I don't know how many minutes—(was) invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer,"[1] Father Shandy declared, "I own, if I was a Prince, I would generously recompense the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances; yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them." Father Shandy recognized the necessity of someone in authority valuing a new invention or discovery. The Saxon landlords recognized no such necessity. As men of self-reliance and sturdy independence the world has never seen their equal since the Roman days. But as valuers of the communal effect of anything they were incapable. Their creed and tradition taught them not to value, but to avoid interfering.

This lack of a central valuing power has had an extraordinary effect upon mankind. The modern world is wholly at the mercy of any inventor. Should one invent a means of transit double as fast as our present means, modern men would all have to adopt it, become its servants, and obey the extra pressure and speed which it would introduce into society.

Thus society is never sure. At any moment it may become enslaved yet more to the engineer's individual cleverness and individual gain. There is no central authority in Europe, such as the Roman authority, to stop this inventor changing and exploiting the whole modern world. Should one class or one nation refuse him service, other classes or nations would rapidly outstrip them, and they would be eliminated. The Saxon landlords had no idea, as has been said, of valuing an invention. The Roman system had such

[1] *Tristram Shandy*, Book II, ch. XIV.

an idea. It had a definite aim, a definite scheme of valuations. Inventors were told to stop, and if they did not stop they were punished or actually killed. The same method controlled literature, for having a measure the Roman system chose rather to sacrifice the individual, who would not obey and submit his inventions to it, to society, than to sacrifice society to the individual.

The Saxon system was different. It allowed each man to be as free as possible to follow the devices of his own heart. Saxons neither liked to be interfered with nor did they interfere. Consequently, individual effort under their system became free to serve itself only. It no longer had to serve the whole social system, as it does in patriarchal countries, and therefore to submit to valuation. Consequently, individual effort, instead of being devoted to social uses concerned with the art of life, such as government, art, religion, founding orders, or living lives of social example, turned itself to advantaging itself. It received the stimulus of selfishness instead of socialness; it was the selfish instinct opposed to its eternal rival, the social instinct; it was particularist and not patriarchal. The particularist aimed at increasing his private property, not at getting into ruler position and increasing his ruler quality. Consequently, again the more able individuals of this period are not found as artists, the expressors of the ruler quality, or as rulers, not as orderers, arrangers, and simplifiers, not as the makers of quality and preservers of taste. They appear as people who devise means by which property shall be increased, by which a greater quantity of stuff is produced, and by which therefore people are enabled to accumulate more private property.

Clearly the way to produce quantity is to produce something which will reduplicate a certain thing, and make exact replicas of it. Quality cannot be repeated. It is the individual mood and enthusiasm expressed by the thing made,

and cannot be repeated. But if a thing has none of this rarer quality it can be reduplicated. A soldier can be reduplicated, but not a general; a citizen or subject, but not a ruler; a commonplace man, but not a great man. The expression of the ruler is quality, of the subject is quantity.

The characteristic of the ruler is personality, that of the subject is type. The first rules, the second joins with other subjects in obeying. The first thinks out how to rule, and the form a society or thing has is his care. The subject, on the other hand, reduplicates his fellow-subject, and imitation is his care.

Briefly, then, when ruler quality dies, and subjects' expression becomes uppermost, as in a democracy, imitation and quantity succeed quality.

The Saxon propounded that it was "self-evident that all men are created equal." This is essentially the principle of the machine that turns out things which are equal and like each other one after the other.

Hence, when Saxonism predominated, and each man was considered free and independent and equal with his neighbour, when, in fact, Saxon democracy prevailed, it is clear that expression would be one of repetitive quantity and not one of quality. The quantity would have two forms: an increase in quantity of matter, and an increase in quantity of time, the first due to increase of stuff made, the second due to increase of speed. In a word, machinery would be the expression in the place of art.

The contrast between the particularist and the patriarchal attitude to machinery is put with such quaint American conceit and naïveté by Prescott in the fifth chapter of the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. "There is a wide difference," he says, "in the mechanical skill of different nations, and especially in inventive power. Some nations are content to constantly repeat the same piece of mechanism. Such, for example,

are the Chinese, who have, probably, been familiar for ages with the germs of some discoveries, of little practical benefit to themselves, but which, under the influence of European genius, have reached a high degree of excellence, that has wrought an important change in the constitution of society."

In particularist England the germs of mechanical discoveries were allowed to breed unchecked. The only check upon them that there could be was that of the rulers, the Saxon landlords. As a fact, as is well known, machinery and mechanical inventions entered and spread in that part of the community of which the Saxon landlords had little or no sympathetic knowledge, namely in the commercial or manufacturing part. I would recall Arthur Young's statement that the country gentleman was infallibly ruined or seriously hurt when he attempted either trade or manufacture. The ruling Saxon landlords, therefore, ignored and even showed a certain contempt for manufacture. Only when manufacturers had accumulated money did they endeavour to get that money from them by their laws, by dues, or by marrying their daughters.

Thus it was that the subjects' expression of speed and repetitive quantity (or machinery and invention) sprang up amidst the manufacturing class of England.

At the accession of George III in A.D. 1760 England was still in the main agricultural, and the population was probably under 8,000,000. Manchester and other places were centres of industry carried out by the manufacturing class on Saxon lines, for Flemish, French, and Dutch, like the Angles and Normans, adopted the ways of the Saxons. These Saxon lines consisted in particularist manufacture. Each small family made the whole of a certain type of goods itself. The women of the family spun the thread, and the men made it into cloth with the hand-loom. The women cut out the leather, and the men made the pieces into boots. The family bought the raw material and sent the finished

article to the market. This was the particularist industrial system as opposed to the large workshop of the Romans and other patriarchal peoples.

In A.D. 1767 the spinning-jenny was invented by a workman named James Hargreaves. By its use eight spindles were substituted for one, and eventually eighty spindles. The particularist form of labour was instantly imperilled. But there was no ruler to value it, such, for instance, as the Roman Emperors, the Popes and Cardinals of Rome, the great patrons of the past, and our own Queen Elizabeth, who stopped Mr. Lee from making use of his stocking-loom, for she said it would deprive the hand-knitters of employment. But the spinners had no Queen Elizabeth to protect them. They had to protect themselves and their traditions. They broke into the house of the inventor and destroyed his machine. Hargreaves fled from Blackburn to Nottingham and fell in with the Strutts. The Strutts, a very capable family who were partners with the Arkwrights, exploited his machine and made their fortunes out of it. Hargreaves seems to have received only a small share of the success it brought, and his children fell into a state of want and destitution on the death of their parents. The child of the Strutt firm, however, became a member of the House of Commons, and in A.D. 1856 was created first Baron Belper of Belper.

This history is typical. First came the inventor, then a family with the ability to exploit the invention, and lastly the victory of the latter over the workers who objected to the breaking up of the old particularist cottage factories. But nowhere was there ruler or valuer. The Saxon landlords held aloof from the towns and factories. The result was that the people of these towns and districts were forced to give up their cottage factories and independence and to go in herds into factories; that inventors became frequent, and either themselves benefited by their inventions

or were exploited by richer and shrewder men; and lastly, that a few wealthy families arose, whom a vast manufacturing population were forced against their wishes and traditions to serve.

For as machines increased the quantity of things—one child with the improved spinning-jenny could equal the work of eighty hand spindles—and as invention increased the quantity of time, the demands for the manufactured products, which were cheaper than hand products, increased astonishingly. The machine-made product imitated the hand-made product, and though the people of taste still bought that which had taste and art, namely, the hand-made product, the rest of the world preferred the cheaper articles, either because they obtained the necessities of life more cheaply, as was the case in India, or because they were able to accumulate a greater quantity of things, as was the case with the middle and lower classes of Europe and America.

The industries of the north, and especially of Lancashire, flourished accordingly, and the population of England rose rapidly. In A.D. 1801 it was 9,000,000. Twenty years later it was 14,000,000, and nearly the whole of this increase occurred in the manufacturing cities of the north. Liverpool, Manchester, and Bradford alone claimed 75 per cent of the increase. The quantity of goods and of human beings continued to augment, and now the urban population of England is more than five times as great as the rural.

A new problem, then, presented itself to the Saxon rulers, namely how to organize, value, and order this vast new population and this vast new industry. They met the problem in the characteristic Saxon particularist fashion. They gave it its independence. They ignored it, and left it to work out its own salvation.

Where the Saxon could carry his narrow traditions of the rule of the country estate, where he could show his superb Saxon self-dependence and self-reliance, there he won

success of a quite exceptional and remarkable order. With really wonderful fearlessness and self-confidence he established in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa his particularist system of culture and developed lands to an agricultural success previously unknown. In a similarly brave manner he established his rule in India, planting amongst the diverse millions of inhabitants a small but rigid measure which nothing could alter or bend. The inhabitants disliked this measure, they thought and think it inhuman and mechanical, but they know that it has this merit: it is unalterable. They know exactly what to expect, and they know that practically every Englishman within India will apply this same small measure in all his actions, judgments, and views of all things and of all men. Like the rails in the Saxon application of the principle of the steam-engine, discovered by Heron of Alexandria in 120 B.C., but not considered in those times worthy of development as an expression of man, the lines are clear and definite. The native sees them and can easily avoid them. But within them there is danger, and should he continue to offend within the narrow space they enclose, he will infallibly be cut down.

As a brave and gallant policeman and police magistrate, the Saxon has, indeed, been an example to mankind. Lafcadio Hearn wrote: "It has been well said that the most wonderful æsthetic products of Japan are not its ivories, nor its bronzes, nor its porcelains, nor its swords, nor any of its marvels in metal or lacquer—but its women."[1] Similarly, one can assert of the Saxon, that though he has produced no other art product, he has produced in the policeman and magistrate a fine, dutiful, fearless, self-respecting and pure type, perhaps the purest and most definite type at present existent in Europe. All recognize the police and magistracy of the Saxon as most finished and typical productions.

[1] *Japan: an Interpretation*, 1904, p. 393.

Whether in England, India, or Africa, the Saxon policeman and police magistrate type is supreme. It sometimes seems as if one day this type will keep all the world in order.

But however useful police methods and measures were in promoting outward order in India and elsewhere, something more was needed in the settlement and adjustment of the newly created urban districts of the north of England. The methods of the agricultural landlord and his ignoring the nature of the people and noticing only the obvious criminal outbursts were wholly inadequate. The policeman and police magistrate may preserve the outward peace, but they are incapable of producing internal and social content.

It was clear that such agricultural rulers must go. It was clear also that those merchants who, when wealthy, bought themselves country estates and imitated the agricultural lords, were equally useless as rulers. A man who spends his money and his leisure in shooting pheasants, hunting foxes, and yachting, has no claim whatsoever to rule a large urban population. Moreover, the very fact that these men aimed primarily at accumulation of wealth damned them as rulers. Except Crœsus and Midas, who were ever remembered because they were rich men? And Crœsus was really remembered because he was a great king, and Midas was given by the gods for his wisdom his choice of a reward, and punished by them for his one folly in choosing the reward of gold. The merchant solves no problem but his own, and merchants and rich men are not and never will be called great.

It became clear eventually that these agricultural lords, at any rate, no longer had any right to rule. They had no tradition for ruling over urban populations. Heredity in itself gave them no rights. Hereditary incompetence is no better than any other form of incompetence. It was clear the agricultural rulers had to go.

As yet there were no hereditary houses of merchants who cultivated the towns and townspeople amongst whom they

lived, as, for instance, the Medici, Strozzi, Chigi, Pazzi, etc., had done. The rich English merchants were, as a fact, devoid of traditions of rulership and honour. They were simply particularists, or, as the Americans say, merely out for number one. Their notions of life rose no higher than the accumulation of wealth. Even their leaders, such as Pitt and Peel and Cobden, had no eye to type, they only desired means, and passed or repealed laws solely to benefit the growing plutocracy and give them the upper hand in all the world's markets. Under them England became a nation of shopkeepers, as the great Napoleon foresaw; and even if it had occurred to any ruler mind to change an agricultural aristocracy to an urban one, it would not have been possible with such material as the rich merchants of Manchester afforded. The persistence of Saxon traditions excluded the possibility of the development of such families. Rich merchants bought lands, became Saxon agricultural lords, shot pheasants, hunted foxes, and ignored art, religion, literature, and culture—in short, all that which goes to the upbuilding of the art of communal life. Such was one influence of Saxon traditions.

Another influence was that the same invisible barrier, the inheritance of the fiord barriers, which shuts the Saxon from his fellow-men, shut the employer from his employees. Except when they were actually working in his factories, the employees were given complete freedom. The employer was freed from all other responsibility towards them. He had no paternal relation to them, and considered himself, naturally enough, absolutely justified in acting according to Saxon traditions. This ignoring of the employees, except when they were in the factories, was, however, the introduction of Saxon principles into conditions which were no longer based on Saxon social conditions. The factory workers were not largely independent as were their parents, who had possessed a little plot of land or a cottage industry. They were no

longer particularist, but communal. They formed a large group of people treated on the same conditions, and given wages according to definite scales. Clearly the only system upon which this could be carried out humanely was the patriarchal system. The employers must be fathers to their people and care for them in sickness and health, as the Roman and Athenian cared for their slaves or as a general cares for his soldiers. But the Saxon tradition forbade such a positive human relation. The employees were given their freedom outside the factory, and the employer was also free when they were in the factory, to use them as he liked. The relation between them was not patriarchal or human, but simply a battle for means. The employees struggled for the means to exist, the employer struggled for the means to enable him to have liberty for the pursuit of pleasure, and at least in the case of one man to realize the Saxon ideal and follow the devices and desires of his own heart in accordance with the principles of the Saxon Declaration. In his case his heart prompted him to get away from his fellow-men, and behave on a country estate as a Saxon loves to do. The result is well known to all readers of history, and one can declare without fear of contradiction that the history of the world offers no parallel in unconscious iniquity with that of the Saxon employers of labour in the first part of the nineteenth century. Cato, the Roman, was a hard master to his slaves, but he was amongst the kindest of masters compared to these Saxon employers of labour. They were not consciously cruel. They acted according to their lights. But they had none of the patriarchal sense which holds that the employer has a personal human relation to those he employs, a relation which is as vital as the same relation on a larger and a smaller scale, namely, the sovereign to the subject and the parent to the child. There was no such paternal quality in the Saxon factory and employment system. "The sufferings of the

artisan classes were intense. In Manchester a tenth of the whole population lived in cellars without sunlight and with a horrible stench! Here dwelt whole families, the children lying on the 'damp, nay, wet, brick floor, through which the stagnant moisture oozed up.'"[1] This is the account of the system by William Clarke in the Fabian Essays: "There was not a savage in the islands of the Pacific who was not better fed, happier, healthier, and more contented than the majority of the workers in the industrial parts of England." ("English parishes," says a footnote by the American editor, "sold orphan and pauper children to the manufacturers, and at least in one case, manufacturers bargained to take an idiot child for every so many sound ones.") "Children, it was discovered, were transferred in large numbers to the north, where they were housed in pent-up buildings adjoining the factories, and kept to long hours of labour. The work was carried on day and night, without intermission; so that the beds were said never to become cold, inasmuch as one batch of children rested while another batch went to the looms, only half the requisite number of beds being provided for all. Epidemic fevers were rife in consequence. Medical inspectors reported the rapid spread of malformation of the bones, curvature of the spine, heart diseases, rupture, stunted growth, asthma, and premature old age among children and young persons: the said children and young persons being worked by the manufacturers without any kind of restraint. Manufacturing profits in Lancashire were being at the same time reckoned at hundreds and even thousands per cent. The most terrible condition of things existed in the mines, where children of both sexes worked together, half naked, often for sixteen hours a day. In the fœtid passages, children of seven, six, and even four years of age were found at work. Women were employed underground, many of them even while pregnant, at the most exhausting labour.

[1] W. B. Synge, *A Short History of Social Life in England*, 1906, p. 301.

After a child was born, its mother was at work again in less than a week, in an atmosphere charged with sulphuric acid. In some places women stood all day knee-deep in water and subject to an intense heat. One woman when examined avowed that she was wet through all day long, and had drawn coal-carts till her skin came off. Women and young children of six years drew coal along the passages of the mines, crawling on all fours with a girdle passing round their waists, harnessed by a chain between their legs to the cart. A sub-commissioner in Scotland reported that he 'found a little girl, six years of age, carrying half a hundredweight, and making regularly fourteen journeys a day. The height ascended and the distance along the road exceeded in each journey the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.' 'I have repeatedly worked,' said one girl of seventeen years of age, 'for twenty-four hours.' The ferocity of the men was worse than that of wild beasts; and children were often maimed and sometimes killed with impunity. Drunkenness was naturally general. Short lives and brutal ones were the rule. The men, it was said, 'die off like rotten sheep; and each generation is commonly extinct after fifty.' Such was a large part of industrial England under the unrestrained rule of the capitalist. There can be no doubt that far greater misery prevailed than in the Southern States during the era of slavery. The slave was property—often valuable property; and it did not pay his owner to ill-treat him to such a degree as to render him useless as a wealth-producer. But if the 'free' Englishman were injured or killed, thousands could be had to fill his place for nothing."

. . . . . .

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And underneath our heavy lids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground ;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

. . . . . .

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path !
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath." [1]

. . . . . .

The slow crushing of Holland, the patronage of piracy, the forced colonial monopolies, and the exploitation of men, women, and children, such were the foundations of Saxon capitalistic greatness, foundations which a great ruler caste would not have permitted, foundations which make one, standing before the picture of its history, feel not the thrill of a positive attitude to life and man, but the blight of negativism and the utter lack of that larger and wider human feeling which is the birthright of the patriarchal system.

The particularist agriculturist had always possessed either some land of his own or a cottage industry, and liked to be left alone so that he could do his own work for himself undisturbed. But conditions were now changed. The labourer worked for a wage, which by his own efforts he could neither raise nor lower. Nor was his disposition of his time his own. He could not employ himself on one piece of his work which

[1] *The Cry of the Children*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

he fancied, and at another time at another piece; he could not work hard one day to take a short outing the next; he could not adjust his work to his needs or feeling. All independence and individual mastery of his time and skill in the disposition of the same as best suited his needs were taken from him by this iron wage. All personal inclination for his work and personal self-respect were entirely destroyed. He could put no heart in his work. Nor could he take any joy in his work, for the finished article was not his. His share was only that he had served a machine which cut out certain pieces, or that he had performed some particular work on those pieces. The finished product was never his. He could take no pride in it. He could not sell it to his buyer with pleasure. He could not receive the thanks of the buyer for his work. No human relation existed and arose between him and the buyer because of his work. His work now, never having been valued by a ruler mind, partook of the deadly repetitive imitation or quantity performed in the greatest quantity of time speed could produce. To turn out as many pieces as possible as quickly as possible was the object. Time was no longer the servant of quality, as it had been in Egypt and Greece, as it should be and must be in all great nations and lives. It was the servant of quantity.

Progress, says Herbert Spencer, is differentiation. The word should be disintegration. The disintegration, which resulted from the particularist principles of isolation and liberty, were fully experienced in manufacture. Everything was divided up, until no man ever made a whole thing. In the particularist cottage factories at least the family could see that which they had made and declare that it was good. They were differentiated to accomplish a complete work. Now, at the most, a woman, child, or man was concerned with a bit, a bit continually repeated without variation. The art form of repetition with a certain definite variation entered

no longer into the work. The soul and interest of the worker, no longer based on the art form, became utterly dead. They became as dead as the machine to which they were the unwilling servants. The worker actually became spoken of as a "hand." To all the rest of him the employer was utterly indifferent. From all the rest he was free. He did not look upon life as a whole or man as a whole. He only regarded him from the particulate point of view, with the measure that was the measure of his own desire.

Lastly, Saxon freedom allowed free capital divested of personal responsibility to come into play. In the cottage industries there was neither capitalist nor wage earner. The workman earned his own small capital. In the patriarchal system the chief of the industry supplied the money, but himself lived with his workmen and worked with them. He had a care for them, either because he had the positive attitude to life, which made the Athenian and Oriental the friend of his slave, or he had an interest in their health and welfare as essential asset to the community.

But in the Saxon manufacturing system free capital entered, free and independent of all responsibility whatsoever. This is not an economic treatise, so I will not enter into the iniquities of irresponsible capital. The many socialistic writers of the day treat the question with far greater intimacy than I could attempt. All I wish to do is to show how this free capitalism is an expression of the particularist type of mind, in which a man is independent of and free from all responsibility with regard to the fellow-man he employs, and how it is totally contrary to the personal interdependence and interrelation of the patriarchal system.

So also it has come about that machinery and capitalism have developed most prodigiously in the two great particularist countries of America and England, and least in the most patriarchal European country, namely Russia.

And the result has been an increase in quantity, in com-

fort, with no increase in taste or quality, but the destruction and annihilation of taste and quality. It has resulted in a vast accumulation of "necessities," whereas previously each thing had something of art, which made it, even though necessary, something pleasurable. People are forced to have a great quantity of various things, whether they like them or not, and a man is high or low in the social scale, not according to his quality so much as according to the quantity of means or things he has accumulated. Quantity is the measure of this Saxon industrial progress. "A cotton factory in one of the dismal 'hell-holes' called towns in Lancashire is a wonderful place, full of bewildering machines. Here is a machine called an 'opener,' by which 15,000 lbs. of cotton can be opened in fifty-six hours. There is a throstle, the spindles of which make from six thousand to seven thousand revolutions per minute. Here is a man who, with the aid of two pincers to take up and join the broken ends, can work two thousand spindles. . . . In 1805, one million pieces of calico were sold in the Blackburn market during the whole year; and that was considered a very large sale. In 1884, according to *Ellison's Annual Review of the Cotton Trade,* there were exported 4,417,000,000 yards of piece goods, besides the vast quantity produced for home consumption."[1] How different to this result of the vast heaps of "piece" goods is the product of the mechanical genius of the Egyptians, the mighty strength and imperishable grandeur of the pyramid. "Nothing more perfect, mechanically, has ever been erected since that time; and we ask ourselves in vain how long it must have taken before men acquired such experience and such skill, or were so perfectly organized, as to contemplate and complete such undertakings."[2]

For all these things are the expression of the people. They show what things are valued.

[1] William Clark, *Fabian Essay.*

[2] *History of Architecture,* by J. Fergusson, Vol. I, p. 94.

The agricultural landlords showed themselves utterly incompetent to rule a manufacturing country, and as I write this, it seems certain that they and their imitators will at last be deprived of power. They had no sense of value. Their rule was the most incapable rule of any aristocracy. They found a vast industrial problem and adopted the particularist policy of non-interference, and thus, from being aristocrats to an agricultural system, they became mere encumbrances and parasites to an urban system. But this urban system and crowding of workers together produced one good result. It began to break Saxon "freedom" and isolation and to introduce a communal spirit.

The communal sense of the urban population arose and gradually effected a change. Many, who came in contact with the industrial world, also felt the need of rule and order. That things were mitigated by these efforts is undeniable, but this mitigation was not brought about by strong rulership, but by the spread of subjects' morality and the forcing of this subjects' morality upon such aristocrats as were left to resist, and upon the rich merchants who had taken the place of the aristocrats in Parliament. Pity began to grow. Kindly folk began to care for the poor, to love the poor, to weep with the poor. Government at first did little. Indeed, far more was done, and all was started, by private individuals and associations. A patchwork of pity and charity was spread over the land, and government, instead of ruling, merely followed these private instigations when they became too strong or too many voiced to be resisted. It was genuine and positive, this increase of pity, but it had no ruler quality or quality of power, and it was carried out in the incidental manner of the subjects' mind. Piece by piece was repaired, whilst other pieces rotted, until people of feeble courage began to believe the social problem was insoluble. Nowhere was there any sign of true ruler quality, any questioning and valuing of the whole system. For this Saxon charity itself is a proof of

the lack of ruler quality. Charity is generosity, but the generosity of the weak. Where there is strong rulership and each man is valued and placed, there is no need for charity. In the clan or patriarchal family each man, woman, and child has a proper place. If ill, he is tended by his kinsfolk; if well, he works with them. He will never starve unless they all starve, and, whether hungry or sick, the means of his restoration are to hand. They are his right. They are the provision of the wisdom of man and his mastery over nature. He and his children do not become destitute when his crop fails, nor do they have to depend for alleviation on the capricious emotions of rich men's consciences. When he is sick, there is his rightful place with those who care for him. When his children are sick, he tends them. Thus they learn to care for him and he for them. It is a human relation. It is not the inhuman relation of the charity hospital, to which parents send children they love, only because illness in a modern worker's house upsets its economic value, and its economic value is more important than the culture of love between its members.

Another evidence that charity is not ruler but subjects' morality is seen in the way in which it was and is exploited by the capitalists for their own ends. The House of Commons had not been so foolish as the House of Lords. The Lords refused to reform themselves to an urban aristocracy. The House of Commons, however, admitted a larger and larger urban element. The Reform Bill of A.D. 1832 only affected one chamber of Parliament, and from that time onwards the other chamber was doomed. The new plutocratic power exploited pity. Hospitals were erected and used to patch up or prepare for the grave workers broken in health by the irresponsible plutocratic rule. There was no ruler quality, merely exploitation on the one hand and, on the other hand, the exhibition of subjects' morality dealing with the incident and with each separate expression of a

brutal system, which the subjects were too feeble to alter and too stupid to understand. The ruler quality, which makes the employer personally responsible for the labourer, was not even conceived of by these charitable Saxons.

Meanwhile progress rattled on and riches accumulated and so strengthened the hold over the "free" people of the plutocrats and capitalists, who possessed the power by this new measure of quantity, but possessed no ruler qualities whatsoever. All they possessed was the desire to go on accumulating means and to bring more peoples of other countries under the same accursed mechanical system scheming and devising to make the natives of the Indies and of Africa sink into the same proletarian condition into which the stupider northerners had sunk. The northerners were stupider because they have permitted their "necessities," such as telephones, bicycles, tubes, trains, top-hats, etc. etc., to rise to such an extent that nearly all are in a proletarian condition, whereas these natives resist and refuse to increase their "necessities." They will not be forced to make for themselves "necessities" for which they must work or perish, and thus solve the "labour question."

Occasionally these plutocrats would pander to the pity of the time and patronize the weak and earn merit by endowing hospitals and almshouses, whilst the orderers, the expressors, the artists, and the creators, whom a true aristocracy aided first, because they know the value of creation and strength and order to a people, these creators starved or disappeared.

For in no way are these plutocrats rulers. They are only the Saxon type at its extreme. They are the particulate or the selfish instinct at its extreme. They are the accumulators of means and quantity without quality or aim. The plutocratic endowment of charities and institutions still continues and earns the applause of the multitude, for charity, subjects' morality, pity without strength, emotion without a world out-

look, appeals to the multitude. Millionaires dispense with some of their earnings in this protestant and anarchical manner. They themselves are the choosers and free agents as to how they should dispense their gifts, and so hospitals and institutions and libraries and even universities become largely dependent on accidental charity. For the millionaire is considered to possess, as much as anyone else, the sense as to what ought to be done. He is the modern interpreter of God to man, and Carnegie and Rockfeller, having accumulated millions, are left entirely free to direct their power into whatsoever channel they desire. So the stream of progress meanders vaguely in ever new channels through the flats of mediocrity; and none seem to see what nonsense is all this doing good in this capricious and anarchical manner. But how can a system and an age that does not know what good is, do good to others or to anything at all?

From the time of the Reform Bill of A.D. 1832 onwards, political power was chiefly found in the House of Commons, not because there was ruler quality to be found there, but because in the total lack of ruler quality in England the purse became master and the House of Commons had control of the purse. With the means for buying anything as the standard, where nothing and no aim was certain, the real power came into the hands of the rich merchants, the capitalists and plutocrats. The complete ascendancy of the plutocrats, the democratization of irresponsible capitalism by the creation of joint stock companies, and the rise to political power of the organized workmen and employees, can be read in many handbooks. I do not wish to deal with these commercial and political events, but to show how our Saxon system, and the systems that imitate or are influenced by it, lack any ruler quality whatsoever, and how this Saxon system, in all its features, is merely the expression of the subjects' mind, of the common or vulgar mind in the Latin sense. I want to show how everything that has ruler quality

is suppressed and mistaken and bound and without freedom, and everything that is vulgar has freedom and encouragement. I want to show how this freedom for vulgarity is the true interpretation of liberty and progress, and what will be the future consequences of this progress.

There is, then, in this freedom for the vulgar mind, first of all, freedom for the mathematician. The mathematician was totally unimportant to the great civilizations of the Egyptians, and of the Greeks of the Periclean age, as well as to the great Oriental civilizations of China and Japan. Now he is all-important. He is regarded as the judge of success, and his figures become the measure of success, for quantity, not mastery, and complication, not simplification, are the modern measures of success. Commerce, one is told, increases 800 per cent in the United States in fifty years, in eighty years the total population of Europe doubles itself and its expenditure trebles itself, machines turn out a thousand boots in the same time as they once turned out a hundred, trade figures lengthen out and become more complicated with every report, eugenists count people by the thousand, statisticians give pages of figures for consumption, astronomers, scientists, economists throw out figures, until people without taste gasp with astonishment at figures with noughts rolling away from them to all eternity. All the world begins to go crazy over figures: figures in mobs, figures in crowds, figures in masses, overwhelming by numbers, by mass, by weight, quantity, the veritable expression of democracy.

So the mathematician measures success. But he usurps a still stronger place than judge of success. He is the judge of truth. He usurps not only the place of the ruler, but that of the poet, lawgiver and valuer, or of the prophet-interpreter. For something to be proved mathematically is accepted as irrefutably true by democracy. This doctrine of like units, of 1 and 1 and 1 and 1 and 1 is the natural expression

of democracy. They are all the same, these ones, they none of them have personality, they are all precisely the same; they all have the same value, and therefore no value; they are all dead, for had they life or character they would have personal value. But this science of mathematics is utterly dead. Its fundamental precept that two and two make four is a lie when applied to life and when applied to anything that has value. Two men and two men make four men only when there is no value in or aim for these men. Directly there is such aim, even though it only be breaking stones on the road, this precept is no longer true, for each man has his own value according to his aptness for the job. And in higher aims and on a higher scale of valuation, this mathematical outlook becomes yet more absurd. One = one is not true if one is a Wellington and another Harry Smith, when an army has to be put to use. Mathematical proof is only proof when each unit is of equal value. Therefore to the democratic mind, to whom all men are self-evidently born equal, mathematics are true. But to life as it is, mathematical proof is a lie, and that is the reason why ancient Egypt and early Greece, the civilizations of valuing and of art, never thought of turning to the statistician for the measure of progress or to the mathematician for a proof.

As an example of such a lie is the absurd statement that the sun is 93,000,000 of miles away. This statement is based on the equality of units. But there is no such equality. An inch just below my eye and an inch five yards away, look very different to my mind, and they have without doubt different value to my or any other human mind. It is because mathematics are not human, because they are democratic and say each inch is equal to every other inch, irrespective of where they are with regard to the mind perceiving them, because mathematics ignores the fundamental valuing quality of the human mind, that such ludicrous statements as that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away pass for truth.

The most ludicrous use of mathematics to prove truth and give guidance to modern democracy is the eugenic method. The practitioners of this method base their investigations on vast numbers of measurements of wrists, heads, forearms, thumbs, etc.—in short, they base it on quantity. The results are curious. I give one example. Mr. Heron, says Professor Karl Pearson (Eugenics Laboratory Lectures, No. 1, 1909), has shown that modern town life leads to the survival of the unfit. Such is the astonishing conclusion of these scientific mathematicians who believe in the law of the survival of the fittest. They forget the very meaning of words.

What they found is that town life leads to the survival of of those fit for town life, which tallies with their philosophy. Who are the fittest? They that survive. Who survive? They that are fittest. But the eugenic laboratory workers have a scheme of valuation apparently. Their purpose is to produce the fit, and the fit for them are what they, Messrs. Heron and Pearson, think fit. They obviously are not those fit for town life. Those fit for town life are unfit to Messrs. Heron and Pearson. Clearly these mathematicians are their own measure. They, who resemble themselves and their class, are the fit, and they merely used the democratic massed figures to conceal an individual fight for themselves and their type. Their type itself seems to be, in the main, the old puritanical one. They are strictly similar to the politicians. The politicians appeal to the people's minds, the eugenists to their wrist and head measurements, and both conceal under their appeal their practice of the modern philosophy, their struggle for existence.

Doubtless Professor Karl Pearson would measure, if he could, the mighty Cæsar's head and the Napoleonic thumb and put them in his statistics.

His method is the method of the next class of people who are free under democracy, namely, the scientists. They are close allies of the mathematicians, and next to them are the

priests of democracy. To prove mathematically is to prove finally to democracy. To prove a thing scientifically or to speak scientifically carries almost the same weight and for the same reason, for science is essentially a vulgar outlook, and as the mathematician conceals himself behind or supports himself on a mass of dead figures, so the scientist hurls away all personal responsibility and daring and supports himself on a mob of facts. The mob or mass being composed of the commonplace or vulgar, the induction of truths from a vast number of commonplace cases must inevitably result in these truths being vulgar truths, and, therefore, no truths at all to the ruler mind.

For science ignores the ruler mind. It takes experience as its bedrock, and grants to everyone the freedom to judge of this experience. It discards intuition, the nature of the intuitive mind, upon which the selection and the colour of all knowledge depends. It is the unphilosophic commonplace mind that relies on experience, as if the mind were something to be indented by experience and so shaped as putty can be indented and shaped. It is the commonplace mind that relies on what is called reason, the average struck from a series of experiences, and which of necessity brings all action and emotion down to a normal or mediocre or average or commonplace level. It is all commonplace because it disregards the fact that experience is simply the servant of intuition, and is collected, coloured, ordered, or rejected by the intuitive mind. Similarly, the reason is servant to the intuition. The man of taste and intuition uses his reason and experience to gain the end of which his intuition approves. Napoleon used his reason to make himself master of Europe, feeling himself born a ruler. But the commonplace mind with scientific outlook becomes servant to its number of experiences. It does not stamp its personality upon experience. Experience teaches it that it is descended from an ape and closely related to the animal world, because it has

no intuition that at once stamps such a statement as a lie. This latter transcends experience and is consequently discarded by science. And the reason why it transcends science is because science bases itself on quantity, not quality, and measures itself by the little measure of the mediocre members of the mass, reduces itself to the common level, and dare not aspire to strive up towards and to learn from those greater beings who, until the coming of Saxon democracy, interpreted the meaning of life to man. Such men did not link mankind up with the ape, but with that which shall bear no name. For myself, all that which I value in life or in myself has nothing whatsoever to do with this apish science or with its method of taking mass facts of that which men bear in common and basing its truths on them, and caring nothing for that aspiration, and that intuition of life, which make men of different value in the world. To me this scientific age is not an age of Enlightenment. To me it is a Dark Age, almost the Darkest of Ages.

For science takes a mass of figures and facts, as seen by the scientists' mediocre minds—there are so many of them, they must be mediocre theoretically; practically there is no doubt of it—it takes the common quality, or what is called the normal, and calls this average of a mob of facts a law of nature. But science can do nothing for the exception, simply because it is the exception, and science is the induction of rules and formulæ from a mass of examples. Before the rarity science merely speaks of the mystery and incalculability of genius, or with the insolence of its mob strength crushes and destroys genius, and would have it that genius is a sort of insanity or actually is insanity. Doubtless the democratic growth of recent centuries, and especially of latter years, drove many ruler minds mad. It drove Ludwig I of Bavaria to abdicate. It drove his grandson mad. Ruler minds and artists are hunted and tortured by Saxon democratic times. The very air stifles them, and all their gener-

ous love of giving to mankind is dammed back and thwarted by the fear and non-understanding of the mediocre man, who is supposed to have an equal right with them to judge and value. Democracy, the rule of the mass, eliminates the strong man and the ruler mind, persecutes Manet and Whistler, drives Byron out of England, keeps Goethe silent about his real truths, imprisons Napoleon in St. Helena, turns Schopenhauer to sourness, and drives the heoric Nietzsche mad. And Democracy has hounds, trained scientific hounds, to smell out and hunt such genius as arises. Lombroso, with his followers, and P. J. Moebius are the most famous of these hounds. Every genius they find to be mad. I recently read Moebius on Nietzsche. Every splendid and far-reaching intuition and noble ambition and inspired utterance of that fine poet-philosopher, that creator of values, lawgiver and interpreter, Moebius holds to be signs of insanity. To his mediocre mind doubtless they were ravings and utterances without meaning. Even his medical discussion of the case I, as a professional man, could judge of medically, and it is forced and insensate nonsense to attribute Nietzsche's madness to general paralysis. Yet Moebius is held in high honour amongst scientists in protestant Germany, and his type and their productions, such as Max Nordau's *Degeneration*, receive a wide welcome in protestant England. "And many of them said, He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?"[1] Had they been scientists, they would all have said it.

For science overcomes the exception by the rule, the miracle by the law of nature, the rarity by the accumulated ordinary. It is essentially a democratic expression and world outlook. Yet will anyone dare to deny that perhaps, after all, the exception is more important than the rule, the miracle more instructive than the law of nature, the rarity more valuable than the massed commonplace, the prophet or

[1] St. John x 20.

interpreter of the gods, who have power over life, more significant than the voice of a referendum, the poet in the Greek sense of the lawgiver than the unanimity of all the scientists and protestants in the world, and Confucius than all the teeming millions who have since most wisely followed his precepts? For how can a mass of figures tell of the rarest, which men are wont to call the divine?

Science is both lumpy with the mud-heaps of mediocre minds and shapeless from the lack of ruler mind. It is disintegrated into a thousand fragments called specialism. The specialist is a commonplace mind, supposed to be expert, because he is narrow. But socially and humanely he is helplessly defective. Even the English have detected that he is an unreliable witness to life—the lie, the damned lie, and the expert witness.

The scientist, basing his knowledge on the massed mediocre, must needs disclose results that lower the dignity of man, by ignoring or eliminating the exceptional man. Consequently, having eliminated the strong and the noble and the rare, he finally comes to truths which, lacking the rare and the noble, are positively repulsive. One of these results was the exaggeration and emphasis of the brute nature of man. The more these silly scientists peered into man's nature, the more he became like unto the beasts. I have no desire to disparage the beasts, but let them be kept in their place. To locate what the scientist calls man's place in nature, he fixed his eyes solely on men's bony or other relations to the apes and beasts. That is to say, that in true Saxon fashion he fixed his mind on means only, for what is the body but the means whereby the soul can act and express itself? The scientists continued to revel in the beast and biology. He sank below subjects' realism, the relation of man to man, right down to biological realism, the relation of man to beast. He sank as low and lower than the post-impressionists sank in painting. He calls it going back to nature, as if the higher

aspirations and intimations of the divine, which he cannot comprehend or has lost, had nought to do with man's nature, though for centuries man had regarded them as the highest and most valued part of his nature; as if nature were anything more than the raw material, out of which man has to construct an art of life; as if life were worthy, unless something definite is fashioned out of it; as if society were admissible, unless it expressed itself masterfully and beautifully.

I take one of the latest scientific views of art, that of Herr Rank (*Der Künstler, Wien*, 1907). According to Rank, who is a disciple of the bold and able Freud—somewhat of a Judas, I suspect—art is the description of the unfulfilled lust of an unsatisfied and sublimated polyvalent sex. A boy, it appears, has a natural desire to dislike his father as a rival owing to his sexual leanings to his mother. Moreover, he has similar desires with his sisters and perverse desires with his brothers. Being unable to actualize these desires, he sublimates them and expresses them in symbolic forms, but with all their original passion. Thus it is that polyvalent sex, when suppressed, reappears as art. Well, if it were so, so much the better for sex.

For this is the method of science. If a flock of sheep were seen to be feeding in one field and in the evening penned in another, and a scientist, especially if of German derivation, were asked why, he would set to work and produce a mass of flock statistics. Everything average and mediocre about the flock would be statistically tabulated, the average weight, size, cranial capacity, height, tail length, etc., until the enquirer would be fully informed about the flock, but as far as ever from the reason why the sheep fed in one field and were penned in another. The scientist would then proceed to build up a theory from his studies and statistics to explain the matter, but work so hard as he could, he would never arrive at the right reason, because he can never

and would never suspect the existence and cause of a master mind. Such, in brief, is his method of solving the problems of life. And when democracy, sincerely and devoutly impressed by the bulky, though shapeless quantity of him, demands eagerly his answer to the question of, For what do we live? and, How shall we live? the scientist replies, "*Agnosco!* I do not know. Like my friend the pragmatist, I stand for no particular result. I cannot lead. I can give you quantities of things, averages, normals, the mediocre, that which you and I and all of us moderns are, but as to height, aim, quality—well, I don't know anything about these things. I can tell you all about your sex and your stomach, but as to your soul, that with which you value all these things of life—well, have you really got a soul? I doubt it. I believe you are simply a bit of malleable stuff, and you are moulded into various shapes by environment. You can't help yourself, so drift along, my brethren, drift along!"

For the light of science is the last light by which to see. One can see no more distinctly with it than one can see faces distinctly in a mob. It is a mob creation, and there is no ruler mind to it at all. The proof is that whereas Europe has nowadays no great men, no artists, poets, philosophers, saints, or creators, it teems with scientists; and moreover, whereas Europe is far from realizing, even in a little measure, the master wisdom of the East, Japan, to prevent herself being exploited like India, was able to learn all the wisdom of the West in a few years.

Science only describes what it sees, or what it induces from what it sees and perceives. It is objective, journalistic, and deals only with observations and perceptions. But the quality of the perceiving mind and its nature, that which to the thinker finally is the "thing in itself," the basis of everything else, the master of everything else, from which everything else takes its colour, with this quality and its relation to the infinities, the philosopher, the prophet, the poet, and the

artist, and not the scientist, have communion, intuition, and knowledge. They alone teach that life should be noble and beautiful, because this principle, this quality, this thing in itself has such desires within it as can respond to the noble and the beautiful. Before their knowledge and guidance, the knowledge of how to measure the distance of a star, to make an aeroplane or to describe the electrical qualities of a nerve, are of trivial value and commonplace quality. Nor have the more difficult explanations and descriptions of science any particular value. To me many of the truths of science are absurd and amusing enough, but all pale before the monstrous statements about the actual nature of the elemental basis of things, the luminiferous ether, in which all the universe is immersed. Ether, says Sir Oliver Lodge, is "massive and substantial beyond conception. It is turning out to be by far the most substantial thing—perhaps the only substantial thing—in the material universe. Compared to ether the densest matter, such as lead or gold, is a filmy gossamer structure."[1] This ether permeates everything—gases, the air, solids, liquids, and space, and in spite of its substantial character, compared to which the solidity of gold and lead is mere gossamer stuff, it is always "squirming internally with the velocity of light,"[2] that is to say, according to the scientists, at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. To such absurdities does the accumulation of stuff by commonplace minds without valuing lead. These scientists sneer at the extravagances of the scholastic theologians, and yet find it "fascinating" to consider that "a grouping of, say, 700 electrons" (the scientific elements of matter which fly about at the rate of 180,000 miles a second), "350 positive and 350 negative interleaved and interlocked in a state of violent motion so as to produce a stable configuration under the influence of their centrifugal inertia and their electric forces,

[1] Sir O. Lodge, *Ether in Space*, 1909, Vol. XIV.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

constitutes an atom of hydrogen."[1] Such are the things that are true, or at any rate pictures approaching the truth, to the mind of the scientist. Such is the balderdash to which they all solemnly listen.

Finally, take the one word that justifies the scientist, the word that gives a religious significance to Gadarene progress, namely, Evolution. It was defined by Herbert Spencer, after long argument, in italics, in the following words: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from a relatively indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a relatively definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."[2] It is not a very simple definition, and it is said that when it was repeated to Darwin, he replied he did not know what it meant. Apparently one feature is that matter itself integrates—that is, takes a quieter, more sober and more generally levelled form. It loses the enthusiasm and impulse of its motion. The second feature is the passage from this rather vague and mobile homogeneity to a more or less stiff and hard outlined heterogeneity, from a pliant whole to hard, isolated, free, separate disintegrations and subdivisions. What is this, indeed, but the democratic outlook on the world? What is this but a description of the world with a democratic sense, using and interpreting reason, experience, and facts to justify itself? What is it but democracy trying to give itself a sort of religious approval and, even closer, the stamp of inevitability with this notion of Evolution?

For it is in this integration of matter, this hardening to one mass or mob of matter, that Saxon democracy consists. It is what it is effecting more and more. This passage from homogeneity to heterogeneity is nothing more than the passage from patriarchalism to particularism, from Catholic

[1] Sir O. Lodge, *Romanes Lecture*, 1903.
[2] Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, 1900, p. 367.

to protestant. This mobile patriarchal homogeneity appears relatively indefinite and incoherent, holding together as it does so easily without definite laws, regulations, and rules; whereas the laws, the hard individual outlines, the little narrow limits of the units and sects which make up the body politic of democracy, holding together in spite of their differences because they are mediocre, and because nothing, not even their differences, can be great or dangerous or strong, make the words a coherent heterogeneity an admirable description of modern democracy. Spencer in other passages shows how this Evolution is no truth at all, but merely a democratic statement of what has happened. He speaks of progress as differentiation, and as the passage from simplicity to a greater complexity. In other words, it is disintegration and a loss of power, for clearly greater complexity only means a loss of power, for, owing to the loss of power, which makes things easy and "simple," things are getting more complex, more difficult to manage, more intricate and more out of hand. To the very people, the moderns, who are conscious of this loss of power, the word Evolution is a consolation. Feeble as they are and muddled as things are, both feebleness and muddle are to be attributed to Evolution. They are stages in Evolution. They are, therefore, part of an inevitable process. But out of them something better will evolve. In spite of their feebleness and muddle there is something in them, for they are the groundwork of this something better, they are thus justified, nay, they may even perk themselves, for in this inevitable process they are inevitably forced—all praise to them!—to be the feeble transitional stages towards that which their poet called the "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

There was only one of these scientists great enough to suspect that all was not right with this science. He was the greatest of them all, Charles Darwin. He was so rare as to

be able to look at himself and see the effect science had had upon him. In his Autobiography, after saying he was once very fond of music and poetry, he continues: "But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts, but why this should have caused atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive."[1] Such must be the result of absorption in a purely democratic expression and world outlook. Darwin says that had he to live again he would have tried to preserve these higher tastes, and continues, in the most valuable passage in all his writings: "The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Science plays a great part in modern education. Modern education itself is another expression of the Saxon democratic sense of quantity, and lacks altogether the ruler sense of quality. Of the giving of facts in education there is no end, but as to what interpretation to put upon them, as to how to see them, this is left to the unfortunate educated, rarely masterful enough to conquer and order them, and only mercifully saved from chaos by forgetting them. From the very first freedom and quantity are instilled into the modern child, and quality, value, type are ignored. It is true that in English public schools the old country gentleman type is still preserved, but he is scarce any longer a part in the national scheme, and all his special culture and education, which once fitted him for his higher position in the state, are showered now on all classes with a blindness as to its reason and effect. This striving after the impossible, this endeavour

[1] *Life of Charles Darwin*, by Fr. Darwin, 1887, Vol. I, pp. 100, 101, 102.

to raise the whole nation to the level of the leisured, cultured gentlefolk of the past century, is one of the chief features of Saxon education. The old classical education, at any rate, did give some of the art of life, as it came from Rome, to one class of Saxon society, and taught them to arrange and order life to some extent and with some sort of taste. But now this classic culture is dealt out to everyone in rococo fragments, bits here and there, mostly spurned, disregarded by parents, misunderstood by teachers, and consequently forced blindly upon the children, who revolt against it. In addition to these remnants and fragments of the past, this barock and rococo stuff, which gives "refinement," there is a mass of unvalued and therefore shapeless and disordered matter the child is forced to accumulate.

Quantity is the cry, everything must be included in this education, except valuing. Modern education is not "leading out" the child's natural talents, but pouring in knowledge. All the matter is poured in anyhow, and the mind of the modern child and man is consequently a shapeless heap of stuff, much of it repulsive to him, for to any healthy child book life in place of real life must be repulsive, and most of it jumbled in helpless contradictions and confusions. Accumulate, accumulate, that is the aim. Be well read. Know everything in the books. The modern educated scholar is no different in principle to the money-grubber. His aim is only one of means, namely, to accumulate. He has no values, and does not know how to create out of his knowledge. But he makes, as the rich man makes, a good show. His library is stocked with "authorities." His mind is divided into a thousand compartments, each ruled by a set of authorities. But his mind is no one state striving for one fulfilment. It has none of that "tireless climb" of the Greeks to their ideal. It has none of that yet more wonderful conception of the Oriental ruler mind, the long

striving to the state of realization by meditation, a process the opposite of introspection and self-analysis, which is the perpetual resorting of the incidents of life. It has none of the meditation of the Oriental, by which the mind is emptied of life incidents to let racial memories and ruler truths pour into it; nor has it any of the permanence, definiteness, and simple shapeliness which characterized the pyramid. For these and meditation are the qualities of rulers only.

Modern education is crowned with no crown. It has no aim, except to make a child more efficient by giving him a chance to get up in a society where quantity and the amount of accumulation is a test of efficiency. The boy is stuffed with diverse facts and is judged by the capacity he has of retaining this mass. Clearly this is a Saxon democratic measure, a measure of quantity. The modern system of examinations measures this capacity. The more the boy retains, the more capable he is of taking a high position in the state. If very full, he will perhaps get into a government office or supplant the old country gentleman type, who ruled India according to the traditions of the country estate and held more ale than learning. Should he join a profession, his capacity of retention is recorded for all time by a number of letters after his name, and the more letters he collects the more he is respected.

But no one is singled out, as a patriarchal society singles out the great men for which it is famous, for the examiners and teachers are products of the same quantity system. They are even arrogant and stupid enough to think quantity gives the right to rule and to lead. I take some chance evidence from America. A Catalogue of the State Normal School of Colorado has fallen into my hands. The "Normal Department" so describes its aims: "The function of the Normal School is to make teachers. To do this it must keep abreast of the times. It must lead in public education. It must project the future. The modern conception of educa-

tion embraces all human life." In a word, it is the mob against the chosen amongst men. Accumulation of matter supposed to embrace all human life naturally entitles that person to a ruler position. What is intuition or genius compared to the system by which any child at the hands of a Colorado teacher can embrace all human life? With the spread of this education there will be a mob of embracers. How wonderful it will be! What a noble ideal for romantic American Saxonism! A mob of gods, whose knowledge embraces all human life, human life revealed not by blood, but by print!

Such has been and is the result of the German transubstantiation of blood into printer's ink, human personality into printed authority, body into intellect, wisdom into cleverness. The modern leaders would have their veins flow with this printer's ink, feeding enfeebled hearts and darkening the understanding.

What a fuss there is about education too! These democratic and scientific folk cling to it as if it were their only salvation. All this exploiting of children, this analysing them, measuring them and bits of them, studying them, psychologizing over them and wondering what can be made out of them, is only a sign of how disgusted people are with themselves and with other adults. They represent the old, and they pray science not to let themselves be reproduced. These children must be cleverer, more brainy, more cunning to struggle for existence, more gentle as well, so as not to hurt each other in the unruled herd of democracy.

One would think education had just been invented from the clamour that is raised about it. And yet the real education is almost wholly neglected, that education which the parent instinctively feels or used to feel was so urgent, namely the child's world outlook. For the parent realized the value of the original interpretation of early perceptions, and in this only followed the ruler mind. I say without

hesitation that such a system of education as existed in ancient Egypt, as exists in China, as existed in Buddhistic Burma until recent years, and as existed in that Occidental implantation of the Oriental system, the Catholic Church, is the only system that can relate each individual through the great men of the world to the power over life, and that democracy and its outlook and its education and its science will, as Darwin suspected, not only kill an understanding of how this power can be created and maintained—that it has done already—but it will also destroy all that is godlike or good in the supreme sense, all that is noble or strong. For how can the idea or the comprehension of an overruling paternal love live and be realized in an internecine commercial and social struggle?

Think for a moment of the very first interpretation the Chinese child receives by education. It is one which is so lacking in obviousness to the European mind apparently, that Mr. Ball says it "might tax all the mental powers of a philosopher to fathom."[1] It is: "Men at their birth are by nature radically good." Such is the very first interpretation of facts in the Chinese education.

But Europe with its modern education must inevitably sink more and more into the vulgar mêlée, the creed of which is the Struggle for Existence, with the mob-fact people, the mathematicians and the scientists, as its priests. Any induction these people chance to make from a mass of facts will become a "truth" which the "educated" have to accept, just as everyone is forced to accept inventions in a "free" society. There will be no choice, no selection, no valuing, no order. The truths will become, and are now, not the servants of man but his masters. He is forced to accept them and he is forced to accept more, for they have all the weight of the mob behind them. He is forced to accept them, for they are utilitarian truths mostly, subjects' utili-

[1] J. D. Ball, *Things Chinese*, 1904.

tarianism with a market value, and should he neglect them he will rapidly become more proletarian than he was before. But the Interpreters and great Educators, the Vedas who have educated thousands of millions, Confucius who has educated millions of millions, Cæsar, Mohammed, and Napoleon, all educators of millions, because they were interpreters, will be thrust out, they and all their wondrous understanding of the manifold potentialities of man and the unlimited raw material of human nature, and of what can and should be made out of it, will be thrust out by a set of men who do not prove their doctrines by their lives and the examples of their own nobility and power over life, but display themselves in text-books and quantity and talk interminable.

In democracy worshipping means and quantity, it is not strange to find the priests of the body, the doctors, ousting the priests of type and character. The doctor has a perfectly legitimate position. But he himself is not a valuer, but a protector and repairer of means, physical means, the body, and the physical functions. But the body and physique are only means to an end, they enable something to be done, some stamp to be set upon life, something to be created and shaped from life.

Nevertheless, the Saxon with his subjects' realism and worship of means tends to exalt the doctor more and more above the artist or priest. Had it not been for the general incompetence of the profession, it would have been exalted yet more. But being a trade of medicine, instead of an art, each professor of it is not companion but rival to his fellow-practitioner, and the organization of an art is replaced by individual inefficiency stimulated to activity by this rivalry. Nevertheless, by the democratic populace there is no doubt that the doctor is regarded as more valuable than the priest. The priest at least had aim and type before him. There was a certain quality of man he wished to make out of the

abundant possibilities of human nature. He employed strong measures to preserve and strengthen this type. But the doctor is only concerned with means, namely, with healthy physique. The Saxon, however, with his worship of means, has elevated the doctor, and a creed of health has arisen which absorbs a large part of the attention of quite a number of people, and of this creed the doctor is the priest and authority. It is dangerous, for the doctor must needs be largely absorbed by the negative side of life. His very science is founded mainly, as is the mathematician's, on that which is dead, on pathology. But this very negativism of the doctor was reason for the Saxon exalting him. For the Saxon democrat seems to become more and more saturated with the Fear of Life. He has no faith in life, he likes to be guarded and warned and protected. If he has given up confession and spiritual inspection, he is growing more and more willing to invite medical inspection. If he has given up pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem, he has accepted pilgrimages to Carlsbad and the Riviera. He lives surrounded by an environment of disease, which is replacing the environment of sin. Patent medicines advertise themselves from every hoarding and wink perpetually at him through the window of his suburban train and point at him from his paper and flash upon him from the wall at night. The care of health, the need of exercise, of ventilation, of no dust, of free air, of avoiding microbes, of swallowing microbes, of physical training, of Swedish exercises, of rest on the sofa, of lifting weights, of taking tonics, of drinking wines, of avoiding alcohol, of knowing what food is healthy and what is unhealthy, of knowing whether to wear cotton or wool: all these things are witness of the extravagant worship of physical means. It is the hospital that greets the democrat's eyes in a city, and which is almost as important to him, or even more important, than the temple. It is the hospital and not the palace, the symbol of sickness

and not of rulership and strength. The dogmas of physiological digestibility begin to rule at the festive board. He must live, everyone has the right to live, in order to be means to whatsoever each chooses, or, more probably, to perpetual nervous incertitude, but to live certainly. Even the state, which has too little to say as to what type of man he is to be, must keep him alive, and not alive only, but alive as long as possible, as large a quantity of life, even though it is poor quality, nerve-wracked, often exhausted, patched, and painful. Physiological digestibility becomes more important than taste, and eating becomes a matter of just eating, and appetite is measured by the quantity swallowed. The subtlety of good cooking that tests refined senses and makes a meal the art of detecting the cook's art, is not for the Saxon. He is no cannibal artist devouring the genius of his cook. Quantity even in his food is more to him than art, and the only quality he recognizes is nutritive quality. Finally, obedient to the doctor, his meal may even become as mechanical as his machines, and he can reckon out in calories how much stoking he daily has to do.

And the result of all this is more fear of life and a loss of resistance, a tendency to be overcome by and not to overcome pain. There is too much evidence of anæsthetics and narcotics, too little of that proud memory of conquest of pain and conviction of having been courageous, unyielding and victorious, of having added to one's power and to one's stock of courage and to one's example to oneself.

There is need of strength and rulership, and the confidence and safety the mass of mankind feel when the strong man rules. But Saxon democracy is full of changes, insecurities, chances, reforms, trivialities, and incertitudes. Frets and worries arise from the absence of that unconscious and ready reaction to environment, which results from long familiarity of the subjects to the ideas and laws which rule them, which familiarity itself results from the strong stability of the

system and of the traditions or in other words the discipline of the rulers over it. But perpetual changes and new measures and uncertainties continually decrease the capacity of adequate response, and a restlessness of mind and a weakness of resistance, and general neurasthenia and a tendency to hysteria, overtakes and stamps itself upon this system of freedom for all, except for the rare and the ruler type and their world outlook. Japan and China have no neurasthenia. It is a modern European and American disease. It is essentially the creation of democracy, as is also the abundant expression of the need of health and strength. For it is the spirit that rules the body and the world outlook that colours the mind. It is a joyous mind, a noble mind, with a healthy acceptance of life and a rightful self-pride, and not anatomy, which holds the body upright and keeps the carriage proudly erect.

The great centre of Saxon democracy, namely, London, was called by Horace Walpole "a gigantic mass of littlenesses." It is, in fact, a true expression of the people. Its very dirt and drab dimness show the quality of the souls it houses. Its monotony, ugliness, and mass of littlenesses is also expressive. Each small particularist family has its own shelter purely regardless of that patriarchal association which expresses itself in the far larger and more beautiful houses, such as those of the Bavarian peasants, and is ignorant and unheeding of the deadly monotony of rows of cottages and villas, provided only small family isolation is secured. In freer parts and the suburbs, where this same particularist spirit is exhibited on a slightly more pretentious scale, it is symbolized by the suburban garden and the garden hedge. A small plot of land carefully screened from the intruding eye of the neighbour satisfies the desire of the Saxon. The suburbs are also a gigantic mass of littlenesses, of small particularist family shelters and shielded plots of land, with the public or communal spirit expressed by town-

halls or even modern churches of unsurpassed ugliness and bad taste. In the country itself it is the same. All England is plotted out by hedges into littlenesses, and even the great estates are so divided up, and only here and there does some park display a certain aristocratic generosity of soul and desire for width and space and largeness.

The same littleness characterizes the amusements of the democracy. "There is a dim yearning for amusement, a restless love of excitement, a desire to drown depression and worry. Men, women, and even children, flock to places of cheap amusement for recreations which endeavour to supply the pathetic demand, thereby deteriorating public taste without satisfying morbid discontent. It is the same with cheap literature. Though the world's masterpieces are within the reach of all, the cry is for something sensational, adventurous, or romantic."[1] Potted plays and short stories and magazines and tit-bits and society bits and gossip are the little dabs upon the mind in which the "educated" masses indulge, in order to rid themselves of that worry which they feel because they are caught in the inhuman machine of the vast shop turning out quantity and intent on wealth, which they call a nation, and because there is no strong man or saviour permitted or able to help them. The Athenians went again and again to the same play. The artists of the past patriarchal conditions were content to repeat the old familiar stories in artistic settings. The people, being accustomed to certain stories with their definite and accustomed world outlook, enjoyed the art of the story, the way in which it was rendered and expressed. They were not concerned with its problem or its moral or what to do or think or believe, but with how it was made beautiful. In China, as in mediæval Europe, the people often subscribe to get themselves a play acted in some temporary erection, and the play, instead of being three hours in duration, lasts

[1] Synge, p. 388.

three days or more. The staging amongst these peoples was and is of the simplest. But the fretted mechanical Saxon townsman with his incidental mind prefers fine staging, something objective and pictorial. Even a three hours' story is apt to be burdensome to him. He prefers a series of littlenesses at the music-hall.

So also he prefers his literature to be divided up into a series of brief incidents, short stories and paragraphs. *Paradise Lost* would be unbearable to him. Short and sensational is his desire. Amongst the writers it is the same. There is no great creator. There is no great artist, dramatist, or poet amongst them. On the other hand, there are a host of petty measurers, critics and commentators, tatlers and talkers, who destroy the great men, the great conceptions, religions, and creations of the past by writing about them and by thinking of them with their little minds and measuring them with their tiny measures. Disintegration into littlenesses, such is the feature of the democratic recreation.

In the Saxon rural recreations of hunting and killing, the same tendency is evident. The Egyptian noblemen scorned to attack a lion with shooting weapons such as the bow and arrow. Now even the big game hunter, to whom some honour is due, comes home with quantity, vast quantity of slaughtered animals, himself alone unscathed. Quantity, however, distinguishes the sport of his tamer brother at home yet more strikingly. Lately I witnessed a battue shoot of pheasants, and recalled how in ancient Egypt the hunting of smaller creatures and birds, which can do man no hurt, was left to the peasantry, who needed food.

Even athletics are being converted to accumulating and exploitation, to prizes and professionalism. Nevertheless, they remain the best product of rural Saxonism.

How far more social the urban amusements of people of patriarchal character are than those of the Saxon, anyone with knowledge of the Italians, Bavarians, Austrians, southern

French or free Oriental peoples knows well. The charm of the Irish people is also openly acknowledged, and I remember not being surprised in Bavaria to find how travellers, who were able to get some insight into the people, often compared them to the Irish. Munich is in many ways a patriarchal urban expression. The people live in large flats, less comfortable by far than English villas. They do not live so much in patriarchal families as do the Bavarian peasants, but these flats are considered as much from a communal as from a private point of view. The whole plan of a new building has to be submitted to and accepted by a committee of architects. The consequence is that there is a definite attempt to build and preserve the town beautifully. There is none of the anarchy that distinguishes the Strand, for example, or makes Bermondsey so hideous. To walk in the streets of Munich is to be soothed and calmed by their beauty. Architectural charms constantly meet the eye, and public gardens and green plots are carefully placed and selected. Everywhere there is the order, design, and mastery that are qualities of a well-balanced and valued society. The result is that pleasure and belief, in the place of distraction and despair, are unconsciously instilled into one. Broad spaces, too, make one unconsciously aware of the generosity of the ruler spirit. Everywhere one feels that beauty, generosity, and order are qualities of that social order of which Ludwig I was so notable a monarch. Nor are the people separate from their city. They are a contented and happy people with a certain kindness of disposition which has its fame all over Germany and make the women of Munich and Bavaria the most charming of German women. They are of subjects' quality, of course, caring, for instance, in music for the bad imitation of non-essentials, such as the clink of iron or song of birds in Wagner's *Siegfried* more than they care for Beethoven. But they are communal and positively humane, caring much to meet their fellow-man, caring more for a crowded dinner

of friends at a restaurant than the solitariness of the domestic meal, and for the jovial company of the café or beer-garden than the post-prandial domestic hearth. In spite of the industrial and commercial strides of modern Germany, Munich and Bavaria still preserve much of the companionship and easy happiness of life.

A stranger has no difficulty in finding companionship. There is no invisible barrier which shuts him from his fellow-man, none of that strange shyness that keeps the Saxon from man's sociability. The October Festival and the Carnival in February permit of a joy and jollity that is only faintly reflected in the Saxon Christmas. Indeed, there is a vast amount of pleasure in life to be seen in Munich, for which the Saxon is by his tradition incapacitated. It is in no bitterness that I declare that, except for the recreations and amusements which balance the desk or machine service, domestic bliss seems to be about the only positive happiness which the Saxon can expect. His wife tends to be the only person with whom he is really intimate. Upon her he attaches the great weight of his social instinct. The differences of the sexes is his greatest boon and preserves him from complete isolation. Moreover, it even preserves for him some meaning to the word beauty, and he has writers even who prove to him the view that all beauty is sexual. Verily, this indestructible difference of sex preserves his social and æsthetic sense, but in the narrowest compass. He has to pin all his hope on what one other being will give him, tested to the uttermost by domestic isolation. It is a tremendous test for two people. Yet so it is. To his work and then back from his work as quick as possible, if he is rich in a motor-car hooting away mankind, until he is safely immured in his home. For the Saxon does not travel humanly, but mechanically. He never wanders amongst his fellow-men as does the Oriental traveller, travelling in humanity. But if he does not hustle, if he stops in the

streets, someone bumps into his back. It is forwards, always forwards. He has no time to look at the world and his fellow-man. He must save time by his machine, even though he has to hoot all mankind out of the way.

But if the Saxon has not urban pleasures, at any rate he has a great love of the country and of nature. He even talks of worshipping nature, of which man should be master, not worshipper. Even this nature-love and worship is a sign of Saxon negativism. He loves to escape into the country—to escape, that is, from his fellow-man. He loves landscape, but the works of human creation, of art, to these he is indifferent, whereas all great positive people were indifferent to landscape and nature, and only cared for what man could fashion, for how greatly and beautifully he could show his mastery over stone, iron, and other products of nature. In the past, except as a useful or beautiful simile or symbol of human quality, artists cared little or nothing for nature, except such nature as showed the impress of men, such as a lovely and carefully ordered garden. The Saxon, on the other hand, with his negativism to man, his desire to get away from all signs of his fellow-man, loves wild and savage nature, where there is no sign of man, even though he has to ascend the highest mountains or set off in search of the North Pole. So, too, the educated Saxon mind knows all about worms, insects, vegetables, animals, minerals, rocks, and fossils, but has too little of that human intuition and intimacy which teaches him the nature of man.

In this Saxon democracy in which there is freedom for the scientists dealing with masses of facts, and for the mathematician dealing with dead symbols, and for the educator dealing with quantities of facts, there is no freedom for him who deals with type and quality, for the artist or the priest. There is room, of course, for the protestant parson, but for the priest there is no freedom. How could he have it in a Saxon democratic society, in which

everyone is presumed to be equal and free? Freedom and equality destroy the very existence and basis of reverence, for reverence implies the recognition of a being superior to oneself. How, then, can the Saxon democrat, who has no reverence for the superior man, have reverence or love for him whose object is to maintain the qualities and conditions of power over life? How can he in his isolation and right to his own opinion feel reverence for the official representative of something he has not, namely master quality? If he shuns the creature, will he not also shun the creator? And if he have none of that profound respect which makes him bare his head in silence before a great man or one who fills a great place, is it surprising that he and the protestant of other lands should be so familiar with their God? They even bring Him down to their experiences in this world, measure Him by these experiences and reason about Him, as they call it, or, if they have faith, they, especially if they are protestants of the lower orders, are so familiar with Him, they might almost be described as "chummy," and their God as a sort of "pal" eager to listen to the unspeakable vulgarity of their moral delinquencies and worldly aspirations. The Catholic approaches more reverently. Through the mediation of a saint he addresses the Divine Majesty. But the Catholic's is a patriarchal system, and upon the patriarchal system depend those feelings of reverential love and loyal obedience which have led all such societies to create and carefully preserve a religious system, which expressed their recognition of the high and noble quality which has and gives power over life. It is the system they preserve, it is this system the priest serves. It is not truth.

For it must be clearly and definitely stated that this worship of truth for its own sake is democratic and absurd. In Saxon democracy it is understandable enough, for the Saxon learns his ideals first throughout his or her childhood, and the raw material in after life, so romantically absurd is

the whole basis of Saxon life. The Saxons, for example, are never taught the raw material of sex, until they are married, or of roguery, until they are in competitive business. Before they enter into real life, they are made to live in romantic dreams and falsehoods. Towards the end of their lives, science helping them, they get down to raw material or truth, as they call it. But they never get to art. They die or are worn out before that attainment.

Each man may seek and should preserve such truth of the whole system as is his. But a worship of truth, as such, not only is trying to make a god of raw material, but is romantic nonsense as well. There is, as many philosophers have shown, no such thing as an absolute truth. Truth is relative to a man or a set of men. There are many truths, and it is for this reason that rulership is so much greater than this so-called love of truth. For rulership is master of these many truths, valuing them, placing them, and ordering them in one system, and the expression of this system is not truth, but beauty. Such truth as each man in the system has for his guidance, and which he comprehends he must obey and follow, but its greatness lies not in itself, but in its relation and service to the system.

It is to the realization and maintenance of this system that the priest, not of the Catholic system infected with the doctrine of servility and the negativism of Aryanized Christianity, but of the positive patriarchal system, devotes himself.

To such a system of society the world is not a place for "progress." Only societies that have no conception of a meaning and aim in life speak of progress. For progress is only a process to something unknown and unrealized, and is another instance of the democratic attention being fixed on the means and the moment without any comprehension or agreement as to the end to be attained by those means.

To the positive patriarchal society the world is not a place for progress, but for two attainments. The first is the ordering

of men according to values in a racial system, for as Confucius said: "For unless social inequalities have a true and moral basis, government of the people is an impossibility."[1] The second is the maintenance of that system in stability, in order to permit of the demonstration of individual capacity for the chosen place, and for the culture of an individual art of life. The regulation of the order of society, the social art of life, is the province of the ruler; the management of the portion of the social art of life allotted to him according to the formula of the art of life is the province of the subject. Life and society are only means to this end of making life. social and individual, express itself in the mastery of life.

For positive patriarchalism holds that man was made sufficient with full capacities and unnumbered potentialities, and that he is provided in the world with an endless choice of material by which he can express these potentialities, and that his object is to so order his life, both socially and individually, as to create from it an art of his own individual life and a social whole which is signalized by qualities that he has always felt to be those of the superior being, namely, permanence and power, quietude and beauty.

Thus it is that the utilitarianism of the pyramid is not meat or drink or money, but it imparts a lofty and reverential feeling, in that it possesses those divine qualities of permanence and power, quietude, form, simplification, and beauty, which make man realize the noble meaning of life, make him realize something, not that he is like or equal to as temporal man, but something that he is not like, something vaster, grander, and more majestic than brief individual life, in the shadow of which he can live and be redeemed by his connection with it from the lower levels of animal utilitarianism,

Saxon democracy, the inverted pyramid with the people on the top, however, possesses a different set of qualities, and is based on the "self-evident truths" that all men are born free

[1] *The Conduct of Life*, translated by Ku Hung Ming.

and equal. Such free and equal men naturally have a right to a free opinion and to an equal power of expressing it. Everyone under democracy has a right to an opinion, and, where everyone has a right to an opinion, it is clear that no opinion matters, for where "everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody."

Complete disintegration into units, however, is impossible, therefore these units join up together, where some sort of agreement occurs. Thus, where there is no personal strength, they get a certain amount of weight and mass behind their opinion to flatten out the leaders beneath them. Clearly this opinion being that which is common to a number of commonplace minds must itself be commonplace. It can have nothing whatsoever of master quality. It must essentially be mob-opinion—that is, a common or vulgar opinion, the only importance of which is not its quality, but its quantity, its mass. Nevertheless the pack, who possess this opinion, desire a strong leader, a thing impossible, for this reason, that strong leaders are incompatible with the dogma that everyone has a right to an opinion. Consequently, those most skilled at attracting attention or at using words tend to come to the top, or those who exploit the pack for their own ends, or those most skilled in the particular speciality of the particular pack. Only in the last case can the leader be a true leader or father, and only then when his personality is such that his pack follows his advice and his lead, and so a sort of patriarchalism is attained. But the other leaders are not leaders, but mouthpieces. Modern political leaders are driven along by the "pressure of public opinion." They are hunted along by their own packs, and woe betide them if they chance to turn aside. They are no statesmen, they are politicians. If one mistakes them for statesmen, and leans on them, one finds they give way until one is leaning on the bottom. For votes do not make men, they only make members of parliament, and a

member of parliament is the servant or deceiver of his pack. It was soon found that freedom of voting, however nice freedom is in theory, in practice led of necessity to anarchy in parliament. The Saxon had therefore to choose a system by which this anarchy could be prevented. He had no aims or ideals, for his system eliminates great men and the powerful. Lacking great ideals or aims, the Saxon democratic politicians adopted an ingenious system of being provided with a purpose. They divided into fairly equal proportions, and formed the party system. Then each party had an aim, namely to oust or upset the other party, and the system of the state government, instead of being one of mutual reciprocity, became one of mutual abuse. Yet each party, curiously enough, agreed in appealing to and leaning upon the mob, and each party was driven along the path of "progress" by the "pressure of public opinion." The only thing that the Saxon public opinion was agreed upon was money. Every Saxon wanted to be better off. At one time the leaders could openly bribe their packs, but the subjects' morality of the Saxon revolted against such openness, and so the thing became veiled, and the packs were not directly bribed, but were persuaded by prospects of prosperity and promises of laws purporting to bring about such prosperity. The nation of shopkeepers, in fact, became a vast shop, and politicians were busied as to how to make it pay best. All were agreed to make this vast shop pay well, they only quarrelled about the division of the profits. They are still quarrelling.

In addition to these two parties, a third has arisen with a faith, almost a religion one might say, a typical product of the Saxon's concentration on means, an economic faith, named Socialism. It is a creed thoroughly believing in comfort, in progress, in accumulation, in all things modern and mechanical, only it has also a hate, a hate that is its faith, the hate of the plutocrat. It rightly says that the

plutocrat is no paternal aristocrat, but it does not base its remedy on humanity, but on negativism. It does not aim at a paternal aristocracy, but at a more or less equal distribution of means regulated by an economic, state-guarded aristocracy or body of managers. Society would then become purely economical and each member would have the means to live, but none a reason for living. The socialists, though they fail to recognise that an economic faith must necessarily be negative, know the plutocrats are rarely positive to their fellow-man, and therefore determine to destroy them. For though the plutocrats or commercial men may desire to be positive, their system and their rivals and their shareholders force them to be negative. They have to squeeze their workers for what they are worth, and if the workers fall sick there is the hospital, supported by voluntary contributions and the gentle but stupid spirit of charity.

The plutocrats also exploit the Saxon negativism to sex, the remnants of the Christian ascetic ideal—thou shalt not love. The economic system is founded on the suppression of sex. Non-marriageable salaries are paid, for the system forces clerks and professional men to a show which makes them virtual proletarians. A wife will bring them the risk of disaster, a child will infallibly ruin them. So their sex is exploited by the plutocrats and the system that sets all grabbing after means. It is the same with the girls. The youthful charm, which should be valued, is exploited commercially in the game of grab. In restaurants and shops a pretty face is the most valuable asset, and instead of being valued rightly, the girl's quality is made a lure and a seduction, making her false and a danger to herself by this accursed system. So sex is exploited, until marriage begins to die out and the birth-rate to fall, and patriots begin to clamour at portending disaster.

This is bad. So too is the whole license of love bad. It has the same freedom and liberty granted to it as all else

in Saxon democracy, as if it had no social function or duty to perform. It is left haphazardly to choice. In his spare time the man looks for his mate. Sick with the difficulty of making any sort of art of happiness out of his life, he seeks for consolation in the arms of another. And the other he finds is equally anxious to seek for consolation in his arms, and so they are joined together in happy wedlock. Then the state and the system, having blessed them, proceeds to make their lives, unless propped by wealth, a constant burden and anxiety to them. If they are of the better class, they are forced almost at once to the prevention of child-birth or else to sigh for the lesser loads of the unmarried state. In short, marriage by caprice becomes largely one in which woman and man sell themselves for the maximum of individual happiness or the maximum of individual comfort, and the result is a partnership prolific only in negation. There is no mastery of life to be seen at all here, only impotence and weakness. How much the modern world suffers from this impotence and license in sex matters probably no modern European can conceive. This weakness is, however, without doubt rewarded with the reward of weakness, with fear of life, anxiety, nerves, neurasthenia, and the condition of being "highly-strung." All great nations, where quietude and content are their qualities, insist upon early marriage, and, strangely enough, positive patriarchal societies do not in consequence suffer from over population and Malthusian "laws of nature." The Chinese and their offspring, the Japanese, are all called upon by their parents to marry when they have reached the age of puberty, and if an adult son or daughter died unmarried it would be looked upon as deplorable.[1] Mohammedanism also insists upon early marriage as a duty for man and woman. The Hindus regard an unmarried man as an almost useless member of society, and the ancient Greeks were of the same

[1] See Westermarck's *History of Morals*, chap. XII.

opinion. As a fact, in the East, except for certain priests who are celibates, all men and women are married. There is none of the Saxon revolt against marriage and suppression of sex. There are no women in revolt against marriage and child-bearing. There are no women struggling independently to "earn their livings," as it is called, and to secure the Saxon freedom to follow the devices and desires of their own unmotherly hearts.

Indeed, in this struggle for existence and accumulation, the urban women already begin to look the more hopeful and the stronger sex. They hold themselves far better than the men, they walk with more swing and vitality, they look fresher and more hopeful. They are, as yet, young to the process.

Yet a further disastrous result of the negativism towards and suppression of sex is in the deplorable lack of sex knowledge and of the art of arousing and maintaining sexual love. This ignorance of the nature of this powerful instinct and of its mastery by art is a frequent cause of marital unhappiness and disaster. The Saxon, in fact, has no knowledge even of the raw material of sex, out of which can be built an art of love. Senselessly ignorant and prejudiced on sex matters as are Saxon men and women, whether unmarried or married, they possess that offspring of ignorance, a violent and vulgar romance. The novels and plays of the day make a ruler realist blush for shame that such shamelessness of ignorance should be decked out with such romantic brutality. Such stupid ignorance of sex matters is wholly unknown to positive patriarchal societies, amongst whom not only is the raw material of sex freely discussed, but there is a definite art of sex. What wonder that they who desire the art of love, in the particularist system, fear to marry? What wonder that they who marry and desire children of quality begin to question, How can they bring children into this modern world? Were it a great

play, had it something noble, something intelligent and ruling, then they could with a glad heart have children. Were it a tragedy even, a powerful tragedy, there might be some reason and some strength. Were it a rollicking pantomime, how sweet to see the gay faces and hear the merry laughter. But to ask them to an ill-acted, muddled farce, that is a different matter. They might enjoy it, but if they did, could the parents care for them and share their enjoyment? Such is the pessimism of impotence that begins to infect those that care for quality. I am told that the lower classes are increasing eight times as fast as the upper, which shows how true an expression of the lower classes Saxon democracy is. And with their religion of socialism and its promises fulfilled, and with all fed and married, what could be better, if this is the greatest happiness, not for all, that has always been beyond the vision of democracy and socialism, but of the greatest number? What could be better if, after all, rulers and great men are not essential to the world? What could be better, if freedom of opinion and freedom of everybody and equality of everybody and the existence of rulership and rulers really were compatible?

But everywhere one sees that this is not so. One sees that rulership is essential, that real rulers and leaders are essential. For as socialism and democracy spread, disintegration spreads too. The more everyone is educated to a freedom of opinion, the more division into special groups under a specialist or a leader occurs. There is a greater and greater anarchy of specialist packs divided against each other, which would be dangerous were it not for the general impotence and feebleness, and incapacity to fervid conviction. But these rival packs in their myriads are all too small and too feeble to be dangerous. Apparently only the women's freedom pack is dangerous.

Wherever one looks, there are these packs. A modern

bookstall is eloquent of modern anarchies. There are papers representing a thousand different packs. There is nowhere any valuing of these thoughts and opinions. They are all free. There is no imprimatur, no index, no censorship. They are all licensed to do what they can, and as they none of them have any ruler quality, they are none of them likely to endanger the democratic principle. By their very method of presentation, their appeal to a number of readers, they are democratic. They must be democratic. Boast as it will, there is no paper, whether daily, weekly, or monthly, that is not democratic. It is purely a democratic means that the press uses, for it appeals to mass. Ruler quality, which must essentially be somewhat esoteric in character, could never use the weapon of the press.

Another sign of anarchy consists in the number of societies there are, all with the desire to improve society, to lift up society, to cleanse society, or rather some bits and fragments of society, all of them acting by means of subjects' morality, none of them with rulership. Recently a club has been founded, with, I believe, some distinguished names on its lists, to rule and organize these endeavours. It is called the Agenda Club. It is so typical of these clubs and societies that I mention it. It would "organize idealism," and the first suggestion on the programme of this dominating club, this organizer of idealism, was to get municipalities to hang sterilized spittoons on to lamp-posts!

Similarly, there is a spreading disintegration in religion as democracy advances. In the United States and in England there are more religious sects than in any other countries. In England there are over three hundred sects. For it is a fact, and a fact no one can dispute, that protestantism is polytheism without any overruling monotheism. It is polytheism without that overruling monotheism which prevailed, for example, over the polytheistic features of the religion of the ancient Egyptians.

In this pack system one pack is actually supposed by the others to speak authoritatively on its own speciality. For instance, I cut out recently a letter about a censored play signed by eighteen playwrights. Apparently they, the specialists, are the judges and valuers of what general effect this play will have, how it measures on one of the few national measures that are left.

So the more democracy and freedom spread, the more a people are disintegrated into a series of packs. They become a paper-fed people, pap-fed people, a people with puppet leaders, and so long as they suffer it, a puppet prince and puppet peers, a people divided into packs, each with its catch phrase, each classified by the journal they read, nose-ringed by "leading" articles into dogmatism, pack against pack, reviling each other, yet not dangerous, because, as must be with disintegration, weak, reviling each other, therefore, softly with a police-protected bravery, never fanatical in act, however so fanatical they may be in speech, daring at the most to use the coward's weapon of accusing a foe of immorality and so inviting the whole vulgar world of convention to hunt with them.

As the pack and mob quality spreads, so arises that fear that is so characteristic of all packs that have not strong leaders and are not confident of the strength of their leaders. So they trust to the size of their armaments. They equip themselves with vast armaments of defence. They rely on quantity, on mass, on machines. In this they progress, as they progress in no other department. They invent and fashion machines that have turned war from a noble sport, from something in which certain purifying qualities arose, to a butchery of men by their masters, the machines. These moderns feel the lack of leadership. They feel unsafe, so little do they know of, and so little can they rely on leadership.

Saxon-like, they will be free of all leaders, but when peril

threatens then they cry out for their patriarchal chief. Perchance he is forthcoming, but before the test comes or the occasion arises, they fall into panic. That is the worst feature of Saxon democracy and its most dangerous feature, for the only time when the herd is violently and suddenly dangerous is when panic falls upon it. I rarely felt more shame than when a panic in the English press raged whilst I was in Germany. German airships were supposed to be sailing over England and warships into her harbours. I read in the German papers the German assurance that England was not going to be hurt. Though the panic was not deep-rooted, yet I was forced to think how a brave nation was never beaten, but the coward already conquered.

For in spite of, or because of, the many opinions, there is no one strong opinion. Strong opinion is feared. One must be broad-minded with scarce any fixed opinion, for there is danger in having a fixed opinion outside one's own pack. No, one must keep an open mind. As I have often been told, the great thing nowadays is to keep one's opinions fluid. For the last stage of disintegration is liquefaction. Everything had form and shape at one time, and, in virtue thereof, was termed an organ or organic. But now people begin to take a certain pride in these last stages of putrefaction. Let every opinion become fluid. Let all opinion become fluid, so that it may take the shape of any vessel or any environment which holds it, and, should there be no vessel found, let it drip and filter down, down to the lowest level, until it spreads out upon the very bottom with one level surface, from which occurs a little romantic vaporization and "intellectual sympathy" with that which once lived in the bodies of men.

But the strong man would rather risk all and be burnt at the stake for his opinion than be rotted away by the indifferentism that calls itself tolerance and the deadness of passion and conviction that calls itself charity.

For what is Saxon democracy and freedom handing on to the future, as the Egyptians planted the eternal pyramids upon the desert's edge? This freedom is worth nothing and less than nothing. It is negative, it is disintegrating, it is an endeavour to escape human relations, as one escapes pain by chloroform, or the effort of thinking about life by a rush of work, or as the disappointed woman escapes even into illness and hysteria, because she does not get the love she desires. This freedom is nothing to hand on to future generations for their praise.

But there is something after all: there is the Empire.

Cleon, the son of Cleænetus, spoke as follows: "On many other occasions before this have I been convinced that a democracy is incapable of maintaining dominion over others." [1]

Can a democracy such as that of England hold and keep an Empire? Doubtless it will remain associated with the colonies, such as Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, which are independent Saxon communities peopled by Saxons or their like. But can a democracy rule a different people, such as the people of India, some two hundred and fifty millions in number? What are the ruler methods of democracy?

India was first governed by the Saxon according to the traditions of the country estate in England. The Saxon magistrate and official was scattered through the land and dispensed with impartiality that small but rigid measure of right and wrong which he had inherited. Apart from this police work and the work of preserving order, they let the natives alone, just as the Saxon landlord let the farmer and the villager alone. As magistrates, howsoever small their measure, these Saxons of good family and good tradition, these Sahibs were as fine a body of men as Europe has produced since the days of Rome. Their limitations were

[1] *Thucydides*, Dale's translation, Vol. III, p. 37.

Saxon limitations, namely the lack of knowledge of mankind and of human nature, with consequent narrowmindedness and prejudices. They had the Saxon aloofness from their fellow-man and from each other, of which aloofness Kinglake in *Eothen* gives such a striking example, when he and a Sahib, meeting in the loneliness of the Sahara, desired to pass each other with a nod.

Of philosophy and sense of art they had none. Of consciousness of their limitations they had none. Nevertheless, though they had the Saxon limitations, they also had the Saxon virtues. They were a pure type, and, as with all pure types in history, they proved in a wonderful way their power. They were Saxon gentlemen, using gentlemen in its true sense, before the word became bandied down to business men, solicitors, doctors, and even shopmen. They were gentlemen with the traditions of the country estate and of the family that ruled in the Saxon manner over the tenants and agriculturists who formed the great bulk of the home population. And in India they became Sahibs, fearless, staunch, and self-reliant, as scarce any before have been self-reliant, firm in purpose, austerely just. Their very aloofness added to their power; it responded to the aloofness and sedateness the Eastern anticipates from his ruler. They did not pry into the more private concerns of their subjects. As the Saxon can be friend to another in his club for years and yet not even know if his friend is married, so these Sahibs carried out their simple, clear, succinct Saxon magisterial duties, and did not attempt to dive and pry any further into the habits and religion of the people.

But at home democracy spread. George III decreed that no merchant, however wealthy, should be created a British peer. That was a wise provision for an imperial people, but it was opposed to the manufacturing elements, which were rapidly increasing in power in England. These Saxon lords began to lose their paramount place in their own land and

fell into danger of being pushed out of their traditional position. Being in danger, they allied themselves to the new power of wealth. Too many proud families fell to these alliances, and turned first to interbreeding with plutocracy and later sank to exploiting names once noble for commercial ends.

A new type of Sahib tended consequently to come into being, a more democratic type, borrowing from the gentleman his rule and measure, but not his character, and getting from the Saxon democracy the idea of accumulation without value. This type of Sahib began actually to be chosen in A.D. 1856 by the accumulation test. He was taught a great number of things, and then he was tested by the process of examination to see how many of these things he retained in his memory. As to whether he had within him that instinct and tradition of rulership which was cultivated in the ruling family of an agricultural community, mattered little or nothing to these examiners. Actually, in India promotion began to be democratic, that is by age, so that it mattered not whether men were fools, but so long as they were old, even though they were old fools, they were considered safe. For Saxon democracy, in which all men are self-evidently born free and equal, discards intuition and relies only on accumulation—that is to say, on experience. The more experience a man has had—apart from how he has valued that experience—the safer he is supposed to be. So these new Sahibs began to be selected by their accumulative power and considered to become more capable the older and more experienced they became, as if they all had ruler quality, as if ruler quality were generally distributed to men, and not a very rare and precious thing.

It is not a little strange that the greatest accumulating brain of the past century, Lord Macaulay's, should have been that around which concentrates the further democratic move in India, namely, its education. The original Sahibs had been unconsciously wise when they showed com-

plete indifference to the private affairs, beliefs, and faiths of the native, provided law and order were maintained. But Saxon democracy believed that all men were born free and equal, and to carry out this principle logically all men were to be treated equally, by their young minds being filled with the same facts. The process of education spread gradually, but Lord Macaulay was more than anyone else the representative of its inception in India. He was himself the son of the merchant-philanthropist Zachary Macaulay, and he possessed the Saxon's narrow notion that no man was really good unless he was like the Saxon. Consequently, when in A.D. 1833 he was sent out to India to consider the "higher education" of the natives, he summed up in his brilliant report all the consummate stupidity of the Saxon, when outside the little definite estate of his own mind, and beyond that invisible barrier which shuts him from the actual world, outside which he is either obstinately prejudiced or sentimentally foolish or wildly romantic, but never wise. In considering whether the English or the classical languages of the East would be the better medium for this education, Macaulay stated "that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia," and further, "that all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in the Sanskrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgment used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same." Of the English language he wrote: "It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together."[1] It is not surprising that biographers speak of Macaulay's "marvellous popularity" in England.

[1] *British India*, by R. W. Frazer, 1898, pp. 214, 215.

Both in India and England the type of the Saxon gentleman lost power and the educated man took his place. Had the House of Lords had any foresight or foreknowledge in A.D. 1832, possibly they would have kept their hold on England by becoming urban lords. Had they had foreknowledge of the destiny of the Empire, a bold policy and valuation might have united Empire and democracy. I can conceive an Empire in which Canada, Australasia, and South Africa are independent Saxon communities, in which England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales each had a separate parliament, possessing commercial and popular representation, and over all an imperial parliament composed of the House of Lords preserving its country-estate character. But the lords did none of these things. When outside their familiar surroundings they became lost, and their fate was sealed. Likewise, too, with the Saxon, when he began really to try to associate himself with the people of India, when he began to try to lift them up, as he considers it, to his level, to make them free and equal to him, to have ruler and ruled the same on the democratic principle, to educate and protestantize the natives of India, from that time onwards his rule and ascendancy in India was doomed. It is only a matter of time, but it is certain, that in the words of Cleon, "a democracy is incapable of maintaining dominion over others," and it is certain that Saxon democracy is already showing itself incapable of maintaining dominion over India.

"No race," says André Chevrillon of the English in India, "is less capable of adaptation, less flexible; none so continuously persists in its own type of personality. Hence their moral energy, and the force of their will, directed by certain immutable ideas; hence also their limited sympathy and comprehension. These people ignore the native entirely, and make no effort to understand him. . . . They *civilize*, and this not only for their own advantage, but from a sense of duty towards the native population. To cover India with

railways, to enlarge and multiply its seaports, to increase tenfold its commerce, to convert it to protestant Christianity, to suppress its castes, to enfranchise its women, to open its zenanas, to give it—with a liking for trousers, black coats, cricket, football, English music and poetry—'a practical and sensible education': in this, say the English, consists their mission in India, being persuaded, with Addison, with Sydney Smith, with Macaulay, that the augmentation of human well-being, a decent, reasonable, comfortable civilization—in a word, English civilization—is the chief end and aim of humanity."[1]

"The Hindu religion," said the Swami Vivekananda at Chicago in A.D. 1893, "does not consist in struggles and attempts to believe a certain doctrine or dogma, but in realizing; not in believing, but in being and becoming. . . . The whole religion of the Hindu is centred in realization. Man is to become divine, realizing the divine, and therefore idols or temple or church or books are only supports, the helps of his spiritual childhood." So also is it with the body; the world and life itself are but a means to this end.

In India the result of English education and thought has been not that protestant Christianity has spread, but that atheism has spread. The English have converted far more natives to atheism than to protestantism. This loss of faith has been accompanied by other significant losses. "One of these, of which they are fully conscious, is the gradual decay of much of which they were proud, the slow death, which even the Europeans perceive, of Indian art, Indian culture, Indian military spirit . . . and the last and greatest one of all is the total loss of the interestingness of life."[2] Thus India is afflicted with that chiefest of crimes which must be laid to the charge of modern European democracy,

[1] *Romantic India*, pp. 65, 67, 1897, trans.

[2] Meredith Townsend, *Europe and Asia*, 1903, pp. 102, 103

namely the severance of man from the purpose of life, from those purposes of which the greater ones amongst mankind are the messengers and expressors.

For modern democracy has slain all the seers and the rulers and the ruler minds. To it and its subjects' mind life is a series of more or less disconnected episodes, some of which are pleasurable, some painful, all purposeless, except for some vague moral apology that if these incidents are met and conducted in a certain way the series of episodes which are destined to constitute the life of the future generations may be a little better and a little happier. What a wretched outlook that is on life! How petty it is, how little, how truly the expression of the little and the subjects' mind! How negative and anarchical is this life co-ordinated to no purpose and regarded as a congeries of separate and more or less accidental episodes, some of which are "interesting" because they possess a new element, which, if not dangerous, at least brings hope! When better known, the new element ceases to interest and another takes its place, until hope itself becomes stale. Thus it is the age becomes called one of "growing and inevitable sadness."[1]

Rudolf Eucken, the popular German philosopher, voices the feeling of helplessness and despair. "We seem to overstrain our faculty when we think to prove that life, with all its apparent confusion, still has a meaning and a value, and can be confidently declared to be worth the living. A paralyzing doubt saps the vitality of our age. We see a clear proof of this in the fact that, with all our astounding achievements and unremitting progress, we are not really happy. There is no pervading sense of confidence and security, but rather a tendency to emphasize man's insignificance, and to think meanly of his position in the

[1] See Synge, p. 388.

universe.[1] So the modern man continues with unremitting progress and achievements, which Eucken thinks astounding in the sense of greatness and not of folly, to think more and more meanly of himself, and to evolve or progress more and more to something wholly unknown, except that it is accompanied by "growing and inevitable sadness" and "the total loss of the interestingness of life."

The expression of this evolution and progress is that rough, uncouth, uncultured and shapeless man, who crouches forward leaning his chin and mouth upon his gaunt hand, pondering despairingly over fate, *Le Penseur*, from the hand of Rodin. The Parisians, with unconscious irony, have placed him in front of the domed temple, which bears the inscription: "Aux Grandes Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante." Yet one Frenchman, afterwards called a lunatic by the Rodin journalistic coterie, dashed it to pieces the first night, and a second statue had to be put up. The huge, rugged frame, the knotted muscles, the sinewed and massive limbs, exhibit the crude raw physical power of the man. So capable of fight he seems, yet as his eyes overrun the ages he is able to see nothing and to read nothing but unceasing and senseless struggle and toil. No divine inspiration, no light of beauty, shines over his vision of the future, and he sees none or disbelieves in that of the past. He is rather, with all his naked power, caught in a fate as a man may be caught in a machine. Power, the physical power of man, is there, and pessimism; and pessimism is triumphant.

Poor modern man, caught in the mechanical toils and the mechanical world outlook and the deadly littleness and emptiness of life, because he has cast aside the ruler minds and ruler quality which alone can interpret the world to him!

[1] *The Meaning and Value of Life*, 1909, p. 2, trans.

What the poet once cried of the children might now be a cry for him:

> "Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
> Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
> Let them prove their souls against the notion
> That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!"[1]

[1] *The Cry of the Children*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ANT MAN

THE word prophet, like many other words, has become corrupted in its meaning. At one time it referred to great men and preachers, who came as interpreters to the nation. But nowadays the prophet is not one of those allied to the rulers, not one ordained from his mother's womb to be a voice unto the people, not a προφήτης, which, according to Liddell and Scott, means "properly one who speaks for a god and interprets his will to man." The modern prophet is one who believes he sees which way society is sliding, and is glad to say "I told you so" when he anticipated a slip. Such a prophet is the popular writer, Mr. H. G. Wells. He happens to be in the front row of the social landslide, and one of the first to see things ahead. But he has no function to decide whether or not to avoid them. He is merely a look-out man. It chanced that as I was revising this chapter, a two-column article of his appeared in a halfpenny journal. It is of no particular importance, but it illustrates well the principal points of the democratic scientific prophet.

He is writing on the Atlantic passages of the Mauretania and the effect they will have on mankind. He takes it for granted, of course, that man has no power of valuing and no will. He accepts apparently, as a self-evident truth, that mankind is subject to the irresponsible inventor, and now that "Mauretanias, aeroplanes, mile-a-minute expresses, omnibus tubes, and motor-cars"[1] have come into existence, man has naturally become and will remain their slaves.

[1] *Daily Mail*, 20.12.10.

It is precisely the view one would expect of the Saxon scientist.

Man, having become the servant of these rapid-transit inventions, is forced by these masters to return to a nomad condition, to be on the move. He has to give up the rustic home and the hens and the cow, which to Mr. Wells was the "fundamental reality" of the settled system. It is characteristic, this scientific reality. Mr. Wells ignores and excludes any human relation as a "fundamental reality." That any human interdependent relation or quality should have anything to do with the regulation of the life of man simply does not occur to him. Man, to him, is merely the slave of any new invention, environment, or discovery that comes along, a leaf in the wind, the pawn of accident. He finds that these machines order man to be on the move, this transit "dissolves all the reason and necessity why men should go on living permanently in any one place, or rigidly disciplined to one set of conditions." Disintegration is ordered, and man, apparently caring nothing for human ties, meekly acquiesces, or rather is forced to submit. Mr. Wells characteristically considers this disintegration, this negativism to one's fellowman a good thing; it unfetters "the old, restless, wandering, adventurous tendencies" in man. It is no matter, of course, that he wholly misunderstands the case of primitive man, who wandered in tribes or clans, and preserved his social system during his wanderings. The common quality of motion is sufficient for Mr. Wells to provide the sentimental and romantic nonsense, which forms the truth of the Saxon immediately he gets out of the narrow limits of his knowledge.

Even complete liquefaction of the organic state of society pleases Mr. Wells. "Compared with any European country, the whole population of the United States is fluid," with the result, of course, that no traditions or ties or customs, or form to society can occur. Such is the modern prophet

His state, with its fluid transit and fluid opinions, falls into a state of liquefaction and will eventually reach heaven by some strange disembodiment into odorous exhalations.

Another newspaper provides me with another up-to-date prophet. He is something more than one who watches how society is sliding. He is the very reverse of the old prophet, who recalled the people to the god of their fathers. He would destroy altogether all traces of whatsoever belonged to our forefathers. His name is Signor Marinetti, and he is the apostle of Futurism. He, like the post-impressionists and hosts of other modern sects, wants to destroy everything and start again. He approves of disintegration, and wants to get back to what he seems to consider original man to have been like. At any rate, he wants to utterly destroy the past. That is what he and others curiously call Futurism. As far as I can discover, they have absolutely no future aim or futurism in their programme at all. They would cut off all communication with the past, and then start again with, not primitive man as he really was, for they seem to have no more conception of primitive man than Mr. Wells, but with a crude, uncouth, uncultured, biological, even bestial man, the ideal of a chaotic mind.

Presuming, then, that modern Europe has no will, no aim, no conception as to why men live, presuming it feels fated to be the slave of its machines, presuming that it continues with the principles of democracy, and acts on the "self-evident truth" that all men are born free and equal, presuming progress or evolution, whichever name is applied, still continue and are still believed, presuming all this, then I too will prophesy in the modern sense. I will prophesy the ant-man. For there is a very animal quality in this progress. Modern man reviewing society with the subjects' mind seeing externals only, sees it pass from the condition of one animal species to that of another. If the apes are his forefathers, the ants are certainly his beforefathers, the fathers

of his future. For as the biologist, writing of the ants as "worthy imitation" says: "We can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they have acquired in many respects the art of living together more perfectly than our own species has, and that they have anticipated us in the acquisition of some of the industries and arts that greatly facilitate social life. . . . We must add a word of qualification; the competence of the ant is not like that of man. It is devoted to the welfare of the species rather than to that of the individual, which is, as it were, sacrificed or specialized for the benefit of the community."[1] But why qualify? This faith in the race is the faith of the modern world. It is a faith in the future based on disbelief in the present. It is scarcely a religion, for a religion is that which unites man and a people to that mastery of life which rules over them, calls them into being, and lets death fall upon them, whether they will or no. But it is a faith, and the faith of the modern man. "For the good of the race" is the commonest phrase now in the mouth of one, who with desire for something above pure selfishness is yet quite up-to-date in his scientific outlook. He lives, says such a one, and works that the world may be a little tiny bit the happier for those to come. Yet how is the modern democratic, scientific man going to benefit the race? Will he take the slave-making ants or the ordinary black ants as "worthy of imitation"? Clearly it is to the black ants, the ordinary ants, who sacrifice themselves and specialize for the good of the community, that he will turn. It is his only resort from the anarchy of competition. It is the future of the communal democratic spirit, presuming all the presumptions recently mentioned. The idea of freedom and equality will be pursued until all such as are above such equality, and so prove inequality, will be eliminated by the mass of the herd. This is merely to continue the democratic principles and ideals now in vogue.

[1] *Cambridge Natural History: Insects*, Vol. II, pp. 135, 136.

As man gets more equal to all his fellow-men, so all such things as are based on inequality must go. All royal families will go. All loyalty of personal reverence will go, and will be replaced by the more mechanical sense of duty. Laws, which are averages of vast quantities of facts and which exclude the exception by numbers, will become more revered, until the conduct of man will be so "normal" that these laws of the scientist and statistician will become conventions and habits, and true descriptions of the conduct of life, and will find no longer any exceptions to punish for the breach of them.

Clearly, too, the sense of evolution will grow, for, when the ant-man sees a million like to himself, and reads the law that describes them and sees no stronger or greater man, who proves himself equal in intuition and power and understanding to a million ant-men together, naturally he will believe that he is under some immutable decree, which he calls the process of evolution. Any divinity of will, any revelation of higher power he will wholly disbelieve, for nowhere will he see any will or any higher power. Any traditions of the same will be myths, miracles, fairy stories to him, belonging to those past days when strength tyrannized over weakness, when men were not in the blessed if inevitably sad condition of being all as free and as equal as each other. Perhaps, it is possible, it would not be so sad; indeed, it seems more likely that in the general level, feeling and emotion would have no play, no stimuli, no cause. Rather will mechanism be the prevailing characteristic. There will, of course, be neither art nor religion, for both imply values, gradations of quality, and the belief of the inferior in the superiority of the superior. The ant-man will never feel greatness in others or in himself. For greatness is not single. A man feels great when in a certain relation to other men. He may feel, as Jeremiah felt, that he was ordained a prophet unto the nations; or, as a more homely instance, the king feels great

at the head of the procession, the common soldier in taking part in it, and the peasant in looking on. Greatness is common to men when the social order is one of ordered values. An ant-man could never feel great, he could only feel, as he looked on the mass of men equal and similar to himself, as an ant must feel, if it feels at all. The ant-man, being like to his neighbour and everyone else, will feel no personal relation to another man. There will be no personal responsibility between man and man, but the ant-man will be responsible to something the socialist now calls the state. It is difficult to conceive of this state in any other way than like the ant-heap, for which apparently all ants by habit or instinct work as hard as they can without any authority over them. Laws will help to this end. By eliminating those that do not obey, only those are left of whose nature the laws are the expression, and this process will go on with the extension, with ever-increasing levelling, until the complete ant-man arrives, and then there will be no more need for any levelling laws.

The old-fashioned Saxon, perhaps, will start away at first in horror of this levelling deadness and monotony, this freedom only to be an ant-man, and seek the solitude of the country. But he will not escape, for the ant-man will fear anyone who holds himself aloof. It will look like a claim to superiority. Some women, perhaps, still with sentiment and the desire to select a braver man, will rebel, but they will be overwhelmed by the number of sexless women and workers; for, as is well known, the sexless female and worker is very important in the ant-world. Indeed, the sexless female element forms the main mass of the ant-world's population, and males are only tolerated because they are unfortunately necessary for the good of the race. So in the ant mankind I prophesy an extension of the "sexual frigidity" which it seems is an especial product of modern civilization.[1] I

[1] See Havelock Ellis, *Psychology of Sex*, 1910, Vol. VI, p. 550.

prophesy there will be a large class, once male and female, but now glorying in the salubrity of their own sterility.

The doctrines of democracy will spread throughout the world, else the ant-man might run some danger from a race of strong men, who conceived contempt for the ant-man and destroyed and enslaved him. This danger the ant-man will avoid by spreading the rule of the masses throughout the world and by using their weight to crush even the suspicion of a strong and masterful man. Then universal peace will reign, for no one will dream of rebelling, when all are alike and when all who resent have been eliminated or crushed. Then the millennium will come, and all the sons of democracy will lift up their voices and shout for joy. For the ant-man will be able to progress to his zenith, and his zenith will be reached when the greatest total of human body weight exists upon the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XV

CONCLUSIONS

THE traditional Saxon's solution of the troubles of modern life is to get away into the country, live quietly, and puzzle no more about them. In the country he hopes to live in isolation, uninterfered with except that he has to pay something to the state in place of service. His government, whatsoever it calls itself, has no solution, but muddles along sometimes with particularism, sometimes with state socialism, but never clear. In the particularist tradition, it encourages the "back to the land" movement and the splitting of the land into small holdings. It solves large problems by splitting them up and handing them over to a number of different authorities, a process of disintegration euphemistically described as decentralization. It spreads so-called freedom and equality enlarging the franchise and regarding power as the greatest lump of individual selfish interests. Its system becomes more and more based on the Saxon particularist notion, that each man is independent and therefore out for number one. The principle is spreading to women. The severance of man from man and man from woman proceeds apace. Nevertheless certain communal actions are forced upon the government, and systems of insurance and old-age pensions arise. It is, however, characteristic of Saxon democracy, that these systems are devoid of personal responsibility. They are steps in state-socialism and founded on the principle, not that men are directly dependent upon each other, the weak upon the strong, but that the weak are the special care of the "state." So Saxon

principles pursue their way to further disintegration and further mixture of trust upon and care for massed weakness.

The Saxon's solution is, as I say, to go into the country or, since he finds little peace in his own land, to leave it altogether, and live where he can preserve his aloofness and his particularist traditions. But this particularist solution is impossible. The principle of independence can never solve the problems of life, for men are bound to live in social relations with one another. The principles of equality are as fallacious. Equality could only arise when men lived so distant from each other that they rarely met or had opportunity to measure themselves one against the other. But when they do meet together and live in large communities, then it becomes abundantly clear that men are divided into the few who can rule and command and the many who obey. It is in this recognition and in the system based upon it that sick Europe, rendered more sickly by many remedies and spreading her sickness throughout the world, must rely.

The disease of the modern day is deep and far reaching, and the solution must also be deep, far reaching, and radical.

The remedy is the re-establishment of the positive patriarchal basis of society, with all its consequences, its customs, and its values. By positive, I mean the patriarchalism infused with the belief that man is born radically good. The positive patriarchal basis is that basis of society upon which the highest qualities of the art of life are founded, namely, stability, simplification, mutual reciprocity, and power over life and nature which are given to it by its discovery, its use and its trust of great men, and the human love and trust which is given to it by the interdependence of its members.

In positive patriarchalism all these qualities begin in the social unit, the patriarchal family. In England, where the particularist family is the unit, the patriarchal unit cannot properly be conceived. It can best be conceived by remem-

bering that it is an exaggeration of all those qualities which distinguish a family of twelve from a family of three. That large families in England are the happiest there is no doubt, but they are rare, and never in any way really compare with the patriarchal family. In the particularist family of parents and children, rulership, exhibited on the tiny scale of mastership of this small household, resolves itself into a contest between the father and mother, which may last a lifetime. In the patriarchal family, with its more numerous members and more far-reaching interests, rulership and obedience are from the first definitely recognized qualities. Cohesion, interdependence, a definite relation of member to member, are ingrained in this system. The elder male member, unless quite incapable, is the head, and the most capable of the family or clan form his advisers. It is to his own interest that he should choose the natural rulers for his advisers, it supports his position. It is also to the advantage of the ruled that the real rulers should be selected by personal recognition and observation of their character and quality, and not by examination or age promotion. To the Saxon democracy such a system is supposed to consist of the balance between servility and tyranny. But to the family itself the system is one based on trust, loyalty, and affection, and even if the rulers fail to justify their reception of these feelings from their subjects they remain at least the ideals upon which the patriarchal system is based. For as is the social unit, so is the whole society. "It is not possible," said Confucius in the *Great Learning*, "for a man to teach others who cannot teach his own family. Therefore a ruler, without going beyond his family, completes the lessons of the state. There is filial piety:—therewith the sovereign should be served. There is fraternal submission:—therewith elders and superiors should be served. There is kindness:—therewith the multitude should be served. . . . From the loving example of one family the whole state becomes

loving; and from its courtesies the whole state becomes courteous."[1] These qualities which appear in the unit appear throughout the state. Each social unit is divided into rulers and ruled of one blood, with natural ties between each other, namely with the ties of familiarity and trust, affection, and common quality. The system is built up on grades of familiarity. Each member takes a certain place according to his value. The abler uses his ability to aid the duller, who serve him. The success of the abler is not the failure of the others, but their success. His strength is their safety and happiness, not their defeat. Their loyalty and obedience are his strength. There is not the severance, which there is in the Saxon system, actuated by the Saxon's principle of freedom to struggle for existence or, if capable, for power over and not for his fellows. By his system the weak are forced to be out for number one, and to use trickeries of all sorts to prevent defeat. Few dare be generous or honest about their capacities, until they are rich enough or strong enough to confess to them without injuring themselves. The weak are forced to be hypocrites and to profess to be more capable than they are. For the gospel of Saxon democracy is that life is a struggle for existence or an anarchical struggle for power, but for the patriarchal system life is not a struggle for existence or power, but an art. The one is concerned with placing men in a line and then letting them race through life, some falling exhausted, some trampled on, some struggling forward, straining and in agony, some few leading, in order to see who happens to be the fittest before they die. The other is concerned with placing men according to values, in a certain order, all interdependent. The first has the curious idea of making man better, holding man to be defective and feeble. The second does not consider it man's duty to make man better, trusting rather in the human material given and in the abundance

[1] The Chinese Classics, translated by James Legge, 1893, Vol. I, p. 370.

of opportunity upon earth for developing that material. The blind and deaf Helen Keller can detect a tune by placing her fingers on a singer's throat or by feeling the vibrations through her feet. She is only an example of the extraordinary, unlimited stock of qualities that is stored up in human nature. "Men at their birth are by nature radically good," is the first sentence the little patriarchal Chinese children learn. To extract these better qualities, to value man as he comes crude and raw with abundant tendencies into the world, is the object of the positive patriarchal system and its rulers.

Instead of this order, this art of life, Saxon democracy has a science of life. Instead of striving to please, it makes for utilitarian ends. The mind is not charmed, hallowed or made content, but it is given the sense of bodily comfort; and pleasure and joy do not reach further than the body or means, whereby the soul acts. Nationally the science of life is a vulgar scramble dignified by its supposed resemblance to the life of animals, whereas the art of life, patriarchalism, carefully treasures its great men and their memories by the discipline of tradition, that those who come after may still obey and reverence the high qualities they exhibited, and that they may perpetually be a measure for selection from the many human tendencies of those qualities which go to the making of a masterful art of life. Such qualities are also valued in the patriarchal system. Each social unit or family preserves the tradition of some especial quality and expresses itself in its productions and creations, whether those creations be what are designedly art works, or whether they are primarily agricultural or utilitarian. Each patriarchal unit preserves the traditions of some especial quality or function in the preservation of its ancestral memories, and this family forms the living symbols and creators of that quality. It may be a tradition of brass-work, of a special form of agriculture, of building, of some form of

trade. It forms the family's tribute to the whole, for it does not attempt, as the particularist or individualist tends to attempt, to be a perfect whole in itself and "embrace all life," but only to make perfect that part or quality of the social being allotted to it. So work with a certain quality, a certain traditional value, a certain aristocratic pride of lineage, passes on from father to son for generation after generation, and each family becomes aristocratic in this sense.

It is this selection and preservation of a quality, for which the patriarchal family is as it were the means, the agent, and the guardian, which makes so much of the work of patriarchal peoples so perfect in itself. It is not like the work of the modern time, which may require several machines and even different factories for its completion. It is all fulfilled and accomplished in the family. The stamp of quality and peculiar service of the various patriarchal units is best seen in the great Oriental civilizations, but it was also common in mediæval Italy, and found expression in the beauty of their work in every sphere, and it was also a quality of that European nation which approached most closely to the Orient, namely, the ancient Greeks. Only thus, by this long tradition, preservation, and cultivation of a certain quality can completion, perfection, and beauty of work be attained. Only in this way can man's effort result in the creation of that which is allied to and expresses the mastery of life. "Unrelaxing criticism of beauty distinguishes the highest order of the artist alone; it comes from that thirst for perfection which kept the Greeks satisfied, artistic, even enthusiastic, whilst polishing for three hundred years the details and proportions of what we should call the same stale old style of architecture. Curious about particular subjects, but incapable of conceiving a general ideal of sight itself, meaner artists sicken at the apparently ordinary or the apparently stale; and must be cockered up with the pride of lofty titles, and

the conceit of novelty of motif, which they mistake for originality of view."[1] But to attain to the highest art of life, in any form of work or subsistence, long persistence with a definite aim and purport is essential. Such the patriarchal unit exhibits.

As the separate blocks of the pyramid had to be most carefully cut and shaped to fit one upon the other with hairbreadth accuracy, so are these family qualities shaped carefully to build up the pyramid of the state. So there is throughout the state an aim not at progress, not at change, not at newness, but at the careful perfection and preservation of the stale and the ordinary.

The qualities of great art are mutual reciprocity of parts, arrangement according to values, with the mastery of simplification and the permanence of perfect adjustment. These are the qualities of the pyramid and of the Egyptian architecture. They are all expressions of the patriarchal system, both on the small scale of the family and the larger of the state.

That this tendency to a mutual reciprocity and trust between man and man is a part of man's nature which the art of life can select and strengthen there is no doubt.

Every child begins life naturally trusting and loving those who love it and pay heed to it. This trustfulness of the child, its expectation and anticipation of a positive attitude of the world of men towards itself and, it must be said, its disappointment in the modern world, has been charmingly described by Max Müller in his little book entitled *German Love*. In the second recollection of Max Müller, the little boy of six years old runs up to the Princess, flings his arms round her neck and kisses her.

"'No,' said my mother. 'You should not have done so, for they are strangers, and great people.'

"'And what are strangers?' I asked. 'May I not love

[1] R. A. M. Stevenson, *Velazquez*, 1895, p. 8.

everybody who looks at me with those kind and loving eyes?'

"'You may love them, my boy,' replied my mother, 'but you must not show it."

"'Then if it is not wrong for me to love those strangers, why may I not show it?'

"'Ah, you are right!' she said, 'but you must do as your father tells you.'"

Max Müller adds these comments:

"Would not the child's heart break from anguish when it feels the first cold blast of this unfriendly world, were it not for the warm sunlight of love which shines on him from his parents' eyes, like a softened reflection of heavenly light and love? And the longing which then wakes in the child is the purest, the deepest love: it is a love which embraces the whole world, which flashes up wherever two honest human eyes shine on it, which exults at the sound of a human voice. That is the old immeasurable love—a deep sea which no plummet has fathomed—a spring of inexhaustible riches."

This is one of the inexhaustible riches the patriarchal system selects. Anyone, who has lived amongst a patriarchal peasantry, must acknowledge that is so. Indeed, from this very trust being innate in youth, the patriarchal system seems the naturally ordained one for man. The very trust and admiration of the military system and its expression of order, values, and dignity which boys show is by no means without its bearing. So too every public schoolboy, it seems to me, understands patriarchal justice, and submits uncomplainingly to the judgment and punishment given by the head of the house or captain of the games. He accepts it without dreaming of retaliation or harbouring any bitterness, a bitterness one can rarely escape when in contact with the non-human and iron-like rigidity of the written law. I cannot help thinking that the schoolboy would prefer to trust

to a chief than to a written code, and that in this he is far more allied to the peoples of the Orient than to adults of his own race. To both schoolboy and Oriental the notion of justice is too human, too intimately connected with a human ruler, whose position and quality entitle him to judge, for justice to reside in written words or in the mixture of twelve commonplace minds. The Oriental applies to his chief and abides by his decision. To him it is final. So it is with the schoolboy. "There is something lofty in the Asiatic notion, of the proper distribution of justice, and it does sometimes . . . produce an extraordinary harmony between ruler and ruled, the former appearing every day as a beneficent person who redressed wrong as a deity would, at once and by a fiat which executes itself."[1]

However, Mr. Townsend says, "the moment commerce comes in with its complexities," this personal system of course breaks down. But this great commercial complexity is not part of the patriarchal system, for that system, as will be shown, is distinguished by mastery or simplification, not by accumulations and complexities. That has been forced upon it by progressive Europe. Indirect relations of man to man, such as bills of exchange, have little or nothing to do with the patriarchal system. Indeed, money itself is such a metallic go-between, such an inhuman middle-man, that exchange and barter in kind replaces it as far as possible in positive patriarchal societies.

This positive attitude to the world is also shown in boys and students, in their truthfulness, their enthusiasm, their love of life, their loyalty and their *esprit de corps*. The astonishing difference between the positive, honest, and generous spirit of the students of my own profession and the selfish meanness and humbug of the same when they are established practitioners has often been a profound grief to me. For in the hospital, loyalty and obedience are the principles of

[1] Meredith Townsend, *Europe and Asia*, 1905, p. 241.

conduct; in practice, rivalry and a basis of unfriendliness between doctors owing to the individual struggle for existence. In the first the aim is for quality, to do good work; in the second it is forced to be one of means, of money. The loyalty of the student to his chief or the apprentice to his master gives a positive human quality to his work and life, which is most truly valuable for earthly happiness and social character.

For it is a mistake, a grave and profound mistake, to think that men desire this accumulation for the sake of possession or the position and the responsibility of power. The great mass of men desire neither accumulation nor power. They are by nature subjects, and they desire above all safety and security. It is not that they fail to become rich or to get power that disturbs the mass of mankind in modern Europe. It has never been so and never will be so. It is the lack of safety and security. They accumulate money, because money is the modern symbol of safety. They accumulate certain possessions, certain luxuries, because they are really necessities to their retention of their social positions. If they do not possess them they tend to be despised, for the modern man is judged by his possessions, and under and owing to this contempt they begin the fall which they so continuously dread. Consequently, nearly every modern is in a sense in a proletarian condition; the loss of money or possessions will reduce him in the struggle of life, and once reduced his own class tend to despise him and the class to which he falls to suspect him. Consequently he sinks lower, and, in the commercial mêlée and stampede, tends to go under altogether. It is this lack of security and safety that men feel or, as Eucken expresses it, "A paralysing doubt saps the vitality of our age. . . . There is no pervading sense of confidence and security." It is not the desire for power, the will to power or the will to wealth. Most men are content with a quiet life, where they are left free to follow their customs

and traditions and not made fearful by constant changes and inventions they can neither comprehend nor value. Some words of Mr. Townsend on the natives or India are again appropriate. "Lost in the peaceful monotony of their village life, which, unless all evidence from history is worthless, they must heartily love, they hardly notice dynastic changes, and will accept any ruler if only he leaves their customs alone, and takes no more of their produce than they have been accustomed from time immemorial to pay as tribute to the strong."[1] I am not desirous of closely comparing the Indian and the European, but it is an utter mistake to think that men are happier for the constant agitation of questions of government throughout all ranks. They like to be ruled, and are happier ruled by strong rulers or a strong system. A remarkable instance of the unhappiness brought about by freeing people can be read in Stepniak's *Russian Peasantry*, and in the disasters that have followed since the serfs were emancipated in A.D. 1861 by Alexander II.

For the service of the weaker to the strong is natural to man, and in its very nature introduces a human relation into work, which sweetens it. Work is not hated or regarded as dull but essential drudgery in patriarchal societies, as it seems to be by most English people, and people who serve the mechanical mastership of modern commercialism. The "free" may despise such service as occurs in patriarchal societies, but being based on the direct relation of master and subject it introduces the possibility, and with astonishing frequency the actuality, of affection between worker and master, as again may be learned by anyone who reads of the relation of the Athenian to his slaves, of the Italian to his apprentices, the Russian to his serfs, or of the Japanese of the Tokugawa period, or who can interpret the wonderful accuracy of the Egyptian monumental art. There is less need to point out the strong super-personal love which exists

[1] Townsend, *Europe and Asia*, p. 101.

between subjects and ruled. Some faint reflection of it is still to be found in the English sense of loyalty.

In patriarchal societies this sense of the ruled to the rulers is intense and deep-rooted. For the patriarchal system expresses itself in reverence and love for the strong man. It even holds that he has been made purposely to give his strength to man, for it holds that strength is not an abstract thing, but the quality of a living body. It looks to him for guidance in life, as the child looks to its parents, and has ingrained within it this reverence for that which has ruler qualities and creative power, whereas it is a noteworthy and definite fact, as I have pointed out many times, that the very equality principle of Saxon democracy must necessarily lead to the loss of any comprehension or understanding of the mastery of life and the power over life, which men speak of as divine. Where all are held equal, there clearly can be no conception of Sovereignty or Divinity.

The patriarchal system, on the other hand, regards the great man as the favoured creation of the Divine. The greatest, the sages and the prophets, are, as it were, ambassadors from the courts of heaven, and givers of treasures to the world priceless beyond the millions of pelf it manufactures. "Now the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee, and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee; I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth; and the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth: see, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to pluck up and to break

down, and to destroy and to overthrow; to build, and to plant."[1]

No particularist could understand this passage, with its concentration of power in one man, but the patriarchalist, and especially the wisdom of the East, feels how natural it is, how realistic it is. It contains a patriarchal, not a democratic truth. For a democratic truth is one which a thousand, a million, a hundred million ordinary men can believe, because it is ordinary, but a patriarchal truth is a truth revealed to one who, by his wisdom, his character, and his life, shows himself to be chosen, who by his inward conviction feels himself to be chosen and who proves it by his life. It is the truth of the one believed in by the hundred million because they feel in it not ordinariness or commonness or general understandableness, but greatness, power, and something of divinity. For the great truth is the rare truth, the ruler truth, just as the great art is the ruler art. The subjects feel its power and are glad to share its strength, but the ruler mind understands.

And the ruler mind is, I repeat, the product of the patriarchal system, and cannot in any way be the product of the Saxon democratic system. The whole patriarchal system is a system by which capacity can be selected and used. The rulers and the aristocracy are themselves the selectors. They do not hold themselves aloof, being related to their people mainly by rent, that which is paid to permit of independence. But the aristocracy and, above all, the king must be a selector. "Government," said Confucius, "consists in the right choice of ministers."[2] And the king must hold "the principle that, apart from creed, ability is the only qualification for the highest service."[3] It is the principle that is found in all great patriarchal states, such as Russia, China,

[1] Jeremiah I. 4–10.
[2] R. K. Douglas, *Confucianism*, 1906, p. 56.
[3] Townsend, p. 332.

Rome, ancient Egypt (in which the alien Joseph received full power), and in the Catholic Church. The king thus shares a quality of the creator, namely the selection of rulers for the people. It is a quality no patriarchal state doubts, and in it lies the divinity of the kingship. It is his office that confers upon the man this quality, as the papacy confers the highest quality on a peasant who is made Pope. It is this divine quality of kingship, which modern historians so misunderstand that they speak of it as the divine right of kings. It is utterly misunderstood in modern Europe, and when the Kaiser Wilhelm II this year declared, "Regarding myself as the instrument of God, without heed of the views and meanings of the day, I go my way, which is devoted wholly and alone to the well-being and peaceful development of our fatherland," [1] the words were generally received as those of eccentricity or as atavic. Nevertheless, there was in them a profound truth, a truth that all patriarchal societies would accept without hesitation, a truth which is to my mind far more true than the scientist's puzzlement over the origin and meaning of what they call varieties.

For the kingship and the perpetuation of such an office as that of the papacy are essentially products of the patriarchal system, in which authority and dignity and the right to command belong to certain offices and are conferred upon those who fill such offices.

For until men have become ant-men, the Saxon declaration of independence, that all men are born equal, is not a "self-evident truth," but a self-evident lie, whereas the parental or paternal principle is self-evidently the fundamental social principle between the interrelated weak and strong. The patriarchal system is an extension of this principle of fatherhood through all ranks of the social system. It is far more than the communion of such modern socialistic experiments as Brook Farm. It is not a relation founded on

[1] *Berliner Tageblatt*, 26.8.10.

likeness of feelings in adults, an essentially democratic relation. It is a relation between man and man, founded on the natural relation between father and child, grandfather and grandchild, the blood-relationship of mankind The whole principle of rule is an extension of its system. The central ruling family maintain the traditions of the kingship and aristocracy. Their traditional dignity is the power that aids and supports the natural rulers, who are born amongst the people; or tradition may be embodied only in the office, as in the papacy, for example. It is the system and what it represents that is loved and revered, not the men, the individuals, the king or aristocrats, unless they actually impersonate the system. It is loved and revered because throughout it there is clearness, simplicity, and lucidity, all qualities of rightness. If the king or his princes behave in such a manner as to endanger the system, then the interests of the system are paramount, and the people and wise men are right in getting rid of such a dynasty. The reciprocal relation of man to man is graded, but clearly and distinctly. One is ruler, the other ruled. The virtues are also graded. The virtue of the one is paternal, of the other filial. There is none of the absurd muddle that results from a democratic system, when all men are supposed to be rulers and ruled at the same time and to possess the ruler's as well as the ruleds' virtues. There is no blurring in the patriarchal picture. There is no confusion of colour. Nor is there that narrow harmony which the European post-reformation period so often displays when a picture is tied together by one colour to a "harmony." But each colour, each form, each individual is distinct with his distinct quality, place, and relation to others.

There are thus in the patriarchal society two types of men, two qualities of mind, two psychologies, that of the ruler and that of the ruled. The ruled learns the value of obedience and the sense of safety which results therefrom. It is a very real safety. For instance, in China no man starves unless all

starve, and unless a man by violent rebellion against the social system becomes an outcast, whatsoever illness or misfortune falls upon him or his wife and children, he is sure of the support of his family. It is so in all patriarchal societies. The fallen do not have to rely on the charity of the rich, who are strangers to them. Philanthropical and charitable institutions are not patriarchal. They are not needed in a humane social system. They are makeshifts in a non-humane system. Similarly, conduct resolves itself into whether one rules or obeys, whether one exercises or serves the qualities of rulership, of power, of valuing, placing, and simplification. So, too, there are two educations, using the word in its sense of developing tendencies, the one for the ordinary child, the other for the rarer child. A Shelley is not forced, while wondering about life, to learn Latin without any hint of its connection with the wonder of Rome one hour and that a b c = x y z the next hour.

That which is taught is not the several discoveries of a number of minds, but the system of him whom the nation considers the greatest man. Confucius, for example, is the real educator of China. "The Chinese owe everything to their system of education. It is this which, amidst all the changes of dynasty, has kept them a nation; it is this which has knit together the extremes of this vast land, and has caused the same aspirations to rise, and the same thoughts to course through people differing in vernacular, and in many customs and habits; it is this that has been the conqueror of the conquering hosts that have swept over the land, and set up an alien dynasty more than once in her history."[1] Patriarchal education is the expression of the system, of the different values of children. "There is no class system in Chinese schools; each boy forms a class by himself: there are as many classes as there are boys. A dull scholar is thus not drawn on faster than he is able to go by the quicker boys,

[1] J. D. Ball, *Things Chinese*, 1904.

nor do the brighter pupils have a drag on their progress in the persons of the dull ones." Each child has his value. Yet the whole system has bound millions together as a nation for thousands of years. What a contrast to the Saxon lump system of education and the desire not to value and place, but to "raise" the masses in a lump. The capable Chinese boys pass on to join the literati, who become government officials. Of these literati and of the nominated aristocracy, in which a great man is made a duke, but his son is only a marquis, his son a baron, and so on until, unless further distinguished service occurs, the original family level is again reached, this is no place to speak. There is, however, one remarkable quality of the Chinese education which, though described, has never been comprehended by the writers I have read. The Chinese boy learns sentences from the Chinese classics by heart without knowing what they mean, as an English boy might learn them by rote in Greek. For several years he may do this. Then the literal meaning of what he has read is little by little given to him. Many Chinese never understand even the literal meaning of all they can read in the classics. It is a strange process to the European, and the very opposite to the modern European system, when every book and every bit of a classic has an explanation by a democratic writer—an introduction, as it is called—which most villainously destroys all the original value the classic might have for the reader. But the Chinese mind learns by heart classic wisdom, and then he learns its literal meaning. If he himself is of the ruler mind type, if he is a lover of wisdom and absorbed in the problems of life, then the meaning of these classics, not the literal meaning, but their meaning to him, will come to him in incidents, experiences, thoughts, and meditations of his own life. This is the true ruler knowledge, when the profound truths of a ruler mind become true in the actual life of a later mind. The sentence, aphorism, parable, explanation or dis-

cussion becomes true to him through his own life, it expresses his mind and his thought, and comes to him not from other men and their explanations, but is born within himself, and is as fresh to him as it was to its original propounder. This, I believe, is the true ruler knowledge. It is the comprehension of a great mind across the ages, and to me it seems that the Chinese system of education is purposely designed to cultivate and preserve it.

As values, reciprocal relations according to values, and power, are qualities of the patriarchal system and of great art, so too is simplification, or the mastery of the complexity, which results, when meaner minds, incapable of selecting and ordering, intervene in government. It is not enforced simplicity, as many think, but the definite adoption of simplification. The eternal problem to the plutocratic exploiter of native labour, and the difficulty of obtaining it, exists because of this voluntary simplicity. By limiting desires the patriarchalist is not forced to the proletarian condition, and cannot be so forced by the plutocrat. Having few material wants, he has time to live over and above the mere struggle to exist. He is not absorbed in that struggle, as those who adopt Saxon democracy are eventually absorbed. But simplification and simplicity of private life has always been the lot of the vast number of patriarchal men. Only the rulers have more pretentious buildings, to represent outwardly the value and dignity of their offices. Reference has already been made to the smallness and simplicity of the Athenian houses and mode of life, and of the Roman before the destructive luxury of later times. Tucker, in speaking of the Athenians of the time of the Parthenon, contrasts the magnificent temples and porticoes with the "common-looking exterior and the paltry sized apartments of the private dwellings,"[1] and of the simplicity of their meals, of which the social quality was the chief end, and "the

[1] Tucker, p. 55.

actual consuming of the food had comparatively little to do with the matter."[1] So too it has been a characteristic of Eastern life, and has been cultivated to its greatest perfection in the less vast collection of men, where Chinese social qualities were able to take very definite shape, namely in Japan. The art of the simplification of life and consequent mastery was perfected in Japan, and doubtless led to the happiness of the people, for mastery of life by the rulers brings happiness to the people. It still is expressed in the Japanese house, the home of the social unit or patriarchal family, even as the same qualities are also expressed in the larger house, the Japanese temple. So characteristic is the Japanese house of the patriarchal system that it may well stand for the type. In its qualities it was undoubtedly far more closely allied to the Greek and Roman houses than is the modern European house. The four materials out of which it is fashioned proclaim its simplicity. They are wood, tinted plaster, plaited straw, and rice-paper. Yet any artist who has visited Japan will agree that "for refinement, reserve, subtle colour, and perfection of composition and ultimate effect, I know of few things to compare with the interior of a Japanese house."[2] The most important part of this interior is an alcove or tokomona which forms the family altar. In this alcove hangs a single picture, known as the kakemono, and a vase containing a few sprays of flowers or a flower-bearing branch. The furniture is of the simplest. A low table, a brazier for charcoal, a cupboard for clothes and bedding, the minimum of china, chopsticks, a teapot, and a few other details. There is no crowding, no excess, no accumulation of the unessential, as in a particularist European interior. It is the very opposite, for, as a Japanese writer says, "A western interior permanently filled with a vast array of pictures, statuary, and bric-à-brac gives

[1] Tucker, p. 91.

[2] Ralph Cram, *Impressions of Japanese Architecture*, 1906, p. 120.

the impression of mere vulgar display of riches."[1] Lastly, the Japanese house is communal. It is not divided into a number of rooms with doors that can be locked or barred. There are no permanent inside walls, but the division of room from room is effected by sliding screens. The whole can be made into one large room or divided into a number of separate rooms. This arrangement exactly expresses the communal quality of the patriarchal family, as the open outer door, which never must be shut to visitors, expresses the larger communal spirit.

There is, in fact, a respect for, and a practical adoption of the mastery of life by simplification in the patriarchal system, which is absent in particularism. Simplicity is in the mouth of many particularists and protestants, but it is never an actual force or quality as it is in patriarchal societies. For the particularist rarely rises above the means of life, or is able to appreciate quality as apart from quantity. As a simple instance, is the way in which flowers are arranged in the average English room. They are bunched together in a vase with the mob taste for mass, in contrast to the few blossoms and sprays elegantly and carefully arranged, arranged "philosophically, with due regard to active and passive principles of nature"[2] which beautify the tokomona, or the simple household altar of the Japanese. As mob-massing forms the taste in flowers in the particularist or Saxon democratic society, so is it with his house. It is not only a shelter with a few simple necessities artistically arranged. It is a storehouse, a storehouse for that accumulation of things that give comfort, and have, therefore, become necessities, or of that "mere vulgar display" which passes for ornament and really only displays the tasteless accumulative faculties of the possessor. The possessor's whole life nearly is spent in accumulating, maintaining,

[1] Okakura-Kakuzo, *The Book of Tea*, 1906, p. 93.
[2] B. H. Chamberlain, *Things Japanese*.

and renewing these comforts, necessities, and ornaments. He is far removed from the simplest pleasures of life, such as good health, the freshness of the morning, the rest of the evening, and the charm of society, but is hard at work to keep in existence the pile of his possessions, many of which are now regarded by all as necessities, or, in other words, as masters of the possessor. The number of these masters the unfortunate Saxon has to serve is astonishing. He cannot sit on the ground as do all Orientals. He could not endure the simple furniture of the Athenian. But he must have chairs and sofa upon which to sit. They are indispensable to him, and consequently they constitute one of his aims in life. He is born for one reason at any rate, namely, to accumulate chairs and sofas. Nor can he sleep on the ground. The Emperor Julian slept on the ground. Millions of people sleep on the ground. The Saxon cannot. Hence he has another aim and master in life. He has to procure himself a bed with spring mattress, a dozen accessories, and all his servants and dependants have to have the same, till we reach the basket and rug for the house-dog. But it is in his meals that the Saxon or modern European, lacking the sense of the art of life, has got himself most involved in what he calls the complexity of modern civilization. The enormous number of accessories that encumber his eating are astounding, and he religiously and faithfully regards them all as aims in life: kitchens, ranges, stoves, pots, pans, gridirons, plates, knives, forks, spoons, carving knives, knife-rests, cruets, chairs, tables, carpets, tablecloths, decanters, etc. etc., until the patriarchal philosopher, content with a bowl and his fingers, or at the most chop-sticks, will wonder what sort of faith actuates this modern European. To the patriarchalist it seems—and, as a fact, it is profoundly true—that the modern European is so lost to the art and wisdom of life, that he is the veritable slave to the means of life; he exists, he struggles to exist, but he never lives. But the

patriarchalist system always preserves as one of the qualities of its art of life the art of simplification.

Lastly, there is the quality of permanence. Permanence is the result or expression that the system maintains a definite relation to the eternal verities. Permanence to the patriarchalist is no mere accident. It is an essential attribute of power over life. It is not mere accident that the Chinese system, the pyramid, and the Catholic Church have shown such a wonderful possession of permanence compared to fleeting, changeable, and "progressive" systems.

There is something wrong with anarchy to the patriarchalist. There is something gravely wrong when a philosopher describes his time in the words which Rudolf Eucken uses of the present time: "A closer scrutiny reveals the presence of a genuine endeavour to unify life, but, even so, the processes adopted are so widely divergent as to be directly antagonistic. Alternative systems, alternative ideals, fundamentally different in kind, solicit alike our adhesion. And since no one of them is obviously and convincingly superior to the others, conflicting tendencies and standards are still the order of the day. What is supremely good to one is an unmitigated evil to another, and the first man cannot condemn too strongly that which fills the second with enthusiasm. Thus, over against a lavish output of departmental work we have to set a woeful incapacity to deal with life as a whole, and a growing uncertainty as to the goal aimed at and the nature of the path to be followed. The situation forces upon us the question whether, in the face of darkness, doubt, and denial, we can still wring from life a meaning and a value, and whether the clashing elements shall ever yield to the compulsion of some great constructive idea."[1] The patriarchalist has none of these doubts of the modern European. He does not tend to "emphasize man's insignificance, and to think meanly of his position in the universe."[2] He recognizes, in

[1] Rudolf Eucken, *The Meaning and Value of Life*, pp. 2, 3. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 2.

the words of Confucius, that "right principles had long deserted the Empire and power had become the only standard of truth and virtue."[1] He does not recognize the "right to live," but the purpose of life. "'The great god,' said T'ang, 'has conferred even on the inferior people a moral sense, by obeying which they attain a constant nature.' Or, in other words, Heaven, in giving birth to all people, affixed to everything a corresponding law, which it is the duty of men to watch, listen to, understand, and obey."[2] And can it be denied that men have different values, can it be denied that man contains a great variety of possibilities, can it be denied that there is substance for an art of life? Oh, ye of little faith, with your darkness, doubt, and denial, wondering whether you can wring a meaning out of life! "He alone," says Confucius of the sage, "possessing all the sage-like qualities, shows himself quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence, and all-embracing knowledge, fitted to exercise rule. . . . His lessons are taught rather by example than by words."[3] It is the interdependence of men that he teaches, their positive relation one to another: "the true relation between child and parent, between father and heaven; and it is by the exercise of this, therefore, that the harmony of the universe is preserved."[4] Unless ye possess filial piety and faith, faith in the sage, faith in the power of heaven! And where else are these to be gathered except in the patriarchal system? How can man believe in God, or the Will of Heaven, or the eternal verities, if he would have all equal and deliberately destroy the authority and power of the prophets? For faith is the belief of the weak in the strong, as embodiments of power over life, in which the strong, the prophets, the sages, and the rulers put their trust, and as whose agents they recognize themselves. Faith is not an individual possession, but as the

[1] Douglas, p. 66.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 69.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 72, 74.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 118.

patriarchal system alone has sometimes expressed itself in perfection and in perfect beauty, so it alone expresses itself in perfect faith, even, I might say, in saintship. For faith, like the perfection of beauty, requires that tireless climb of centuries by which the Greek ideal was accomplished.[1] It is not a light thing to believe fully and wholly. To believe and have faith involves great issues and includes many things other than a mere personal willingness. "How greatly thou art in error, dear friend," said Wilhelm to Werner, "when thou believest that a work, the first idea of which must fill the whole soul, can be brought forth in uninterrupted, continuous hours. No, the poet must live himself wholly in his loved objects." So it is with faith. There are at the present time thousands of men and women in Europe who would be glad to have faith and yet cannot. And the reason is that the whole world about them is falsely founded and fashioned. It is a denial, not an affirmation, and man is not a solitary creature but one intimately associated with those about him and with the world outlook which they possess.

There is no poem that unconsciously expresses this loss in the Saxon world outlook of the sense of faith more notably than the greatest poem of William Wordsworth, the ode to "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." To the poet it is as if the child came prepared for faith, came prepared for a positive relation to the world and to men, came asking, "May I not love everybody who looks at me with those kind and loving eyes?" But there is something wrong with the world to Wordsworth, for faith is killed as the child grows up to replace his intuition by his experience.

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;

[1] Wilhelm Meister's, *Lehrjahre*, Vol, II, p. 2.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest.
And by the Vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Contrast these words of the intuitive thinker, the poet of the democratic Europe, with an account of a positive patriarchal people, who do not as life continues find the prison-house begin to close. It is Lafcadio Hearn's account of the positive patriarchal people, of whom the great St. Francis Xavier wrote: "This nation is the delight of my soul."[1] Hearn describes the impression the folk of Japan—the perfected product of the Chinese basis of life—would have on one lucky enough to "live for six months or a year in some old-fashioned town of the interior. From the beginning of this sojourn he can scarcely fail to be impressed by the apparent kindliness and joyousness of the existence about him. In the relations of the people to each other, as well as in their relations to himself, he will find a constant sincerity, a tact, a good-nature such as he will elsewhere have met only in the friendship of exclusive circles. Everybody greets everybody with happy looks and pleasant words; faces are always smiling; the commonest incidents of everyday life are transfigured by a courtesy at once so artless and so faultless that it appears to spring directly from the heart, without any teaching. Under all circumstances a certain outward

[1] B. H. Chamberlain, *Things Japanese.*

cheerfulness never fails: no matter what troubles may come —storm or fire, flood or earthquake—the laughter of greeting voices, the bright smile and graceful bow, the kindly enquiry and the wish to please, continue to make existence beautiful. Religion brings no gloom into this sunshine: before the Buddhas and the gods folk smile as they pray; the temple-courts are playgrounds for the children; and within the enclosure of the great public shrines—which are places of festivity rather than solemnity—dancing-platforms are erected. Family existence would seem to be everywhere characterized by gentleness: there is no visible quarrelling, no loud harshness, no tears or reproaches. Cruelty, even to animals, appears to be unknown. . . . When you discover no harshness, no rudeness, no dishonesty, no breaking of laws, and learn that this social condition has been the same for centuries, you are tempted to believe that you have entered into the domain of a morally superior being."[1]

This account is eloquent of a positive attitude to life and of man to man, of subject to subject.

How then can life once more be restored to the positive patriarchal basis, and how can it be developed from the patriarchal social unit and the positive doctrine that man is born radically good and not radically bad?

In modern democratic Europe there is but one system which preserves its definite patriarchal character; in which, when great men arise, they strengthen and integrate in place of disintegrating; in which divisions of men do not sever themselves from, but remain incorporated in the mother system; in which there is a definite recognition of the right to value and to rule inherent in the highest offices; in which there is a definite reciprocal or filial and paternal relation between rulers and ruled; in which the world-outlook is that the system must be preserved and ordered by the rulers in such a manner that stability results, and each member is

[1] *Japan: An Interpretation*, 1905, pp. 16–17.

thereby enabled to order his life in so far as he can in accordance with the will of Heaven; in which there is a permanence, which enables it to compare with the great Oriental systems. The system is that of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such it embodies the principles of a great art of life.

But this system, great as it is, for it is the inheritor of Cæsar's and of the Egyptian system, has become since the Reformation more and more Christian and Aryan and less Tuscan. The servile morality of Christianity wrestles with and threatens to overthrow the filial morality of the Church. The positive relation of power towards life tends more and more to degenerate to the denial of life in this world. In brief, its spirit is the negative, servile spirit of Aryanized Christianity, a spirit all other creeds and sects of Christianity share, without possessing the advantages, the valuation, and the ruler qualities of the patriarchal frame of the Roman Catholic Church. This spirit, which is the treasure of the disintegrating and negative forces of protestantism, is the bane of the Roman system. The Renaissance failed to substitute for it a positive spirit, and the Counter-reformation re-established the negative spirit.

The attitude of this Christian spirit to man is one utterly impossible for and completely opposed to the spirit of positive patriarchalism. The latter affirms that man is born radically good, whereas the Christian or Aryanized Christian affirms that man is born radically bad, that every person in the flesh born into this world "deserves God's wrath and damnation," as the Ninth Anglican Article so charmingly puts it.

The attitude of Christianity to the earthly ruler and to power over life is equally impossible to the positive patriarchal spirit. In the positive patriarchal system the people love and obey the father of the people, as children love and obey their parents. They do not give that love and devotion to a

spirit in heaven, but to a man on earth.' By their love and obedience they show their trust. This faith and trust is their positive attitude. They do not need accurate descriptions or lengthy discussions as to the nature of the mastery of life. Their ruler minds possess no descriptive theology. "On the subject of spirits, as on all matters relating to heavenly beings, Confucius was reticent. His mind was wrapt up in things of this earth, and he looked upon all such subjects as obscure and unprofitable. That they were worthy of reverence he was ready to affirm, but he considered that constant reference to them was likely to lead to superstition. 'Spirits are to be respected,' he said, 'but to be kept at a distance'; and in reply to a question put to him as to serving the spirits, he answered, 'While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?"[1] Therein lies the true relation of positive patriarchalism to power over life. That power may accord with and be evidence of a higher Power. Confucius did not doubt the Will of Heaven. He did not doubt that "Heaven, in giving birth to all people, affixed to everything a corresponding law, which it is the duty of men to watch, listen to, understand, and obey."[2] The Aryanized Christian attitude to the Will of Heaven, on the other hand, is one not only with a large infusion of fear and horror of God's "wrath and damnation," but the nature of the Will of Heaven and its attributes are not trusted, as the positive spirit of the child or the patriarchalist trusts, but, as far as possible, they are described with a fictitious, detailed accuracy that would do honour only to a journalist. Of all studies I have made, I have found that of Christian teleology and eschatology the most muddled in its weakness as shown by its entire lack of the mastery of simplification and by the unwieldy complexity of its antitheses, paradoxes, and subtleties. For these reasons and others given elsewhere, however great may be the Roman Catholic system, in so far as it has the Christian and northern

[1] Douglas, p. 81. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 69.

Aryan spirit, it must be wholly rejected by positive patriarchalism.

How, then, it may well be asked, can the positive patriarchal principles and system be restored? How can they be saved from being a charming but useless piece of imagination? This is the last question to answer, and one that must be answered.

These are the words of Rudolf Eucken, the chief expressor of modern doubts and tendencies. There is "a genuine endeavour to unify life" united to "a woeful incapacity to deal with life as a whole, and a growing uncertainty as to the goal aimed at and the nature of the path to be followed."[1] But a period in which desire is wedded to impotence cannot endure. Modern Europe stands at the cross-roads, and has to decide which way it shall go and for what purpose it shall live. One finger of the sign-post points backwards to the negative partriarchalism of the Roman Catholic system. That Europe has in the main rejected, and to it it will never return. Another finger points onwards along the path of progress to the ant-man narcotized with continuous work. But already thinking Europe stands dismayed before the prospect of the steep path of its Gadarene progress. It has a "growing uncertainty" as to whether this is any longer a safe path to follow.

Lastly, a finger points to positive patriarchalism, a system to which Europe, with the local exceptions of the Athenian ascendancy and the Tuscan Renaissance, has never attained and which it has never perpetuated. Except for the brief glory and masterful and lovely creations of the Athenians and Tuscans, Europe has never witnessed this system and art of life and has never realized it in her thought.

The Athenian and Tuscan creations were neither of them Aryan, and so even their power over life cannot be placed to the Aryan credit.

[1] Eucken, p. 2.

Yet who can doubt the possible mastery and power of the Aryan? The Roman Empire in its first two centuries of its existence is undying witness of power over the peoples of the world, and very largely of power over life itself. For it is to the Aryan that the Aryan writer and thinker must look. It is to race and not to nations. Nations are a sign of disintegration, not of mastery. It is not to national, but to racial patriotism that I look. It is for an Aryan Empire that I hope. The Aryan must fashion his own masters for his own positive patriarchal and human art of life. He must cast aside the gifts of other peoples and build up his human system from his own human heart and desire to master life

It is by the Aryan establishment of this world outlook and by this alone that modern Europe can be saved from "a woeful incapacity to deal with life as a whole." It is by this establishment that good and human work will once more become possible, for only under a human system and rule can good and human work be done. It is by the differentiation of rulers from subjects, of ruler's morality from subjects' morality, that the muddle of values and "the growing uncertainty of the goal aimed at" can be changed to a positive attitude towards life and its meaning. It is by this differentiation and distinction that the value of the patriarchal basis of society, with its qualities of loyalty and filial obedience, of paternal care and authority, will come to be recognized by the creators and preservers of social values, the ruler minds. The formation of this wider and more positive human family is the one clear and certain basis to a positive human society. But it must be the gift of the strong and the ruler minds and men. To attain to it, it is first needful to differentiate the ruler minds and rulers from subjects. It is first needful for ruler minds to conquer themselves with the ruler values and to cleanse themselves of subject values. It is first necessary for a priesthood of thinkers to prepare themselves that they may establish by

life and by word these values, that they may re-create and separate an aristocracy which shall embody the ruler morality of the positive patriarchal state. It is this separation and differentiation of ruler's from subjects' quality that is the most important of all actions at the present day. It is the discovery and recognition of this necessity that makes the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche the most valuable of gifts to the modern day, and his masterpiece, *Thus Saith Zarathustra*, the greatest gift ever given by European to Europe, by Aryan to Aryan. In it the poet-philosopher eloquently preaches and describes the hard discipline and values, which will go to the building of a new aristocracy, an aristocracy of which, whether urban or rural, Europe is in urgent need. For, in the words of Confucius, "If those in authority have not the confidence of those under them, government of the people is an impossibility."[1]

Nietzsche was unable to complete his message in his lifetime. Like other mortal men, he was compelled to look to the future to carry out that which a single lifetime could not accomplish. "A new race of philosophers shall arise, the philosophers of the future," he declares in *Beyond Good and Evil.*

With these values and differentiation of values, these philosophers shall conquer themselves and conquer mankind. That is the work and the object of their lives. Is it not enough? Is it not a sufficient goal at which to aim? I could tell how the ruler values enter into life and thought, into dress, behaviour, speech, taste, character, and all the activities of life in a thousand ways. Not easy is it to acquire and appreciate ruler values. Too tenacious and too ubiquitous are the democratic values from which one must cleanse oneself in order to succeed wholly and completely in a brief span of years. But there can be no doubt of eventual success, for so and so only can the essential basis

[1] *The Conduct of Life*, translated by Ku Hung Ming.

of any human society, the larger or patriarchal family and a positive attitude to and affirmation of life, be established. So and so only can social man be organized that his expression shall be not one of "woeful incapacity," but of beauty and stability, in which the mastery of life shall receive its irrefutable confirmation.

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